WEEK ENDING AUGUST 6, 1927

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

File Copy

Clutch and Fade-Out

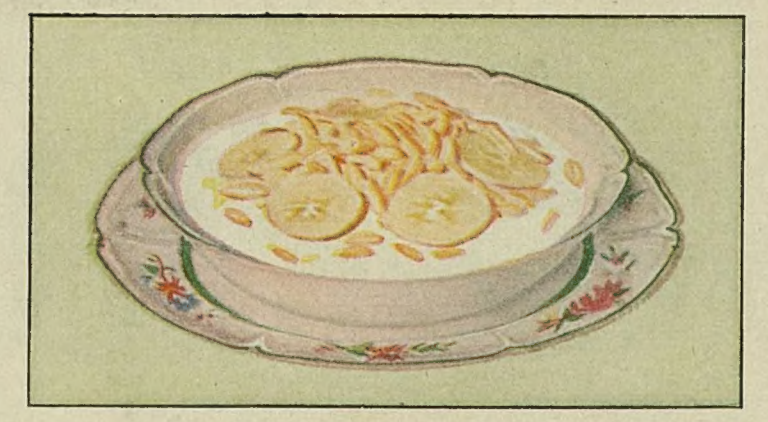
Beginning **A RIDE IN THE COUNTRY** *by* **GEORGE KIBBE TURNER**

A New Serial of Absorbing Adventure and Romance

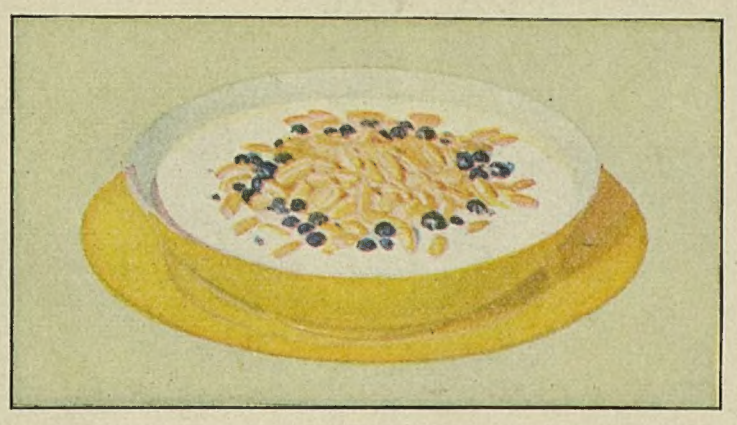
NEW WAYS Women Have Found to Delight *Summer Appetites*

These toasty, wonderful grains—the most unique cereal foods known—supply breakfast with the great adventure of variety

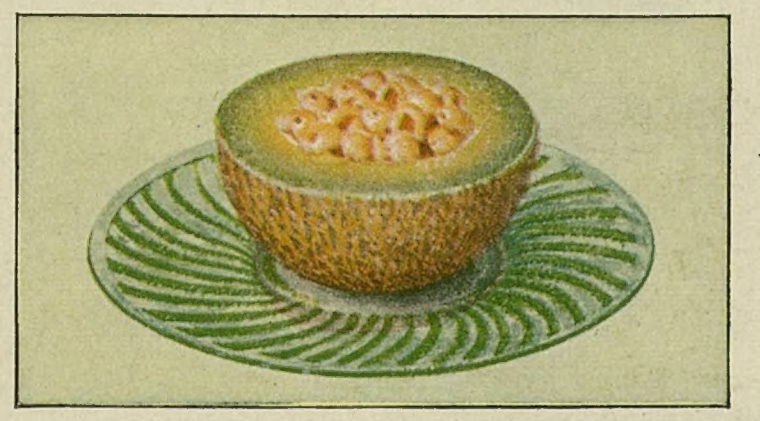
Serve Puffed Rice with cubed pineapple; pour the juice over generously and add cream or half-and-half. It's delicious!



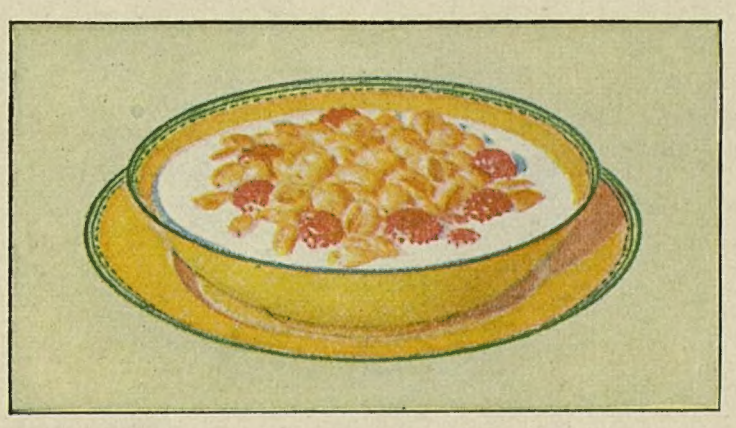
Children and grown-ups alike like sliced bananas with Puffed Rice and plenty of half-and-half. Sweeten to suit the taste.



Blueberries with Puffed Rice is another pleasing way to serve this versatile cereal . . . children love these dainty tidbits.



Serving Puffed Wheat in a ripened half canteloup with sugar and cream is a new breakfast delight that tempts the appetite.



Raspberries, Puffed Wheat, sugar and cream . . . let them eat all they want; it's good for them any way they eat it.

Now they'll eat cereals because they like them, and because they're good for them. Try these new ways to serve Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

THE art of making breakfasts attractive is the art of supplying variety. Everyone's appetite grows tired of eating the same thing over and over. Try something radically different at breakfast tomorrow. Note how it appeals and attracts.

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice are different from any other cereals known. They look different. They taste different. Their appetite appeal is different. Eat them to tempt the appetite with food that is "good for you," that you eat because you love it.

Their food value is that of rich grain foods. The Puffed Wheat is over 20% bran, but you would never know it, so delightfully is it concealed.

Each grain is steam puffed to 8 times its normal size. And thus every food cell is broken to make digestion easy.

There are many delightful ways to serve. Note the illustrations. Try too as a luncheon dish—at home, or in any restaurant. Serve as a before-bed snack that does not impose on the digestion. Give to the children, in place of sweets, as tidbits between meals.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

FRIGIDAIRE

NO SACRIFICE TOO GREAT TO KEEP HIM WELL AND HAPPY

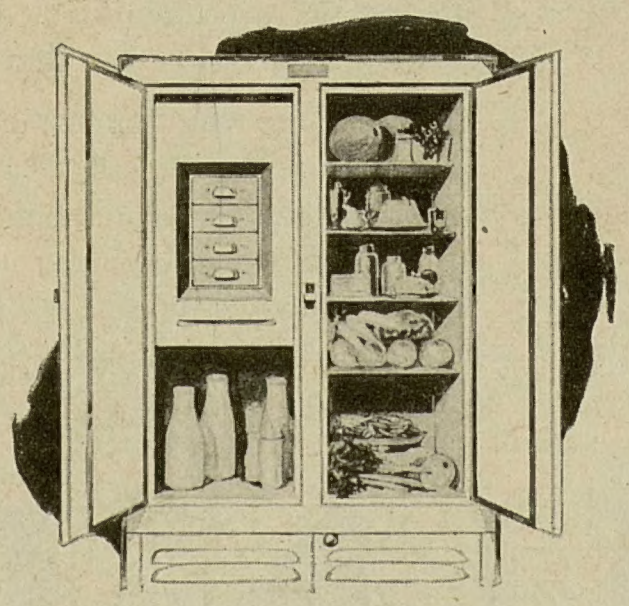
Yet how often is the simplest health precaution disregarded! Don't deny *your* baby this protection. It costs so little. And he needs it *now* —to help him ward off dangers that are gravest in warm weather.

Frigidaire Provides Refrigeration 5° Colder than Government Standards!

BABY'S health in summer months is menaced by the gravest of all dangers —food contamination. Guard against it, science warns us.

This warning is repeated in Bulletins issued by the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture and Health Boards in leading American cities. They tell us that high or fluctuating temperatures in refrigerators actually *invite* food contamination. That a *constant*, low temperature is a vital necessity if baby's foods are to be safely kept. These authorities set the Safety Line in refrigeration at 50°. Above that point, they say, lies danger!

Now note how Frigidaire goes a step beyond accepted standards. Direct Frost-Coil Cooling maintains a constant, cold-storage temperature in the food compartment that is actually 5° *colder than Government requirements*—12° colder than you can expect with ice. In other words, here is a 5° *Margin of Safety* as an added health safeguard. No wonder 300,000 users have been won to Frigidaire—more than have bought all other electric refrigerators combined.



FRIGIDAIRE'S constant, cold-storage refrigeration keeps foods fresh and wholesome four to five times longer than usual. Even milk—if it's fresh when you buy it—stays sweet for days at a time. How priceless this protection when there's a baby in the home! And of what avail all other loving care if this one precaution is neglected!

The feeling of security that Frigidaire brings to your home is beyond all price. Yet you pay so little for it. Complete Frigidaire models, all ready to attach and operate from any convenient electric outlet, are now priced at only $180 f. o. b. Dayton—the lowest price in Frigidaire history!

All Frigidaires, regardless of size or price, are available under liberal General Motors terms. First a small deposit. Then a little each month out of income.

Visit the nearest Frigidaire Salesroom today. Provide your baby this protection that no one else can give.

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No matter what emergencies *your Dunlops* have to meet, other Dunlops have met the same conditions before. The lessons learned before your Dunlops were built, come to you in mile after mile of added performance. Put Dunlops on your car. Then you can start for San Francisco or Boston and never give your tires a thought.

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FOUNDERS OF THE PNEUMATIC TIRE INDUSTRY

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AUG. 6, 1927

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A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 4 No. 14

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

THE WORLD DO MOVE

When this writer was a boy, the town joke was about Presiding Elder Wright's crazy kids who thought they could fly. He worked on the Chicago *Tribune* when Marconi came there to conduct experiments and prove that telegraphic messages could be sent from the top of the Tribune Building at Dearborn and Madison streets to the top of the Monadnock Building, six blocks south. He saw the Wright brothers win the government prize in their first public flight at Alexandria, Virginia.

He confesses that he bet against every proposition advanced until about ten years ago, when he either grew old or wise and commenced to back the fellows who said they could do things. Quite recently he sat in his darkened apartment, holding a specially constructed bulb of crystal, mercury, and tungsten in his hand, and saw the bulb light and illumine the apartment, and knew that wireless light is practical. When Lindbergh said he was going to fly to Paris, this writer laid a modest wager that he would do it.

The other day a man said to him: "I have an invention that will enable us to project an invisible ray through fog, smoke, or darkness for twenty miles and see perfectly any object within the range."

Instead of saying, "You're crazy," this writer said, "How?"

If, next week, some one comes to him and says he has discovered a way to jump to Mars and spend the week-end, he will pack an overnight bag and get ready to go.

Why not? Is it any more than our forefathers were asked to accept on faith 100 years ago?

If you think so, read the records of the School Board of Lancaster, Ohio, in 1828, a little less than 100 years ago. It was desired that the "advanced thinkers" be permitted to use the schoolroom for a public debate as to whether or not railroads were practical. The minutes of the meeting read:

"You are welcome to use the schoolroom to debate all proper questions in, but such things as railroads and telegraphs are impossibilities and rank infidelity. There is nothing in the Word of God about them. If God had designed that His intelligent creatures should travel at the frightful rate of fifteen miles an hour by steam He would have foretold it through His holy prophets. It is a device of Satan to lead immortal souls down to hell."

There is food for thought, especially for Fundamentalists, in that resolution. What will the Americans of 2028 think of some of the resolutions we have passed, especially in Tennessee, Texas, and a few other States?

BEG PARDON—A CORRECTION

In the May 14, 1927, issue of LIBERTY, in connection with the article entitled Five Red Days, which was an account of the part taken by the Thirty-fifth United States Division in the Meuse-Argonne Battle in the late war, a photograph of Major D. C. Cordiner, U. S. A., was published erroneously captioned "Major S. C. Cordinger" of the staff of the Thirty-fifth Division. The fact is that Major Cordiner, now of the Army War College at Washington, at the time of the Meuse-Argonne Battle was in command of a battalion of the Sixtieth Regiment, C. A. C., First Army Artillery.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR *NEXT* ISSUE

SHAW LOOKS AT LIFE AT SEVENTY: George Bernard Shaw says that everybody who earns less, or wants more, than $3,000 a year ought to be put to death. Read why he thinks so in this rare interview he granted GEORGE S. VIERECK.

THE LADY MUST SQUEAL: Psychology is becoming a fine art at the amusement parks. The plot is, though you may not realize it, to throw the girls and boys together, and the way they do it, as revealed by HOMER CROY here, is highly interesting. You'll get a greater kick out of your amusement parks after reading this.

HOW "SURE THINGS" GO WRONG: You probably don't bet on horse races, but just in case you might be tempted to do so, don't miss this. W. O. MCGEEHAN, the New York sports authority, gives 150 reasons why you might lose—and then some.

THE EYE OF GOD: A story of a country banker who hires a New York chorus girl to help him rob an orphan of her fortune. He doesn't get away with it, of course, but MEIGS O. FROST has cooked up one of the most original plots of recent short stories to show why he didn't.

SANE HANDS: The question was one of whether the mind ruled over matter. Those discussing it were the writer, PERCY MARKS, and the head of an insane asylum. The latter, to prove his point, indicated a patient—a former great racing driver—and told a thrilling story of why this man was held merely as an insane patient, instead of as a murderer many times over.

A BREAK FOR CINDERELLA: This is a delightful story of a spinster who never gave up hope, told by MABEL MCELLIOTT CLARKE.

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You will find a wide variety of Johnston's Chocolates at one of the better class stores in your neighbourhood

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A RIDE in the Country

They're Off! Beginning a Mile-a-Minute Romance

By

GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

A NEW SERIAL

Suddenly the cheap catch went. He pushed up the window and looked back around him before climbing in.

(Reading time: 23 minutes.)

NIGHT and the car, and a more or less wild woman of your own—that's how the new-style prodigal sons drop into the underworld on rubber tires, now, any time between midnight and dawn—down the long concrete highway to hell and all way stations, which runs every night, all night long, past every son's front door.

This "Speed" Thatcher was not quite twenty, and the girl a little less, that night they rode away and disappeared into the dark together, following that usual final run-in of all prodigal sons with the Old Man.

It was 7:30 o'clock on a Friday night when Speed stood facing his father, making his final stand on the customary grounds for civil war—the family car and the week-end.

"I'm going to—I'm certainly going to have that car!" he told him.

His voice was high; his long, stringy brown hair had fallen forward, almost down to his thin, high cheek-bones. He had no intention of giving in this time. He was desperate.

He had been just able to land Pats Schuyler for the first fall senior dance from that other man, Pet Masters—that Yale freshman with a car of his own and all kinds of spending money. And now, at the last minute, could he call her up and tell her he couldn't have the car—and hadn't the price to hire one? He could *not*.

The Old Man glared back at him through his gold-rimmed eyeglasses, his voice high:

"You certainly are not. You're going to stay home and study."

And he added the usual remarks about being still in high school at his age.

"But I've got to have it. I've absolutely promised her."

"Promised who? That crazy little Schuyler girl?" asked the Old Man.

Pictures by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

Speed Thatcher bit his lip and held in his hectic temper. But he began to breathe hard—taking in long, deep, silent breaths, when he thought of this last thing the Old Man was trying to put over on him at the last minute.

"What would you have me do—insult her? Crawl now, two hours before the dance?" he argued on, his voice more or less shaky.

His mother slipped her word in for him now—in her soft, scared voice:

"Just this one time, Edgar. It means so much to him."

Her effort was not a marked success—as usual.

"He knew—he had fair warning what would happen to him if he went back to high school again this fall."

"But you're only young once."

Her voice grew weaker, but not his!

"Young! He'll be eighty, if this keeps on, before you get him out of high school!"

She had fixed it just exactly right, set him down in his favorite field—his meditations on the youth of today: the rising tide of the Great Unspanked, which threatened to engulf the nation; the automobiles; the midnight parties; the first aid to education given by these bobbed-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[A RIDE IN THE COUNTRY
Continued from Page Seven]

haired Helens, as he called them, for whom a thousand thousand high-school flivvers were launched every Friday and Saturday evening across the length and breadth of this fair land.

"No," he said in conclusion. "No!"

"But I can't—I can't break an appointment like that with a decent girl. It's an insult and an outrage," young Thatcher persevered.

He was getting about all he could stand of the Old Man's smearing. His voice grew sharp, his eyes shone out between his prominent cheek-bones, from under his overhanging front lock of hair.

"You're going to break it tonight—with that fool kid," the Old Man answered firmly.

It wasn't enough to take the car away. He had to insult Pats Schuyler!

Speed Thatcher felt his tricky temper going, finally.

"You've got no license to say that, when you never even met her," he said. The sound of his own voice, getting higher and higher, had a bad effect on him. "It's a darned shame—a damned outrage!" he shouted suddenly, breaking loose entirely—definitely swearing before the Old Man.

"Go upstairs!"

He stood there—stared straight back through the eyeglasses into the Old Man's sharp blue eyes. His face grew sallower and sharper. There was a great roaring in his ears. He stood still.

"I'm going out—to that dance," he heard his voice say for him, very slowly and deliberately, "if I never go anywhere else in my life."

"You go upstairs."

"You go to hell!"

It came out, in spite of everything, like a crack of thunder—that thing he had been biting back for so many months; that four-word formula which has sped so many thousand outbound prodigals on their way.

He saw the two flinch back, as they got it; the etchings on his father's nervous face cut deeper, his mother's faded eyes fill with tears. But his voice continued nevertheless:

"I'm going to that dance."

His remark started matters on their way again. The Old Man woke up from his trance:

"If you do, you don't come back here!"

"All right. Then I don't come back," said Speed Thatcher.

The roaring in his ears was less. But nothing in the world would have held him now.

He kissed his mother, put her aside, and went out and got his overcoat and hat in the hall.

"Let him go," said his father, holding his mother back by the shoulders. His voice was strange and strained. "Let him go."

"You will, yes," stated young Thatcher, "for I'm going, anyhow. And I'm going to have an automobile to go in."

He went out and left them standing in the hall—the Old Man holding his mother from following and calling him back.

He closed the front door—and went out after his automobile.

II

LIFTERS, they call them in the stolen automobile trade—the car-crazy youths they break in to steal cars for them. You see them around these crooked, bootleg garages and taxi stands, receiving their night-school education from those farther along.

And they land them all the same way: after they have been borrowing cars temporarily for their own use—for a ride around the block, for deviltry, on a dare—or in some great sudden world crisis like that which had struck Speed Thatcher.

It was a thick, foggy fall night. Speed walked along through the mist, head down. He was numb from the waist up, moving in a trance—clear on one point only.

He was going to have one last throw at joy—one final night of life and pleasure with Pats Schuyler—no matter how wide open the universe ripped afterward. Also, he was going to have a car for her, as promised. And he knew just where he was going to borrow it.

He knew half the cars in town—that was his specialty. And he had thought at once of this one. It was exactly like the Old Man's—the same year, the same model. The people who owned it—he had just heard that day—had gone out of town for the week-end.

It would be a cinch. All he had to do was to get it out, bring it back after the dance, and nobody in the world, except himself, would be any wiser. Provided, of course, he could get into that garage—and he believed he could, with any luck.

The thing shaped up all right—seemed to—from the beginning. The night was made to order. The mist kept the population off the streets; would cover up his operations. He slouched up the side hill to the house—looked it over from under his eyebrows. It was as empty as a skull—all its windows sleek and black.

So far, so good. He took a look around and slipped into the driveway; stood in the coal-black shadow below the house—looked back into the street. The electric street light diffused a

It was a balloon party. In the bright and festive

ballroom the orchestra was starting up the first dance.

silver radiance, glistening through the wet leaves of the shade-trees.

There was nothing stirring. A spat of moisture falling on a leaf; the faint sound of a radio down the street; nothing more—but his own breathing in the darkness!

There was a high hedge on one side; the house was between the driveway and that of the nearest neighbor. The garage itself was in a black shadow. There was even a slope from its door down the driveway. He thought he could run the car out to the street by gravity—just about—without starting up the motor.

He walked over to the garage. It was locked, of course, as he had expected. He tried the windows. All locked!

He took out his knife and started working up through the crack at the catch of the nearest one. He pushed, jabbed, grunted, swore.

Suddenly the cheap catch went. He pushed up the window and looked back around him before climbing in.

There was nothing—no change; not a thing had happened, that he could see. Nothing had, as a matter of fact, but something he couldn't see himself, naturally—the birth, on a silent side street, of one more inhabitant of the underworld on the rubber tires—of one more car-lifter.

He climbed into the warmer, oil-scented air of the garage.

He stumbled over into the car, found it was unlocked; opened the garage door—slowly, slowly; and stuck his face out again into the fresh mist. There was no one, nothing—as before.

And now a question arose which he had not quite thought out—about the door of the garage. If he shut it, he would have to stop, close it, open it when he came back again, lock it up—all the time with the motor running. If he left it open, he could just slide out, without a sound, by gravity; come back in the early morning, when everybody was asleep, lock up, and go along.

Nobody would notice the door from the street, he believed—certainly not until that fog was gone.

So he let loose the emergency brake, tugged her over the sill, hopped in, slid down the sloping driveway, came out—just barely—into the outside road. He started up the engine, by gravity, on the hillside; and then looked up suddenly, his heart in his throat, at a figure, unseen before, upon the lonely sidewalk!

It was one of the town policemen. Slowly, majestically, he clumped by in his rubber coat.

Young Thatcher's mind stood still—with the sudden rush of fear to his head. Suppose that cop had been just thirty seconds earlier and had seen him slide out of that driveway! Suppose he had caught a glimpse, as it was, and looked in now and found those garage doors open behind that empty house!

SPEED slowed up at the corner, crawled along, watching. The cop stopped, took off his cap, wiped his head, moved on up the slope—by the driveway, past the house!

Young Thatcher's heart resumed operations. He was safe, apparently, this time! But, just the same, he wasn't satisfied — couldn't be now, with that garage door open! Suppose later on the fog lifted—that someone should see the thing—get suspicious. They had been watching lately—the police—all over town. There had been a number of automobiles stolen in the past few weeks.

As he thought of that, the idea flashed to him of just what he would do—putting into effect his night-school instruction. He would do what the regular auto thieves always do first: change the number plates—"the pictures," as they call them—on their stolen cars.

He started on, turned back again in the direction of home, toward the garage of Mike the Gyp, a couple of blocks from his house: the place where he had gone to night school the past few years, getting inside information on the operations and financial advantages enjoyed

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[A RIDE IN THE COUNTRY Continued from Page Nine]

by those joining the underworld on the rubber tires.

He drove over, drew up on a side street, walked around to the Gyp's. He was in luck again—as to the weather. The other members of the night school by Mike's gasoline pump were marked absent. But Black Mike, of course, stood there inside the dark passageway to the back of the garage, watching the night riders go by as usual—as if from a cave.

He called to Thatcher as he started in the office door:

"Hey. What you want?"

"I left my rubbers in here."

HE had, as a matter of fact, a couple of days before. He went on into the dimly lighted little office, saw the "pictures," Mike's dealer's number plates, where he kept them in the back corner, just beyond his rubbers. He took up the rubbers, and slipped the number plates under his coat.

"Good night, Mike," he said, sliding out again.

The other man didn't look at him.

"Good night," he answered, motionless, staring out into the street, as he would be all night long, for whoever it was—bootleggers or tire thieves or car thieves—that might be coming through in his night trade.

Stiffly, slowly, holding his plates and rubbers to him, Speed Thatcher went down the street into the mist, around the corner to the car.

It was all right—just where he left it; but he decided to move on, rather than change the plates there so near his home. The dance was in the other direction, at the well known Bal Tabarin—out beyond Pats Schuyler's house. He could go over that way and change them.

He looked at his watch. It was eight-thirty already. He would have to keep moving. He drove around back ways, stopped beside an empty lot on a side street, and started on his next job—the final disguise, which would make everything safe. He took the Gyp's plates from the back of the car, put out his bigger lights, and began working underneath a street lamp.

Things began to go wrong from now on, as they usually do working around an automobile at night.

The number plates were fastened on with little bolts and nuts. The nuts were rusted solid. He pawed around in the tool-box under the front seat. All he could find was one big clumsy wrench and a pair of pliers with a loose joint. He took them out, struggled, swore, smeared his face, soiled the cuffs of his party shirt, got madder and madder—and not any the less because all this time he was going without cigarets.

He noticed, then, someone driving by, who seemed to slow up and then drove on. But he didn't care. His crazy temper was up. It made no difference now what happened. If the whole police force of the town had been on their way, he would have kept right on fighting the thing, hating it, hurrying—with the time he would have to be at Pats Schuyler's drawing nearer and nearer.

It was nine-fifteen when he was done—had the new plates on, chucked the old ones on the car floor in back, and finally straightened up—hands all grease and rust, collar softened, cuffs limp, a long smear on his face: Speed Thatcher again, in wrong, as usual! He was so mad by now, he almost cried. He would have if he had been two or three years younger.

He drove over to the railroad station—took the chance: left the car outside, and cleaned up what he could in the station washroom. He came out feeling a little better. Pats Schuyler was protected. No one would nail them, now, with that borrowed car—with those new number plates on it.

Then on over to Glen Alden Avenue—up the steps, ringing the bell; spirits back again—full of pep and vigor and expectancy for his one last night of joy.

Pats' mother opened the door—a little thin blonde woman with deeply marcelled bobbed hair, who must have looked like Pats when she was her age—and dressed more or less like her daughter now.

"Is Pats ready, Mrs. Schuyler?"

"She's gone."

He stood and gasped.

"She's gone," she said. "She was afraid you were going to be too late."

"But—she said any time until nine-thirty!" he stuttered finally.

"Oh, was that it? I didn't know," she lied on. "But, anyhow, she said you wouldn't mind—to tell you to just follow on after them."

"Oh, yes," he mumbled, looking away.

She didn't like him, he believed. He didn't have enough money—like that Pet Masters, that bunch with their big allowances and their own cars. He straightened up then, and looked her in the face—the whole thing striking him full force.

"Who was it she went with?"

"Oh, just Pet Masters."

He stood there—turned around—turned back—smiled like a sick monkey.

"You'll find them—they'll be there waiting for you at the Bal Tabarin," she told him in her light, airy way.

"Yes, ma'am," Speed answered, like a small boy at a party—and stumbled down the steps.

"Good-by; have a wonderful time!" She waved her hand after him.

He plunged down the front walk to the stolen car.

III

BY this time Speed didn't know or care what he was doing. He was out after the girl and

Pet Masters, crazy for all practical purposes—looking for an explanation or trouble. He got the second, in a way he certainly was not expecting.

He parked his car in back on the grounds of the Bal Tabarin, went in, checked his overcoat, and passed along to the bright and festive ballroom. And the first in that gay throng to greet him was Pats Schuyler, clad more or less in a roseleaf gown, with silver slippers and stockings—as appetizing as ever, and as little on!

"YOU go to hell!" It came out like a crack of thunder—that thing he had been biting back for so many months.

"What's the mystery? Where were you?" she called, dashing over to him, striking the first blow—putting it up to him, as usual.

"Where were you, you mean!"

"Languishing at home—where would I be? Waiting for you on the front steps—till I was forced to take a hitch from the first passer-by."

"Yeah, Pet Masters!" he said, watching her playing her eyes, singing her siren songs through her golden locks—and not falling for it yet.

She came over to him, fondly smiling—with a new act. On her arm she had a brand-new toy, an innovation in vanity cases—a round, flat silver thing, swinging at the end of a fine silver chain—the latest of novelties.

"Why not?" she asked him. "What could a poor girl do?"

"Oh, cut it!"

"Oh, don't sulk, Speed. Don't be gloppy," she said.

Pats was always aiming for novelty—the last syllable in slang or vanity bags. She had invented this word, or imported it from Yale via Masters. It appealed to Speed very little.

"Gloppy!" he said. "You make me ill."

SHE still persevered—looking up through her bob, with her pansy eyes with the long black fringe, and struck him that first body blow.

"Don't be a perfect flying fish," she said. "Honest, what were you doing all this time with that car? Had the number plates broken down this time?"

"What number plates?" he asked quickly, stiffening up and looking her in the eye—wondering, petrified.

She looked up with calm, unswerving gaze, following up her blow at once.

"Listen. Don't deny it before you get a look at the body; till you see for yourself the bloody finger prints," she said—and held up the little round mirror in the inside of her new silver case.

"There—by the ear!" she said, pointing at the dark brown smear still there, with her own superwhite hand, her slave bracelets jingling merrily.

"Run along and scrape off the worst of it," she said, "and straighten the former collar. And then toddle back and tell me the wild, sensational tale of the broken-down number plates that held you back from your date."

He looked back at her, speechless, helpless, wondering what she knew—how he could stop her talking along that line. For the minute she saw she had him worried, from that time on she would start going stronger and stronger, spreading the glad tidings of those number plates.

"Run along, and come back, and tell mamma afterward—all about the awful accident to the number plates," she said, boring on.

The orchestra was starting up the first dance, that was his by right—that he had taken every chance this side of murder to have with her. He stood like a wooden soldier as she dismissed him, laughing merrily.

"Go on," she said. "I never could stand getting all over rusted from old number plates. I'll give you the next dance. Pet will look out for me in this," she said, and raised her hand—a private signal, it looked like, to the other man—where she had him parked during the period of this interview.

Masters was coming over—one of the boys you see driving down the middle of the road in high-powered roadsters of their own, and a look of wonder—wonder why it is anyone is let out on the highway when he is driving there; and with a round pink face like an arrogant apple in a great man-eating fur coat.

Dressed in a tux with all the latest accessories, he gave Thatcher the attention of a faint smile, as he took the genuine collegiate grip on the one woman in the world and writhed away with her.

Speed Thatcher—in the plain serge suit that his Old Man still made him wear—stood looking after them, wondering just what he was going to do about it.

He went out; cleaned up again as best he could; came back and watched the crowd weave in and out.

The dancers hailed him, joshed him—as they always did, trying to get him going.

He snatched a flower from the wall and danced on and on with it, his ears roaring, his eyes always on those other two—the only two in the room or world for him.

The four centuries of the first dance were done. He had made up his mind during them. The events of the evening had been too much for him already. His brain was not functioning to any great extent. But his emotions were. And he saw but one thing clearly—he was going to have that next dance with that girl he had stolen that car to bring there, no matter what part of the sky fell—on him or anybody else!

He went over to where she sat with Masters, near the corner that had been the scene of their recent dancing exhibition.

They looked up when they finally observed him, and Masters got up to greet him with a somewhat suspicious cordiality.

He pulled out his costly and well furnished hip ornament. "Have a drink, Speed," he said warmly.

There was a look in his face that should have warned his victim—that bright-eyed and expectant look those small-mouthed boys with the wondering faces have when they are about to pull something unusually raw.

Thatcher hesitated, took a drink for manners—and lost the opening play.

"Look," said the young friend from Yale with the bright, expectant smile. "On the level, what's the idea? Why keep a perfectly good lady friend waiting round all night while you shine up the number plates?"

"What do you mean, number plates?" said Speed Thatcher, going rigid. The hootch was working in him already.

"The ones you were changing when I went by."

So that was it—one more gift he owed him! Thatcher stood undecided between giving him one good hearty poke, or passing him back some withering remark.

THE young cheer leader was off once more—growing always merrier and merrier on the fascinating mystery of the number plates.

"Listen," he called out to a group of innocent bystanders. "What do you think of the latest fashion that Speed here is bringing in?"

"What's this?" they called, rallying round.

It was slated to be a real party. Lifelong inhibitions had been laid aside and left in the checkroom. They were all eagerly waiting to partake of any innocent amusement, and Speed Thatcher was always promising!

"Always snappy—always first!" continued Masters, alluding to the well known fact that Speed Thatcher's clothes, like his actions, were more or less disordered; and incidentally, no doubt, recalling that he was one of the few who weren't there in evening clothes. "Always with some flashy novelty—another daily hint from Paris!"

Thatcher stood watching him—more or less at bay over this thing that was getting away

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[A RIDE IN THE COUNTRY
Continued from Page Eleven]

from him. And as he looked, his face suddenly grew sharper.

His glittering glance had fallen on Pats Schuyler, where she hung on the other man's arm, swinging one care-free, silver-slippered foot and laughing. And he had seen that college frat pin, Masters' evidently, set out in the spotlight—and his own at one side, out of sight.

"Come through, Speed. Let us in on it," they called, pressing around them. "What's this latest Paris stuff?"

"Are clothes coming—or still going—in Paris?"

"Which is it—addition or subtraction?"

"What, another garment gone? No—no—no."

"No. It seems they're putting more on now," the young friend from Yale informed them.

"More what—on what?"

"Two sets of number plates on every motor car!"

"Oh—*no!* How do you know?"

"I know. I saw Speed here dolling his up for the party."

The bunch broke loose. It was a balloon party. The girls started beating Speed Thatcher over the head with their red and blue and purple toy balloons. The boys started razzing him—roughing it. He broke away.

"Two sets of number plates—sure," said Speed Thatcher, and stepped forward toward Pats Schuyler, while they all hushed, waiting to see what he was going to spring.

Her eyes were full of calm expectancy as she waited.

"Sure," he said. "That's quite the idea now. Two at least. Just the same as Pats here always wears two number plates—two frat pins at her belt—at the very least—to demonstrate her immense popularity."

AS he said it, he took one step more forward, pushed aside Pet Masters, and took Pats in his arms.

"But mine's always first."

"I like that!" said Masters, much surprised.

"So do I," said Thatcher, dancing away—having scored to some extent, and having the prize, finally.

"Pats," he asked, looking down with less hardened eyes at his small armful of rose and silver, "what makes you get so snoppy every time that high-hat shows up here?"

She had remained passive so far—undecided between thoughts of discipline for his recent public calldown and the satisfaction of her now really magnificent curiosity over her still unsolved mystery. She decided, apparently, in favor of the second.

"Tell me," she said, now clinging closely to him—her toy balloon all twisted up with his—"what was it about those two sets of number plates, honestly?"

He grasped his chance to rewarm her interest in him.

"I stole them," he said, like a fool, grinning.

"How thrilling!"

"I certainly did."

"Why?"

"So as to swipe a car for you—for tonight."

"Oh, shush."

"I certainly did."

The fool had been drinking—the effects of that one drink still lingered. But it was principally that other urge that drove him on—the play for the sympathetic attention of the object of desire.

The latter was not yet convinced. "I wish you'd tell me, honestly."

"I have."

"Oh, don't be gloppy, Speed."

He took advantage of her increased interest to steer her into a corner and try some close confidential dancing and heart-to-heart conversation of his own choice.

"Listen, why did you do that—set my poor old pin back in the corner and move his out in front?"

He felt her body stiffen as they danced.

"What do you think this is, jiu-jitsu?" she asked him. For he didn't quite qualify as an exhibition dancer. He relaxed his hold a little, but not his pleading.

"I know he's in Yale. I know you claim that mine's not the top-hole frat, even here in school. But we were—we practically had an understanding. I should think you might at least—"

"OH, what a tragedy—what a tragedy!" she remarked, rearranging her bobbed hair wearily as they danced. "Let's get out of here."

"I mean it," said Speed Thatcher, his voice hardening. "Are you going to play fair with me or not?"

"Come on. You're getting tearful. Let's get out of this corner. Everybody's staring at us!"

He danced her on to the floor—with jaws set harder and harder. He didn't care now who overheard him.

"Are you going to quit him or me?" he asked her suddenly, and reached down to take hold of the other man's pin.

"Take this off, will you, Pats, please!"

"Stop. You're killing me!"

"You've got to," he said, trying to unfasten it himself.

"Stop that!" she said—and pushed his hand away. Several of the dancers were watching them now. "If either of them goes, it will be this," she said, her fingers working busily at Speed's pin.

Mike the Gyp.

"You don't mean that—you can't, Pats!" he said, scared.

"Don't I? You'll see!" She stopped and unclasped his pin and handed it to him. "There!"

The mountain chains were slipping. The earthquake had come. The sky had fallen. Pats Schuyler had given him back his frat pin! And just then their dance stopped, and he left her and stumbled out on the inclosed piazza.

And one of the anti-prohibitionists out there gave him another drink.

He went back with the next dance, and became the life of the party. What did he care? So he danced and cheered and tried not to watch those two together; and joshed the rest back and forth about the mystery of the number plates.

They stood razzing him, beating him over the head with their balloons, trying to get it out of him, when the next thing broke—the good news he might have expected at last arrived, brought in by one of the boys, who had been outside looking over his car.

"There's been another auto pinched!"

"Where?"

"At the Townsends'! You know—over on Pomfret Avenue. Lifted right out of their garage!"

"Who told you?"

"There's a motor cop out there. He says they're going after this one strong, and if they get him it will go bad with him. They're getting altogether fed up with the way cars have been disappearing around here lately."

"You hear that, Speed!" said one of the livest ones, with a sudden inspiration—beating him meanwhile with a balloon.

And then there was a little silence—the mob getting it!

"Sure," said Thatcher—his voice hoarse and strained. "That's me; I nicked it."

"Sure you did!"

"Fifty-fifty, Speed!"

"Where's it parked?"

"Ten years for yours!" they cried warmly—a little too much so.

But he didn't care—not now.

He got a glimpse of Masters and the girl—discussing it probably, or he thought so. His face got red and his ears roared. He walked over to them.

"You've been telling it all over to him, I suppose," he said, stopping in front of the Schuyler girl.

HE stood looking at them. It wasn't the liquor he had had, entirely. He was away beyond that. To the devil with the world and all its inhabitants—especially these two!

"Well, what I told her was all true. I swiped a car for her, to bring her here. It's true! Understand?"

He put his forefinger under the chin of Masters, where he sat before him.

Masters stood up; the girl stood up—the latter a little pale, the former more and more round-eyed with astonishment.

"Well, if you did, all I can say is, it was darned rotten taste—taking a decent girl to a decent dance in a stolen car," Pet now remarked.

"Is that right?" said Speed Thatcher—and pushed him in the chest with one finger.

Pet sank back again into his seat—astonishment gone wild in his baby-blue eyes.

"That's what I think of you!" said Thatcher, and felt the tide of public opinion start to flow against him:

"Crazy nut!"

"He ought to be put out."

Encouraged by it, Masters got up, started to make a show at coming back—and stopped!

His short upper lip lifted, his bulging blue eyes stared, his whole face froze on the verge of wonder and tears, as he stared at what he saw beneath the edge of Speed Thatcher's blue serge suit.

It was his father's old revolver. He always carried it with him nights, lately—especially when he was out with a girl.

You never could tell what you might run against these times.

"To heck with you all!" he told them. "Get out," he said to Masters. "I'm taking her this dance."

And take her Speed Thatcher did. His dance with Pats proved the prelude to an adventure that changed the whole course of his life and hers. Don't miss next week's instalment.

NUT-Crackers

Analyzing the Psychoanalysts—Good and Bad

An Article by

BRENDA UELAND

(Reading time: 18 minutes, 20 seconds.)

SOME people believe that psychoanalysis will turn them into demigods, making them charming, brilliant, good-natured; that every mood of bashfulness, of blueness, of crossness, of laziness is due to repression and conflicts in the unconscious; to unhappy wrestlings with our sex instinct; that all kinds of illness can be psychoanalyzed away.

On the other hand, some people declare that psychoanalysis is outrageous, horrible! They give examples of its bad results.

Hearsay case No. 1: I was told of the case of a very rich, intellectual, much respected man of fifty-two. He was a bachelor. His house was one of the most beautiful in the Middle West, where he entertained every distinguished visitor who came to his city.

This bachelor had never been attracted to women; had little, if any, romantic interest in them. But he was ashamed of this, and (as many men do) he went to some pains to establish the belief that he had had several love affairs and mistresses.

When he was fifty-one, he was psychoanalyzed, and then his tragedy began. He married a vigorous and beautiful girl of twenty-three. She made him sell his charming house. She made him take up polo, for which he had no aptitude.

One day he was packing his trunk to go abroad with his beautiful young wife—everything to live for, as they say—when he blew out his brains.

Many of his friends said that psychoanalysis was to blame, because otherwise he would have remained a happy and useful bachelor; that it was digging up all that morbid sex business that had led him to marry, and marriage had so disrupted his life and habits that he had killed himself.

Hearsay case No. 2: A middle-aged woman, the wife of a wealthy American, was psychoanalyzed in Vienna and thereafter frequented psychoanalysts' consulting-rooms for years with the enthusiasm of a madwoman. She divorced her husband, had many lovers, and now is living with a male parasite half her age.

Hearsay case No. 3: A well known society woman was psychoanalyzed (divorced her husband, of course), and in consequence is so opposed to the dangers of sexual repression that she has hired an attractive and sensible actress of thirty-five to be her fifteen-year-old son's mistress.

Hearsay cases Nos. 4 and 5: Two rich, divorced, dreamy women in their late forties, strongly inclined toward art and mysticism, were psychoanalyzed. Shortly afterward they went to Arizona in the interests of primitive art.

One married a fifty-two-year-old cowboy and the other an Indian.

They tired of living all the year round in the beautiful Arizona desert, and so brought their husbands to New York. The husbands,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A BACHELOR of fifty-one was psychoanalyzed. Then his tragedy began. He married a beautiful girl of twenty-three.

[NUT-CRACKERS
Continued from Page Thirteen]

who had never seen a railroad train before, didn't like New York at all. So their wives had them psychoanalyzed, in order, as the saying is, "to help them find themselves."

ON the other hand, there are testimonials to the blessings of psychoanalysis.

Hearsay case No. 1: A prominent college professor, since he was analyzed, has been able to do more than three times as much work as formerly.

Hearsay case No. 2: A man who was, before psychoanalysis, an unhappy, mediocre, dyspeptic business man is now a leading writer on economics. He is, they say, energetic, rich, and on the way to real eminence.

In all this confusion, what is one to believe? In this article I shall tell what doctors say against psychoanalysis.

In the disturbances of mental life, the first deviation from the normal might be called moods; the second, neuroses and psychoneuroses; the third, psychoses; and the fourth, insanities.

The whole human race has moods. I don't suppose there are any persons who never were depressed or who never lost their tempers. If these moods are continued and intensified, they become mental diseases.

So all of us, even the most normal, have experienced in a faint way abnormal mental states that connect us with people who have more serious mental diseases.

The neuroses, the next group after moods, may also merge into good health.

Under the strain of illness, fear, worry, or shock, anyone can be driven into a neurotic state. We all have neurotic states off and on, but it is only when such states are permanent that they become neuroses—diseases that need some outside help in order to be cured.

What is a genuine neurosis? Some people have the idea that it is no more than discontent with one's marriage, or a feeling that one is not popular enough, or that one doesn't have any fun.

A neurosis is much more than that. It may be a compulsion to murder or to steal; it may mean that the neurotic can not take a bath—or, on the other hand, perhaps he must always be taking a bath or washing his hands; perhaps he suffers from convulsive seizures or has strange fits resembling epilepsy; perhaps he must, in his thoughts, always be counting or seeing visions.

Sometimes he applies all his fears and emotions to his stomach, for example, and comes to believe that it is incurably diseased.

Such things are neuroses, and it is the neuroses, and only the neuroses, that psychoanalysis should be used to cure.

Yet some people think that it will cure moods and insanity, not to mention microbe infections.

Many of the medical profession believe that the neuroses are organic and inherited (not induced by the circumstances of one's life, as the psychoanalysts believe), and that careful study will show that a person is neurotic because the tendency is in his blood.

This does not mean that a neurosis is incurable. But the patient will have to fight it, as he might have to fight tuberculosis, as long as he lives.

Many doctors believe that there are no diseases of the mind. The alcoholic is diseased in his body and his mind; the typhoid patient is diseased in his body and his mind (delirium): but they have no separate disease of the mind itself.

In the nineteenth century it was believed that all mental disturbances were due to physical condition, and doctors tried to discover brain lesions and microbe infections or toxins within the body that might account for the condition.

Dr. Frederick Peterson, a leading New York neurologist opposed to psychoanalysis, in an article on Credulity and Cures in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, says:

"A factor in credulity is that we are so constituted as to be tremendously inclined to believe what we would like to believe. When a man is ill there is nothing he desires more than to get well. This predisposes him at once to faith in any promise of cure.

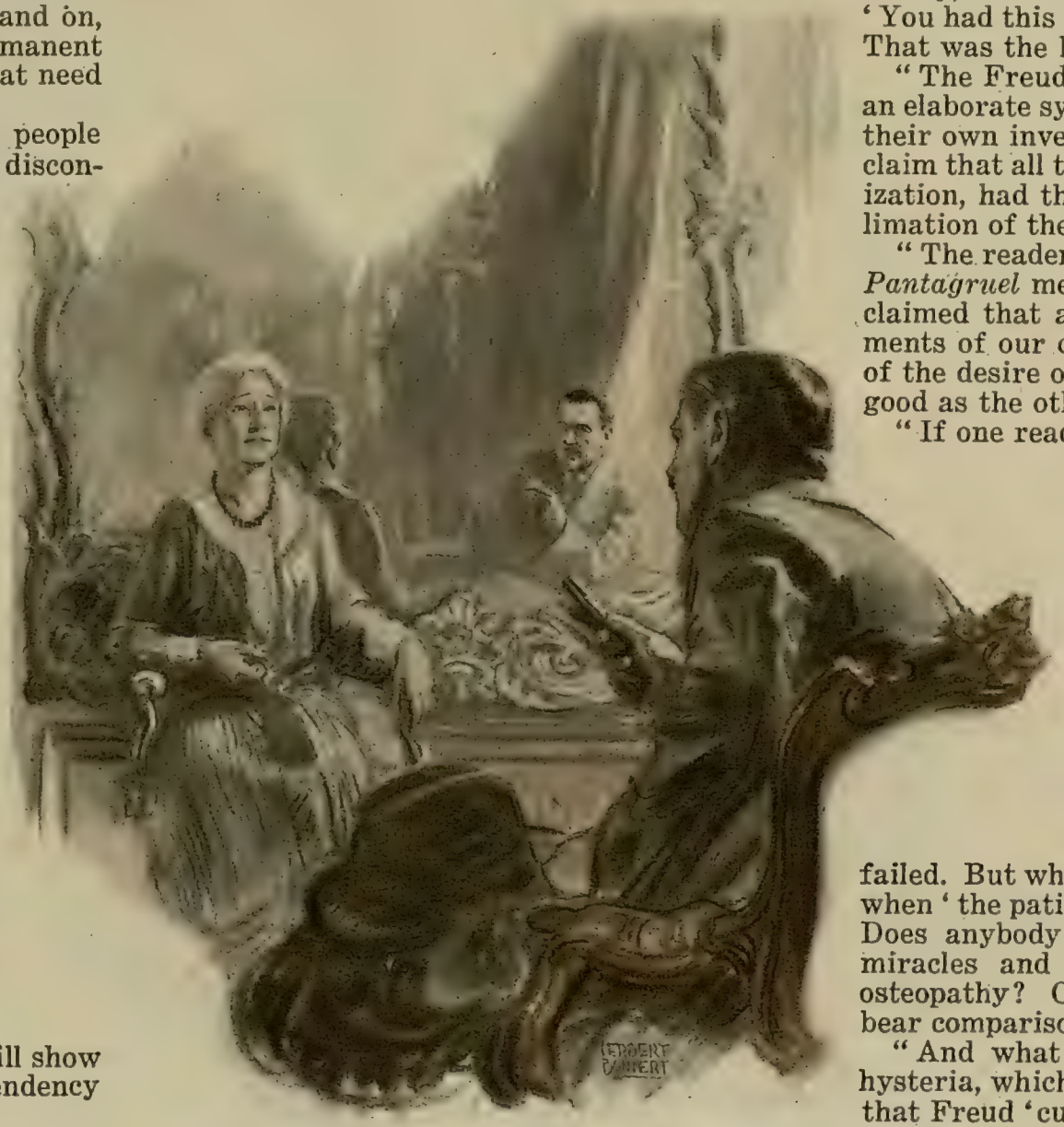
"Now, I do not believe that the medical profession has any quarrel with all these cults and methods (chiropractic, osteopathy, etc.); certainly not as to the good they may accomplish in some instances, but only so far as they may be hurtful or pernicious or untrue.

"We do not object to cures by Christian Science—we welcome cures by any method whatsoever, so long as they are cures—but we do object to the denial of the existence of disease.

"We, the medical profession above all others, should make a cult of skepticism in therapy. But do we?"

HE reminds doctors how credulous even the medical profession is. For example: A few years ago surgeons were competing for operations in removing the ovaries, the idea being that there was some relation between ovarian disease and epilepsy, insanity, and psychoneurosis. All superstition!

For a time doctors were applying electric magnets to the spine for nervous disorders—a practice now known to be nonsense. They were prescribing rest cures where now they order more work and exercise. They were ordering teeth and submerged tonsils out by the hundred thousands.



IN psychoanalysis, the patient must make all the discoveries. The unconscious is revealed with the greatest caution.

Most of it was utterly unnecessary! So even doctors who are trained to be scientifically skeptical are easily deluded.

"I know one general consultant who seldom makes a diagnosis of anything except hypothyroidism or hyperthyroidism," Dr. Peterson continues. "In fact, I believe that he must in his mind have classified the whole human race as superior or inferior thyroids."

And then, as another example of credulity, psychoanalysis!

"On which subject," he says, "I am qualified to speak, for I know Jung and Freud personally, have examined the method practically, and have or have had a number of the practitioners of this cult as my friends. The theories of Freud and Jung are to psychology what cubism is to art—new, sensational, and rather interesting.

"If they were not so pernicious in their application as well as untrue in psychology, I should say nothing of them, but let them take their place in our historical medical museums along with all the other curiosities the centuries have accumulated.

"There is only time to touch upon one or two of the more salient features of the Freudian theories. One of the most prominent is, for instance, that every dream is the fulfillment of a wish.

"Now, Freud, observing that his children usually dreamed of anticipated pleasures—the theater, toys, country trips—quite arbitrarily jumped to the conclusion that the dream is a fulfillment of the wish, and, as the obsession grew in his mind, he decided it always must be a sexual wish, however disguised.

"When confronted with fear or anxiety dreams, he had to invent words like distortion, displacement, etc., to twist around an easily explicable dream (easily explicable by study of the normal anticipations of the mind) to make such a dream, in some extraordinary manner, fulfill a wish.

"When a friend of his, after hearing him lecture on the subject, came to him triumphantly with a fear dream, wholly opposed to his theory, Freud suddenly exclaimed exultingly: 'You had this dream just to confute my theory. That was the hidden wish.'

"The Freudians will talk to you much about an elaborate system of symbolism that is wholly their own invention. The Freudian makes the claim that all the arts, and, in fact, all our civilization, had their origin in one drive, the sublimation of the sexual.

"The reader will remember that in Rabelais, *Pantagruel* met one *Gaster* in his travels, who claimed that all the arts, powers, accomplishments of our civilization were the sublimation of the desire of the stomach. One theory is as good as the other. They are both Rabelaisian.

"If one reads the analyses made by the psychoanalysts, one will find a complete revelation there of the type of mind of the analyst himself; indeed, one will learn much more of him in this way than one will of the unfortunate patient the analyst thinks he is studying."

ANOTHER anti-psychoanalysis physician, Dr. Joseph Collins, says in his book, The Doctor Looks at Love and Life:

"We are told that it has cured cases when other means have failed. But what method has not cured diseases when 'the patient was given up by the doctor'? Does anybody doubt the reality of cures by miracles and methods, be they Lourdes or osteopathy? Can Freud furnish cures that will bear comparison with those of Mesmer?

"And what does a cure mean in cases of hysteria, which is for the most part the disease that Freud 'cures'? One of the characteristics peculiar to such troubles is that they diminish and eventually disappear, which does not exclude a possibility of their recurrence, since the root of the disease is not extracted.

"It scarcely can be justifiable to claim that one cures a mental trouble in a year and a half (the time often taken for analysis) which, left to itself, might disappear in eighteen months."

Now, it must be said in defense of the best psychoanalysts (most of whom are also first-rate neurologists or physicians or psychiatrists) that the world is filling fast with all kinds of psychoanalytical asses and quacks.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

What is the food called Soup?

SOUP IS FOOD in liquid form. This gives the skilled chef the chance to combine many different nourishing and tempting ingredients. And because they are blended in a liquid, their savors and their flavors unite as in no other food. So the appetite finds in soup a stimulation and an enjoyment which other foods do not supply.

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12 cents a can

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The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

Its only secret is its *exclusive* blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets. The Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Illinois.

The Ideal Baby Soap

Thousands of mothers recognize in Palmolive the ideal soap for a baby's bath—mild and gentle soap made for ONE purpose only, to safeguard and protect the skin.

In former days, Castile was the favored infant soap. But today there are so many different formulas for "Castile" that it is difficult for one to know which is gentle enough for the fragile skin of infancy.

Your baby's doctor, we are sure, will agree with this.

Retail Price 10c

3595

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

There are innumerable inexpert persons who claim to be psychoanalysts and who are doing a flourishing business.

To give one example: There came to the Psycho-Educational Clinic at Harvard University a young World War veteran who had not worked for seven years. Yet he claimed he always had been *willing* to work if only he could find the right employment.

A study of his case was made. After an expert examination, there was found no real psychological reason why he was unable to work.

Strangely enough, this man exhibited none of the feelings of inferiority that one expects to find in an economic failure. On the contrary, he knew he would be a success, and all he asked was "the right position." The "right position," however, was one that can be attained only after years of preparation and experience.

Of course, he had made very few attempts to find work that he could do. He attributed his unemployment to the failure of others to recognize his ability.

During his seven years' idleness this man had frequently consulted "analysts" and had taken courses of lectures under four of them. Here are some of the analyses that they made of him (it must be borne in mind that he had received only a grammar-school education, and that psychological examination showed he was slightly below normal in intelligence):

> Optimistic—practical—good social mixer—completeness in detail—learns best by observation—slow to enthuse—starts well; doesn't finish—serious-minded—not aggressive enough—far-sighted—good reasoning powers—quick to perceive—quick to think—slow to act—lacks diplomacy—good analyzing power.

And, on the basis of the above, this young man was given the following advice by one analyst:

"Would succeed as a traveling salesman selling tangible products or as a chemical or electrical *research* worker."

And so seven years of "analysis" and rainbow-chasing!

The Harvard Psycho-Educational Clinic was able to show him what his real assets were, and he is at present working in a position for which he is fitted.

NOW we come to what the best psychoanalysts say about their failures to cure. Of course (they say) they fail to cure. What doctor does not?

The first difficulty is the difficulty of every doctor—the difficulty of correct diagnosis. It is hard to tell an organic disease from a mental disease. It is immeasurably harder to tell the mental diseases apart. And it must be remembered that only one sort of mental disease can be cured by psychoanalysis—the neuroses.

"This is often the most vexing problem encountered in medicine," says Dr. C. P. Oberndorf in the *Medical Journal and Medical Record*. He is a psychiatrist of the Mount Sinai clinic in New York and a leading psychoanalyst.

"Many a skilled diagnostician will confess, if he be truthful," Dr. Oberndorf continues, "that a suspected gastric ulcer has turned out to have been a gastric neurosis; and that autopsy has sometimes revealed that persistent vomiting, called hysterical, has been caused by constricting intestinal adhesions."

Naturally, if a psychoanalyst believes his patient is a hysteric when all the time he is suffering from a gastric ulcer, the psychoanalysis will have little effect.

"Psychoanalysis," says Dr. Oberndorf, "often fails and seems to have such bad results because the patient may not really want to be cured of his neurosis.

"After analysis is well on its way, it is not uncommon to hear a spontaneous avowal that the desire to be cured lacked complete sincerity because of the secondary gain in the way of self-pity or attention which the illness yielded to the sufferer."

In other words, the neurotic patient who is being analyzed decides he would rather cling to his neurosis, for thereby he gets a great deal of sympathy and coddling which he craves.

"Their neuroses are beginning to disappear. Most hopeful of all, this man and his wife are quarreling a little."

And, according to Dr. Oberndorf, many times, when the unconscious is revealed to the patient with the greatest caution, he may react to it by rebelling against the whole business, and discontinue the analysis in a badly confused state.

Or perhaps the results of the analysis may be irreconcilable with the patient's life. As one man put it, "Psychoanalysis has shown me a new world, but whether I can move about in it without smashing it is another question."

A leading New York psychoanalyst gave me the following example of a case of his that had failed:

"ONE of my cases was an Oxford man—a ruddy, healthy-looking, popular, attractive, rich, socially prominent man. He is forty-two years old, and he looks like the type artists draw in the advertisements for the good-looking American father who is buying the family a new car.

"This man came to see me because he drank, and he drank because he was a failure. And he was a failure—a real one. He had never earned more than twenty-five dollars a week in all his life.

"He had been married and his wife had left him. The first time he came to see me he was drunk, and he reiterated several times, 'Whatever you do, doctor, don't send me back to my mother!'

"I found, as we went along, that this remark was to the point. He had a mother complex. His attachment to his mother kept him from growing up and being somebody. He would never be anything but a failure until he was emotionally and psychologically free from her.

"In other words, because of her he couldn't be adult. He must be always a little boy and a dependent, and do what his mother wanted.

"Don't think his mother wasn't a charming woman. She was a very attractive lady of sixty-six. 'Doctor, you ought to know my mother,' he would say to me. 'You'd like her so much. She is charming, wonderful! We get along so well.'

"Since his wife had left him (the reason she had left him was, I am quite sure, that he wanted her to be a mother to him instead of a wife) he had been living with his mother in her handsome Park Avenue apartment.

"It was true. His mother was charming and companionable, and she would say to him, 'I think you ought to find some nice girl and marry again.' But if any one telephoned to him, it would be, 'Who was it? What did she want? Well, is she in our set?' and she would immediately bring to bear all her subtle and compelling means to prevent his escaping from her.

"When this man first came to me, I stipulated that his mother should know nothing about it and that he pay for the analysis out of his own money. I knew that, as the analysis went along, his mother would sense that it was weaning him away from her.

"Then would begin her subtle and outwardly gentle, but terrifically powerful, implacable objections. I knew that if she were paying for the analysis her influence would be so strong as to make it hopeless.

"BUT, as this analysis of the Oxford man went along, I began to see that the results weren't going to be worth the candle. You see, in psychoanalysis the patient must make all the discoveries himself. The psychoanalyst just questions and probes and expands the patient's memory for him, but never criticizes or advises or points the way.

"Soon this man would come to see that his infantile fixation upon his mother was the cause of his dependence, his financial incompetence, his lack of self-respect, and his drunkenness.

"But, as I said, I perceived that the game wasn't worth it. In him there was a strong fear that his mother might disinherit him. To be cured meant that he would have to stand on his feet and perhaps defy his mother, thus giving up his life of safety.

"I could see that he would be happier with his mother than he would be in losing her protection and tyranny. He had not the stamina to make his own life and living.

"So there is a case that has failed. People will say that this man is a drunkard and a failure; that he was psychoanalyzed and is still a drunkard and a failure, so psychoanalysis isn't any good.

"On the other hand, if he had defied his mother and been cured, people would have said even more vehemently that psychoanalysis was terrible, since it was the cause of his making that dear, sweet little old lady unhappy.

"Of course, plenty of men can live with their mothers all their lives in perfect happiness and mental health. But this mother had a passionate interest in keeping her son emotionally and financially dependent upon her; in keeping him a mental infant. It is her character that is taking an active part in his ruin.

"Another reason psychoanalysis fails: the patient must have a sincere longing to be well. Some patients, when they begin to see what it means to be cured, don't want to be cured. They prefer to stay where they are.

"I have had patients who, when they get an inkling as to where psychoanalysis is leading them, veer off suddenly and give it up; won't be analyzed any more. And these, of course, will persuade themselves that psychoanalysis is either all foolishness or very bad.

"Often psychoanalysis seems to have failed when it hasn't really. Outsiders see psycho-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINETEEN]

Having kindled wildfire enthusiasm by its increased size and additional refinements at new low prices, the *new and finer* Pontiac Six now introduces new evidence of leadership in the field of low-priced sixes—new standards of beauty, smartness and style!

On every body type are offered fashionable new Duco color combinations—modish greens, blues, browns, maroons and beiges—all effectively contrasted and brilliantly striped—all interpreting the ruling mode as revealed by the leading custom builders!

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De Luxe Landau Sedan	925
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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

analyzed people getting divorces, leaving parents to lead their own lives, giving up business careers to become artists, or giving up art to go into business. Yet nobody but myself and the patient will know the intimate facts.

"I have two patients—a man and his wife—about whom their most intimate friends say, 'There is a really happy marriage—the only case on record of married people never quarreling.'

"Yet these two have been living in the same house for more than twelve years as utter, complete, polite, unhappy strangers, both suffering from serious mental disorders.

"They were sort of railroaded into marriage by their parents. Neither of them was ready for marriage or wanted to be married. They were afraid of each other. In the process of psychoanalysis, their neuroses are beginning to disappear.

"But, most hopeful of all, this man and his wife are quarreling a little. Of course, their friends will see in this quarreling only a backsliding, and there will be clicking of tongues over what psychoanalysis is doing to them. But I know, and they know, that it is a good sign. They are beginning to have some feeling for each other."

PSYCHOANALYTICAL quacks will eagerly analyze a person who doesn't need it. A first-rate psychiatrist will not.

"For example," said the psychoanalyst, "a woman came to me to be psychoanalyzed because her husband had left her. They were walking in Paris one day when he told her very abruptly that he was going to get a divorce.

"Well, this poor woman was as unhappy as it is possible for a human being to be. She thought it might help her to be psychoanalyzed and that perhaps, if the psychoanalysis made her different (as it is reputed to do) and more attractive, she could get back her husband.

"But, of course, I had to refuse. She wasn't a neurotic in any way. She was just unhappy. She had health and character and self-understanding. She would have to endure her despair and come out of it alone."

One mistake people make is to think that analysis will change their personalities for the better. It won't do that at all, and those who are analyzed (only a poor analyst will attempt it) in this hope are bound to be disappointed.

Moreover, psychoanalysis attracts credulous and eccentric and flighty and sexy people. When, after analysis, they are just the same sort of people they were before, there is a tendency to blame psychoanalysis.

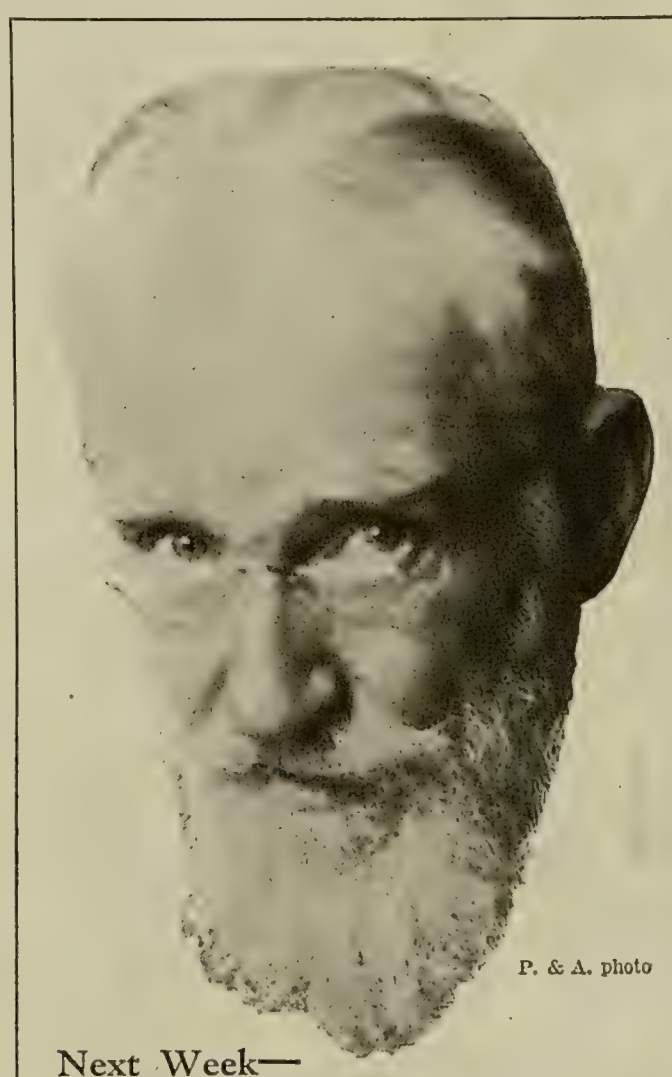
I asked a leading psychoanalyst what happened to a normal person when psychoanalyzed.

"There is no change. Usually, in spite of themselves, normal people are not affected by it, nor are they able to reveal their unconscious to the analyst."

"You were analyzed by Freud himself," I said. "Did it change your personality in any way?"

"Not in the least. I was psychoanalyzed by Freud for six months. In spite of his great skill and my best intentions—for I had spent a great deal of money to be analyzed by him and wanted to learn all I possibly could—Freud couldn't crack my shell.

"And I couldn't help him, no matter how hard I tried. A healthy, mentally normal person presents a tough hide and will soon give up the process."



P. & A. photo

Next Week—

George Bernard Shaw Sums Up Life

He tells what's wrong with most things in the world, and why. Don't miss

SHAW LOOKS AT LIFE AT SEVENTY

An Interview by

George Sylvester Viereck

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

OF course, even if you are neurotic, it will not necessarily stand in the way of your having a good life, even a great life. Here are some of the abnormalities of great men who were regarded as normal:

Ampere, physicist, mathematician, naturalist, was unable to express his thoughts unless he walked constantly and kept his body in perpetual motion.

Schiller, when he wanted to meditate, would put his feet on ice and sniff the aroma of fermenting apples.

Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of England, had violent attacks of bad temper and once had a vision in which a woman of gigantic stature prophesied that he would be the greatest man in England.

Goethe wrote much of his poetry while in a state somewhat resembling somnambulism and had periods of depression with hypochondriasis and suicidal tendencies alternating with periods of extreme joy.

Isaac Newton, who first expounded the theory of gravitation, at middle age would have strange mental states characterized by confusion, depression, and delusions of persecution.

William Blake, the poet, had visions, heard voices, and was subject to the most transfiguring and wonderful madness. It is possible that if he had been psychoanalyzed and his neurosis cleared up, there would have been nothing left but Blake the engraver, and we should have lost forever Blake the genius, the poet, and artist.

IN conclusion, people should remember that psychoanalysis is simply a method sometimes used successfully to cure a particular kind of mental ailment. It won't turn you into a demigod.

Also, remember, there are scores of quasi-psychoanalysts and quacks who will take a great deal of your time and money if you will let them, and who may advise you into a bad marriage or some other mess.

But, on the other hand, people should not shut their minds to psychoanalysis like horrified old ladies.

In answer to the question, "Do you believe in psychoanalysis?" William McDougall, professor of psychology at Harvard University, replied:

"I believe in the value of mental exploration as deep as the case requires; and I regard free association and dream analysis" (methods developed by Freud) "as important methods in exploration. . . . I believe that conflict and repression are principal factors in the genesis of functional disorders [disorders that are not organic].

"I believe that sexual difficulties are one of the greatest causes of disorder. I am even prepared to admit that sexual stirrings may occur in infancy. . . . But I believe that functional disorder often arises independently of the sex instinct.

"I do not believe that the Œdipus complex is formed in all infants and is the main root of all neuroses, dreams, religions, morals, and civilization in general. Therefore I am no Freudian.

"I believe Professor Freud has given an immense impetus to a much-needed reform in psychology, and has enriched psychology with many valuable conceptions."

So, in spite of the fact that psychoanalysis may be just a cult (as the doctors claim), and may do a lot of harm (as many psychoanalyzed persons seem to indicate by their actions), if a leading psychologist believes all that, then no layman can afford to shut his ears and scream when he hears the word "psychoanalysis."

THE END

Now a far simpler type of Electric Refrigeration for your home

The Creation of the
GENERAL ELECTRIC
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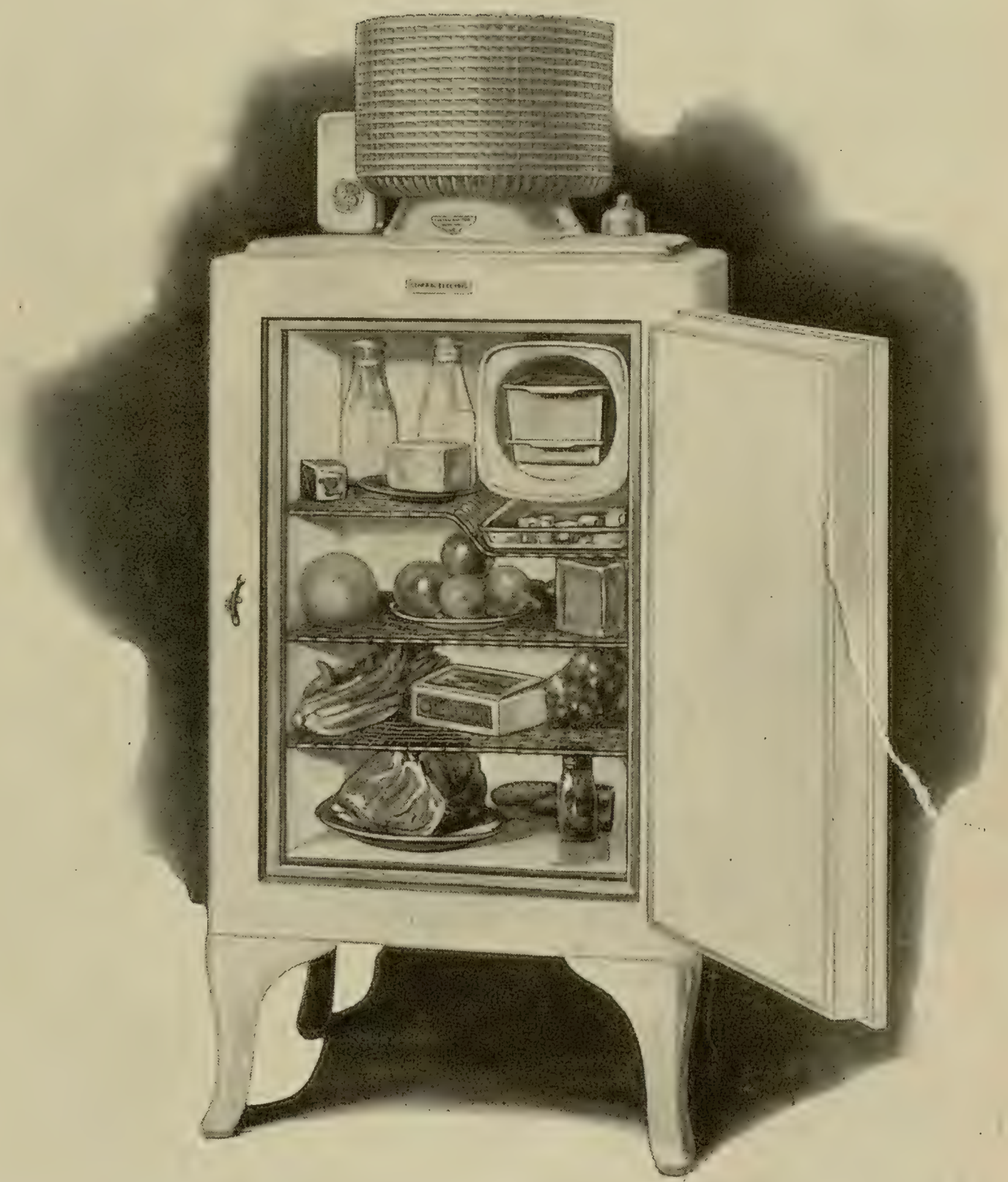


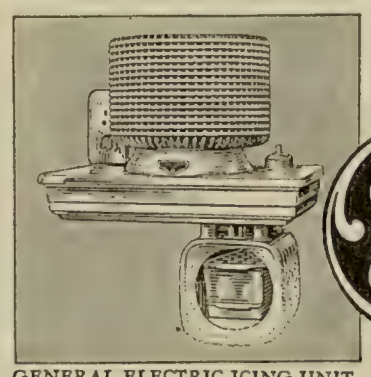
A QUIET REFRIGERATOR THAT IS ROOMY AND SUBSTANTIAL—AND NEVER NEEDS OILING

SIMPLICITY, as applied to the General Electric Refrigerator, means that it can be installed in a few minutes by merely lowering the all-in-one icing unit into the top of the refrigerator. That it requires no plumbing or assembling. That it never needs oiling or attention. That it uses less current to keep a more constant temperature. That it has no belts, fans, pipes or stuffing box to get out of order.

For fifteen years the laboratories of General Electric have been busy with the task of developing a simplified electric refrigerator that would be about as easy to operate as an electric fan, almost as portable....and unusually quiet.

They found the solution at last in the remarkably simplified General Electric Icing Unit. It has all its moving parts enclosed in one hermetically sealed housing. This keeps efficiency permanently in—and trouble permanently out.

The General Electric Refrigerator cabinets were designed especially for this icing unit. You will notice that the space occupied by the freezing chamber is so small that it leaves an unusually large food storage area. Even the smallest model (the one illustrated) has 9 square feet of shelf space. You will want to see the various models. Let us send you the address of the local dealer who has them on display. We will also send you a completely illustrated descriptive booklet No. 8-L, which tells more about these new-day refrigerators.



GENERAL ELECTRIC ICING UNIT

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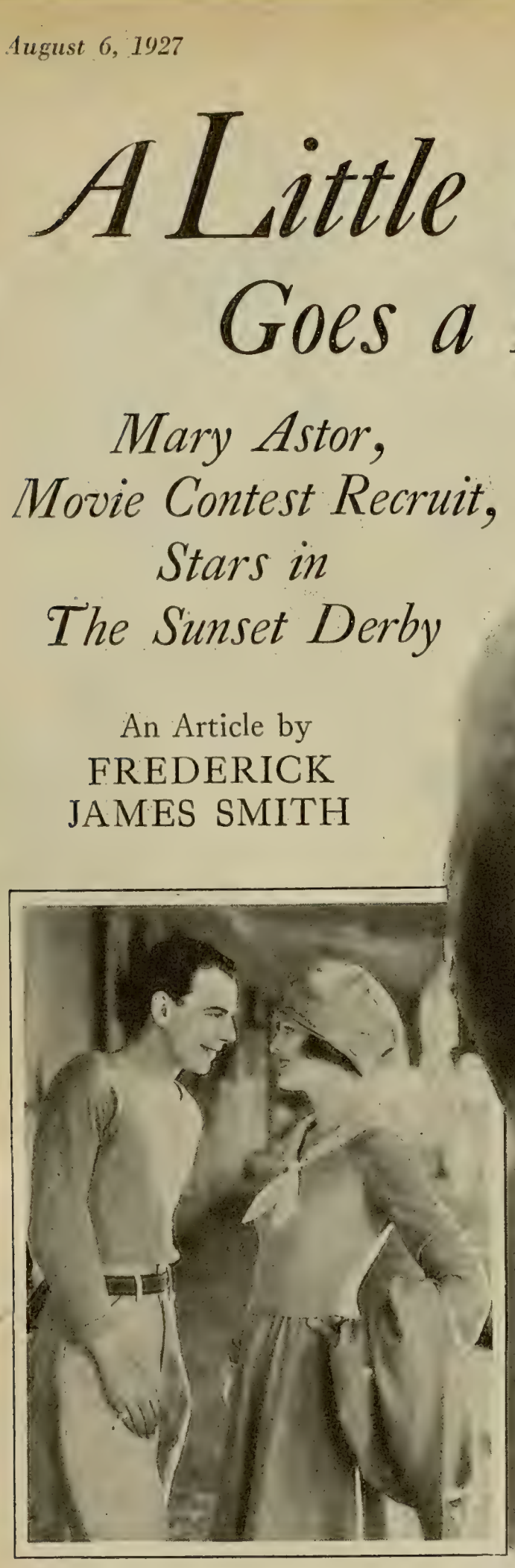
GE Refrigerator

GENERAL ELECTRIC

A Little Beauty Goes a Long Way

Mary Astor, Movie Contest Recruit, Stars in The Sunset Derby

An Article by
FREDERICK
JAMES SMITH



MARY ASTOR providing a sentimental interest for William Collier, Jr., in The Sunset Derby.

Chidnoff photo

MISS ASTOR is declared by many to be the most beautiful actress on the screen.

OTHERS hand the beauty crown to Alma Rubens, shown here with Barry Norton in The Heart of Salome.

(Reading time: 3 minutes.)

IN these dull summer days—when most of the movie moguls are saving their best products for autumn release—it is easier to talk of personalities than of pictures.

Consider Mary Astor, for instance. She appears in The Sunset Derby, a racing story about a crack jockey who loses his nerve as the result of a bad tumble. It has Miss Astor in the rôle of the jockey's sentimental interest.

Six or so years ago the film magazines which I happened to be editing were conducting annual fame-and-fortune contests. These contests brought forward Clara Bow, Aileen Ray, Virginia Brown Faire, and others—and they unearthed Mary Astor.

I first recall Miss Astor (she was Lucille Langhanke then) as a little girl with long red hair. Her father, Otto Langhanke, was a teacher of German when the war came.

Langhanke lost his job in the war fever, and the family moved to Chicago. In Chicago Mrs. Langhanke obtained a position teaching in the Kenwood-Loring School for Girls.

The year 1921 came—and with it the film contest. Lucille was one of the winners, and the Langhankes moved to Brooklyn. Incidentally, Lucille had been trained from childhood for a stage or screen career.

Miss Langhanke was taken to D. W. Griffith, who was impressed with her beauty. With Lillian Gish to make her up, D. W. made a long test—and turned her down.

"Beautiful—but not my type," was his verdict, but he gave her a part in a picture later.

Miss Langhanke changed her name to Astor and played the leading rôle in three of Lejaren A. Hiller's art series of two-reelers, The Beggar Maid, The Young Painter, and Hope. In the first of these, Reginald Denny, now a star with Universal, made his film début.

Miss Astor's subsequent film career has been one of steady success. She played opposite John Barrymore in Beau Brummell and in Don Juan, opposite Doug Fairbanks in Don Q, and she was recently the 1898 tandem-bicycle heroine of The Rough Riders.

Miss Astor is looked upon as one of the beauties of the screen. She is twenty-one, unbobbed, old-fashioned, and unengaged. And she lives in a show place in Hollywood's hills.

You may see her beauty in The Sunset Derby, if you wish; but you will be wasting your time otherwise. The picture is pretty bad.

THE HEART OF SALOME is another current film event of mediocrity, but it has Alma Rubens in its stellar rôle. This is an idiotic melodrama about the lovely pawn of a sinister Russian Count. Stay home with your radio, unless the dark-eyed Alma Rubens attracts you.

Miss Rubens is one of those stars that have dodged real popularity with great agility. When she was leading woman at Triangle-Fine Arts for Doug Fairbanks in The Half-Breed, Reggie Mixes In, and The Americano, she seemed marked for real success. But it passed by.

Miss Rubens has been starred by Triangle, by Robertson-Cole, by Cosmopolitan, and by William Fox, without particularly upsetting the development of the photoplay. Mr. Fox has not helped matters by presenting her in East Lynne, Siberia, and the current Heart of Salome.

Miss Rubens was born in Frisco thirty years ago. In the old days, when Vitagraph was making films in Hollywood, she went around and asked for a job. Moreover, she got it. And it was the principal rôle in The Lorelei Madonna.

So Miss Rubens had none of the trials and tribulations of most stars. Incidentally, her name was Alma Rueben; but it was misspelled so often that she changed it to Rubens. Miss Rubens has been married three times, the last time to Ricardo Cortez.

Do you know that—

Robert Flaherty, maker of Moana and Nanook, has been signed by Metro-Goldwyn to direct White Shadows in the South Seas, with a part-native and part-professional cast? . . . The filming will be done in the South Seas? . . . Paramount has made George Bancroft a star? . . . His first starring vehicle will be a drama with an all colored cast? . . . Lon Chaney is to do The Hypnotist, following his Russian revolution story, Terror?

Betty Bronson and James Hall in the supper scene from the new Paramount picture "Ritzy." The lovely dance frock Miss Bronson is wearing suffered a mishap during the filming of this episode—but Lux came to the rescue

Grown-Up Clothes

were a problem to Betty Bronson . . but she's solved it!

The elfin tomboy of "Peter Pan" has exchanged her slim brown jerkin for the gossamer frills of "Ritzy"—exquisite things that have to be kept immaculately fresh and dainty all the time!

THAT boyish sprite, Betty Bronson, has grown up. And the demure and fluttery pastel evening frocks of her new roles brought cares that "Peter Pan" never knew.

"In the whirl of work from studio to location and back again, it's not easy to look as if you'd just stepped from a bandbox *all* the time," Betty Bronson confided. "It seemed to me my clothes were forever at the cleaner's.

"In the supper scene in 'Ritzy' where I had to conduct a gay flirtation and eat a mayonnaise sandwich at the same time, I got a horrid spot on the front of my skirt—with several scenes still to be taken!

"I was ready to cry, for I *hate* to hold up a picture. Just as I was going to tell the dressmaker she must try to copy that frock overnight, Mother said, 'I believe the maid could *wash* that dress—in Lux!'

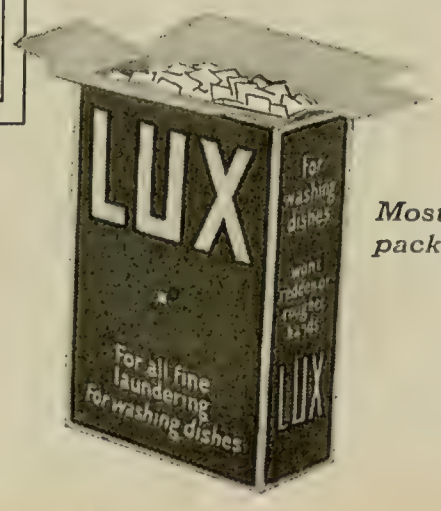
"I gave the dress to my maid with sad examples of 'washed-and-ironed' things in mind. But at dinner time there it was, lovelier than ever, not a hint of washbasin or iron.

"Now almost all my clothes are washed in Lux whenever they need freshening. And I can forget them and just be myself once more."

Motoring over California's beguiling roads, or curled up on a bench in her garden, Betty Bronson wears informal little three-piece costumes, youthful as Peter Pan, but utterly feminine

Sheerest net over a cobwebby slip of white crepe de chine and valenciennes—who would ever guess that this fairy-like confection had been washed and ironed?

If it's safe in water, it's just as safe in Lux



Most women prefer the big package—it's so convenient.

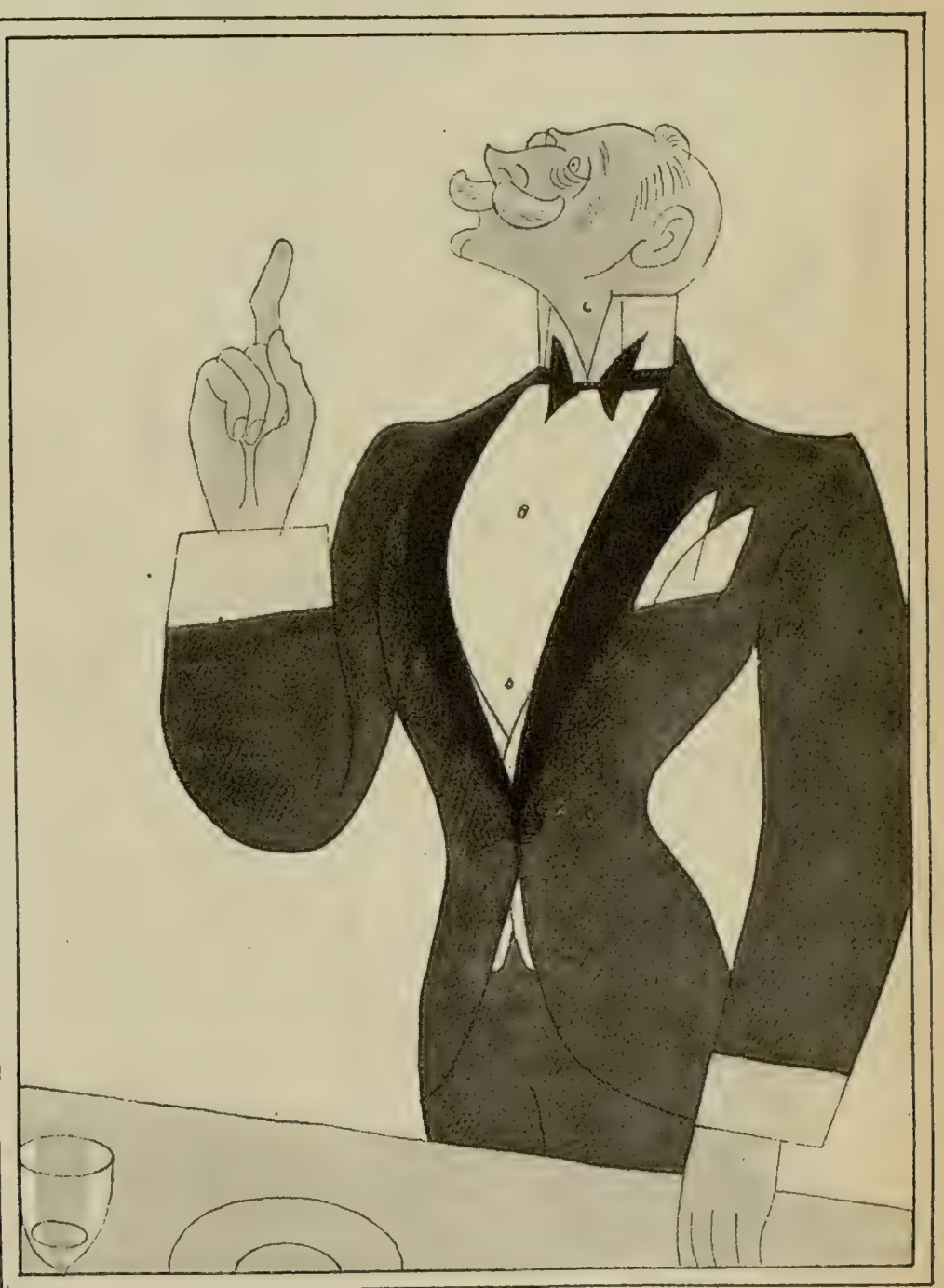
Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

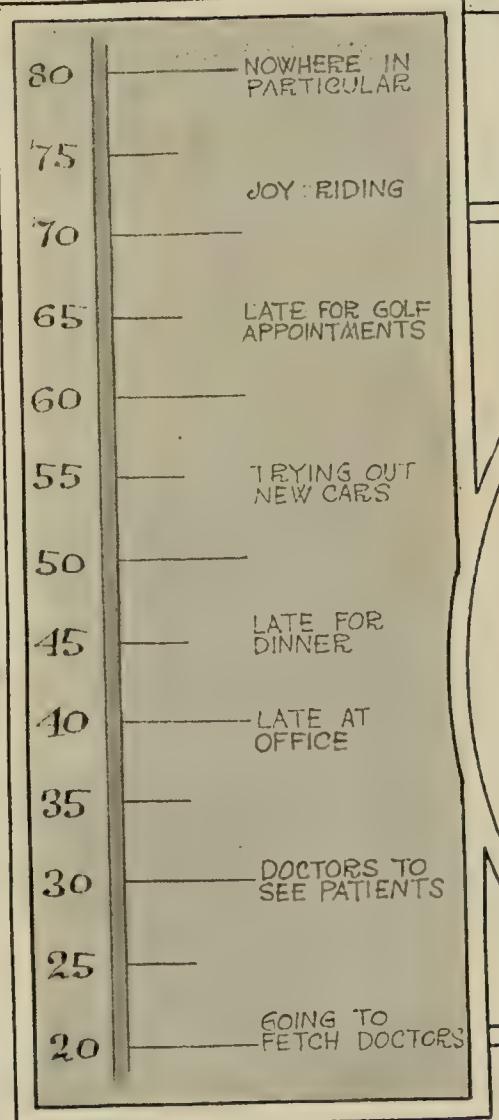
By RALPH BARTON

PRESIDENT AMY FAZZEN and Vice-President Alvin Rippel, organizers of the Do-Charlie-Chaplin-Out-of-His-Money League, launched to speed up a long-drawn-out job.



EARL HAIG, ex-Generalissimo of the British Army, tells diners that the British Army won the war without the aid of the American Army. The General did not mention the 1,363,000 Frenchmen who died of toothache in the recreation camps.

ONE GETS USED TO ANYTHING: The welcoming party on hand for the seventh aviator to cross the Atlantic.



INTERESTING RESULT OF QUESTIONNAIRE by Graphic Section—"Where are you going?" asked of 1,937 speeding autos. Column at left shows miles per hour being made by motorists when stopped.

LATEST IN TINY WRIST WATCHES from Paris jewelers, with neat magnifying glass, worn as a belt, to see what time it is.

HOME *for the* Night

The Story of a Stranger and a Vacant Room

By JAMES HOPPER

(Reading time: 8 minutes.)

Pictures by W. P. COUSE

THE child, kneeling before the pile, stretched out a small hand toward the cubes. She seized one.

THE evening had been very quiet in the living-room. He read and she sewed, and the clock's ticking at times had been very loud. It struck now, the clock—eleven!—and he rose and laid his book upon the table.

"I am taking the early train tomorrow," he explained. "Have an appointment in the office at nine."

She did not stir, and after a moment he said, "Coming, Mollie?"

"Yes, Harry; in a minute."

"Well, I'll go up now."

She sat motionless, listening as his steps went up the stairs, listening as they went along the hall above, listening as they entered the bedroom.

She now sprang erect with a gesture that flung the sewing into the basket at her feet. But standing, she was again listening. Yes, he was in their room.

She went up the steps noiselessly, but she did not go toward their room, the door of which was ajar. She slipped instead along the railing toward the other end of the hall, where was the closed door.

She stood here a moment, throwing a glance back over her shoulder. Then she turned the knob and opened the door upon the darkness within. Her hand slipped along the wall and the room flooded with light.

It was a gay, sweet room, a child's room, in ivory whites and light blues, yet it held a strangeness. The furniture—the small cot, the little white chairs—was all in place. There was no dust; the curtains were stiff and fresh; a loving vigilance entered this room every day and cared for it.

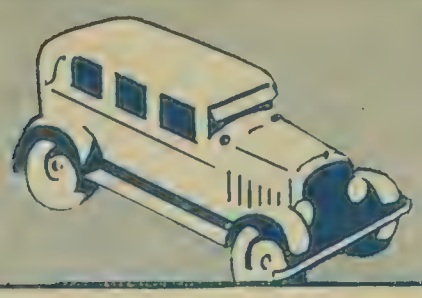
Yet with this went the appearance of an incongruous negligence, an abandonment. A red-and-gold puppet sprawled broken-backed across the rail of the white bed; in a corner a toy locomotive lay capsized with wheels to the ceiling; and in the center of the blue rug a structure of blocks obstructed the way.

Twelve cubes had been laid as foundation; upon this a platform of nine cubes; upon that one of four.

But the architect had stopped there: the pyramid stood unfinished. The last blocks sprawled across the floor like big dice carelessly tossed out of the box by some giant gamester.

She let her gaze roam over the room a long moment. Then—oh, what always happened to her here was happening again; she could not help it. A force soft, yet terribly strong, like some great air pressure, flattened her against the wall; her brow went hard against her curved

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]



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NOW is the time to install FANDANGO Auto Seat Covers on your car. If your automobile is brand new, by all means protect the upholstery and keep it fresh and clean. If your car has been driven—no matter how long or how far—you can beautify it and increase its trade-in value considerably with FANDANGOS.

NOW with Summer dust and sunshine pouring in throughout the next few months is the time to keep upholstery clean and unfaded. And when Fall and Winter arrive your car will be fully protected against the rain and dirt or against muddy feet, or snow-covered garments.

NOW you can profit by FANDANGOS—their beauty and protection appeal to every man or woman who appreciates the value of keeping the inside of a car as well cared for as the outside.

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Fandangos must fit and satisfy—or your money will be refunded. Every set is *complete*—10 pieces cover and protect seats, backs, side panels, arm rests. Door covers have large pockets. Back of front part reaches the floor.

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Fandangos snap on or off in 10 minutes — only Fandangos require no tacking — only Fandangos leave upholstery and interior unmarred when removed — only Fandangos have the new patented fasteners.

Sold by dealers and department stores everywhere—or else fill out and mail coupon to us direct. Send no money!

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4 or 5 passenger cars	$14.50
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Dayton Thorobred Extra-heavy Tubes. Grey—of finest rubber. Red—of purest antimony. Steam-welded and reinforced at valve base. They ***will*** *hold air.*

Ride LONGER-ride SAFER-ride SMOOTHER-ride SWIFTER-on the UNEQUALLED Dayton Stabilized Balloon!

"THE revolutionary Dayton *Stabilized* Balloon is as great an advancement today as the ordinary balloon tire was four years ago!" That's the verdict of scores of thousands of motorists who have tested this sensational new tire under every conceivable motoring condition.

Stabilized construction was developed exclusively by Dayton engineers. It combines every tire advantage—long life, easy steering, smooth riding, and utmost safety. Stabilizing bands of friction rubber draw center of tread parallel to center of rim, thus preventing "shimmying." Flat, center-traction tread has complete four-point road contact. No singing, no rumbling. Quick-grip, quick-release non-skid gives lightning "get-away"—no slipping or sliding. All rubber used is specially tempered by an *exclusive* Dayton process and will survive the drubbing punishment of extra thousands of miles of ruts and roads.

These are advantages you should look for when you install new tires on your car. So, before you buy any tires, go to the Dayton dealer near you. Learn from him the many special and exclusive features of the amazing Dayton *Stabilized* Balloon which have won for it the whole-hearted endorsement of scores of thousands of experienced motorists.

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Dayton STABILIZED BALLOONS

ON WHEELS OF LARGE DIAMETER—install Dayton Thorobred Cords—superlative tire values that smash all mileage records. The Dayton Thorobred is *the pioneer low air pressure tire*—the first to combine comfort with safety and endurance.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

arm; and sobs shook her body.

She mastered herself slowly. She put out the light, quietly closed the door, waited in the hall till she could be still more sure of herself, and rejoined her husband.

But he knew. Some time afterward—oh, they should long have been asleep!—it was wrong to keep him so disturbed!—his low voice sounded in the darkness:

"Mollie—you have been there again, haven't you? You were there just now, weren't you?"

"Yes, Harry." Her voice caught in her throat. "Yes. I can't help it, Harry."

HIS arms went around her; they lay silent in the darkness. After a while he spoke again:

"Mollie!"

"Yes, Harry."

"Mollie darling, listen."

"Yes."

"We mustn't go on this way. We must change all this. It won't do."

"I know."

"That room — it must be scattered. We mustn't cling so; we must not! It is a cruel thing to ask of you—but I am afraid for you. I am afraid, Mollie. I am not here all the time; but you, you are—all of the time. I am afraid for you. It isn't right; it isn't life—"

"I know, dear. I know. I suppose it is morbid."

"Let's make a change, Mollie. Let us do—as others do. They scatter—things. They clear the way. They clear the way and look on ahead. They open the windows and let in the sun—the sun into the emptied room—no matter how harsh the light at first—"

But she was weeping softly in the darkness.

"Mollie!"

"Yes, dear."

"I am a brute. There need be no haste. None at all. I won't speak of it again."

"No, you are right. It is wrong of me. I'll be getting queer. And I don't want to get queer. We'd both be getting queer.

"But oh, Harry, he was there all day that last day!"

"Yes, I know."

"And he was so good, so good! I did not dream there was anything the matter. I kept running in to see him from my work, he was so good. He was playing so quietly. All by himself, so contentedly, *so* quietly. I kept wondering, and looking in. 'How good he is!' I kept saying to myself. 'How good he is!'

"Harry—"

"Yes."

"He was dying—that is what was happening. That is why he was being so quiet and dreamy and slow. 'How good he is!' I kept saying. And he was dying!"

"I know; I know."

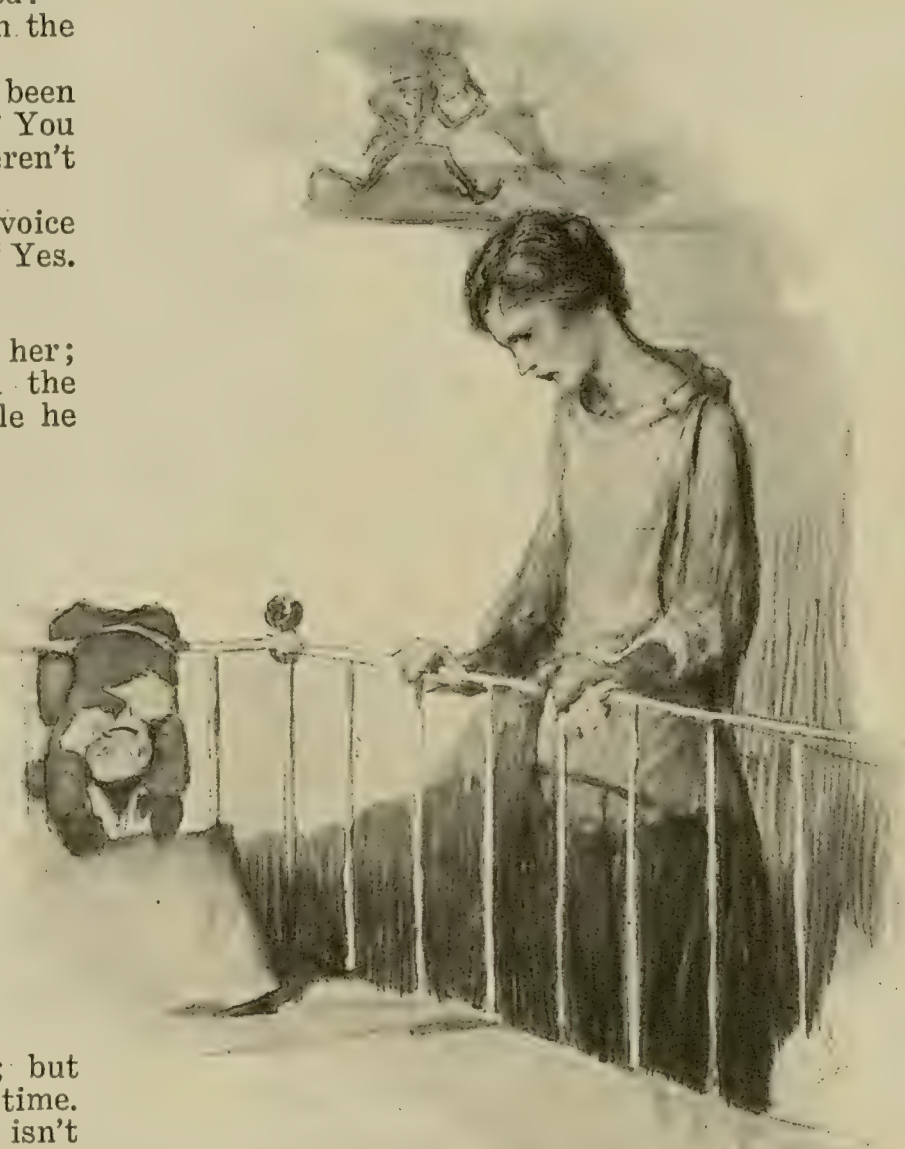
"And he was in that room. All day long in that room. With those toys."

"I won't speak of it again."

"Yes. You must. In a few days you must again. I don't want to get queer, Harry. I don't want us to get queer."

"Come, dear; go to sleep."

In the middle of the night she awoke to a sense of absence, of having been forsaken. And she was alone. But almost immediately she saw his form against the window, silhouetted black and clear.



What always happened to her here was happening again; she could not help it.

"What is it, Harry?" Her heart was still pounding.

His voice was low. "It's a fire. A big fire over there."

And she understood now why his form showed so violently black and clear—it was marked against an extraordinary red glow in the sky.

SHE went across the floor to him, and they stood side by side in the cold recess between the curtain and the window, their foreheads against the panes.

"It's a big fire," he repeated in that low night-voice. "It must be in the village. No, it's beyond. It must be in Hampton."

She was shivering a bit, half with the cold, half with that sense of disaster that shrouds the startled heart abruptly awakened in the night. "Harry, let's go," she whispered, her lips close to the pane.

"Do you want to?" His voice was eager. He had been lying there so long, worrying over the grief of the one in his arms.

"Oh, yes!"

But now it was only with an effort she could leave the window.

They threw on garments, helter-skelter; they ran to the garage; they got into the car, which whirred a long time in the cold air. But finally they were off—out on the road, beneath the black sky, rushing smoothly toward the great glow.

When they had reached the village, they said, "It's on the other side." But when they had burst out of Hampton the same word came simultaneously from them, "The Asylum!"

THE Asylum was doomed. The Asylum was gone. Only one wall still stood, very black, upholding a sliced turret. And just as, sliding to a stop, they reached the edge of the circle of heat, they saw the wall begin to topple, all of one mass, very slowly; then, in abrupt acceleration, it shattered down into the conflagration's very heart, which now sent up toward the sky a great fountain of pulverized fire.

Seeking afoot through the gathered throngs, they found the children and their guardians in a cool, darkish place among trees, removed from the tumult, the heat, and the high glare. The children, herded together like lambs, stood very quiet, and around them the sisters paced, the large white wings of their caps slowly flapping. But at the other side, where the Superior stood, there was a constant commotion, people pressing up, then going away.

"What are they doing, Harry?"

He went to see. Returning, he said, "People are taking some of the children to their homes for the night."

She looked up at him, and unconsciously pressed her hands just below her throat.

"All right," he said; "I'll see."

Her eyes followed him; then her steps. He was talking to the Mother Superior.

He stooped low; and when he rose again a small form was on his shoulder.

As he went striding toward the car, she was running alongside, her head twisted sideways and up.

"It's a little girl, Harry!" she cried.

"Is it? I didn't look. Grabbed the first one."

In the car she had the baby girl on her lap. She bent over, buried her face as if within a bunch of flowers.

"Oh, Harry, she smells so sweet!"

"Where are you going to put her?" he said, when they were back in their room.

She evaded his eyes. Already she was arranging the couch.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against whiskers.

COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.

Small Bubble lather

attacks beard at base

COLGATE "small-bubble" lather seeps between whiskers. Myriads of midget bubbles douse every hair at the base—soften it ready for shaving. Look at the lather pictures above.

How "small-bubble" lather works: The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

The soap in the lather breaks up and floats away the oil film that covers each hair.

With the oil film gone, millions of tiny, water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work.

Because your beard is properly softened at its base. Every hair is cut close and clean. Your face remains comfortable throughout the day.

A Week's Better Shaves—FREE

Prove these claims for yourself at our expense. Just write to Colgate & Co., Dept. 502-H, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York, for a generous trial-size tube—free.

ADDITIONAL DIVIDEND. We will include a sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men—the new after-shave powder that keeps your face looking freshly shaved.

Colgate & Co. Est. 1806

SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

FOR MEN who want to become independent in the NEXT TEN YEARS

IN the spring of 1937 two men will be sitting in a down-town restaurant.

"I wonder what's going to happen next year," one of them will say. "Business is fine now—but the next few years are going to be hard ones, and we may as well face the facts."

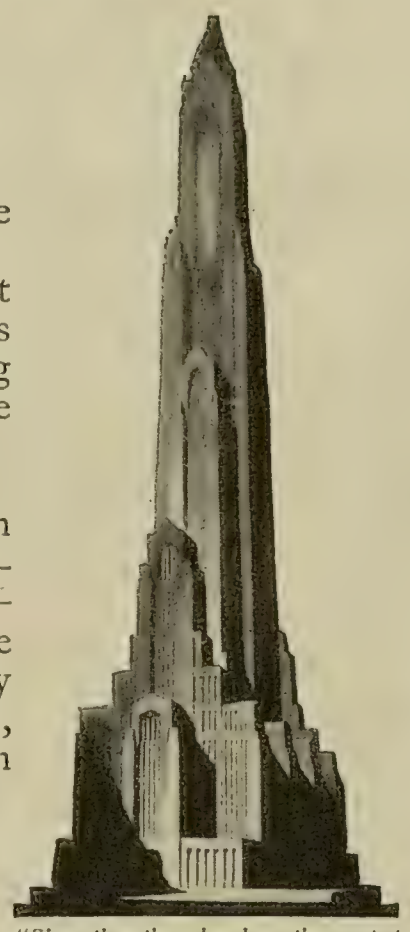
The man across the table will laugh.

"That's just what they said back in 1927," he will answer. "Remember? People were looking ahead apprehensively—and see what happened! Since then there has been the greatest growth in our history—more business done, more fortunes made, than ever before. They've certainly been good years for *me*. . . ."

He will lean back in his chair with the easy confidence and poise that are the hallmark of real prosperity.

The older man will sit quiet a moment, and then in a tone of infinite pathos:

"I wish I had those ten years back," he will say.



"Since then there has been the greatest growth in our history—more business done, more fortunes made, than ever before."

TODAY the interview quoted above is purely imaginary. But be assured of this—it will come true. Right now, at this very hour, business men are dividing themselves into two groups, represented by the two individuals whose words are quoted. A few years from now there will be ten thousand such luncheons and one of the men will say:

"I have got what I wanted."

And the other will answer:

"I wish I had those years back."

In which class are you putting yourself? The real difference between the two classes is this—one class of men hope vaguely to be independent *sometime;* the other class have convinced themselves that they can do it within the next few years. Do you believe this? Do you care enough about independence to give us a chance to prove it? Will you invest one single evening in reading a book that has put 300,000 men on the road to more rapid progress?

This book costs you nothing—and for a good reason. It is worth only what you make it worth. It explains how for more than eighteen years it has been the privilege of the Alexander Hamilton Institute to help men shorten the path to success; to increase their earning power; to make them masters of the larger opportunities in business.

"FORGING AHEAD IN BUSINESS" is a cheerful, helpful book. It is yours for the asking. Send for it. Measure yourself by it. Look clearly, for a few moments, into *your* next few years. Whether or not you will follow the path it points is a matter that you alone must decide.

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Executive Training for Business Men

IN CANADA, *address the Alexander Hamilton Institute, Limited, C. P. R. Bldg., Toronto*
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Send me the new revised edition of "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without charge.

Signature .....
Please write plainly

Business Address .....

Business Position .....

[HOME FOR THE NIGHT Continued from Page Twenty-seven]

"I'm going to make her a bed right here."

When he left in the morning for the early train, the child was still sleeping, worn with the fright and commotion of the night before. And when he returned in the evening, she was already back in bed and once more asleep.

"The Asylum people telephoned," she said. "They wanted to know if we could keep her until the end of the week. I said yes. Was that all right?"

"Of course." He stood there, looking at her. "What sort is she?" he said.

"Oh, sweet! Harry—she's a square-shouldered, fat-legged little thing. She doesn't say much. She toddles around sturdily with spread feet. Every now and then she stops and looks at something, with her hands behind her back, like a man in a picture gallery. She's got blue, blue eyes, with dark lashes; they're just a little misty. She looks at you so calmly with those eyes. She doesn't say much—she doesn't cry. She's got a little, low, throaty voice. She's cute!"

He was still standing there, looking at her.

"Did you," he asked at length, "did you—let her play with the toys? The toys—upstairs? Did you—open the room?"

She pinched her lips mutinously; she shook her head from side to side.

"No."

She sank into a chair; she bowed her head as if thinking.

"I couldn't do that, somehow.

"Harry"—she raised her eyes to him—"I did exactly the opposite. I don't know why. As I passed the door this morning, I turned the key. I didn't know I was doing it—till I had done it. Locked the door."

He was standing above her, very still. Finally he said:

"Well—all right."

THE next day, Thursday, passed in the same way. He left in the morning before the child was up. When he returned in the evening, she was already in bed. And thus again on Friday.

But on Saturday he was back shortly after noon, and as he opened the gate the child was in the garden, playing in the drifts of tarnished snow.

She turned at the click of the gate and stood watching him, feet apart. In her woolen garments and the fuzzy hood she was like a small bear. But her calm eyes, on him, were incredibly blue.

As he went up the walk he felt her fall in behind him. As he climbed the porch, she was climbing behind him, putting one hand down, then bringing up a foot to it, another hand down, and the small, turned-in foot up to it. By the time the door opened, she was close behind him.

As he entered the hall, she was behind him.

"Mollie!" he cried resonantly.

His throat was strangely full of joy; he could not hold in his voice at all.

"Yes, Harry. Yes?"

"Mollie—let's take her into the room and see what she does!"

She stood very still a moment, her head inclined, her arms loose. Then she took the key out of the pocket of her smock.

"Let's do that," she said quietly. "Let's do that."

THEY opened the door and remained on the sill, and passing between them the child walked in. She wandered into the ivory-white-and-blue realm, which was so cool and still, and suddenly came to a full stop, and stood for a long moment.

She then made for the red-and-gold puppet sprawled across the railing of the white bed, and was quiet, contemplating it gravely.

The little engine capsized in the corner next drew her. She stood looking at that.

Around the room she went thus, stopping here and there in that queer, pensive manner that was hers.

Finally she returned to the center of the room and the structure of blocks, unfinished on the blue rug.

She stood still there longer than she had anywhere. Then she slipped to her knees.

"Look!" whispered Mollie.

The child, kneeling before the pile, stretched out a small hand toward the cubes that sprawled loose across the carpet. She seized one, raised it even with her eyes, then set it down upon the structure's topmost platform. She seized a second and steadied it by its side. Then on the two she set a third block, completing the childish pyramid.

Mollie found herself weeping as so often she had in this place, her brow against her folded arm. But her arm this time was not against the wall, nor was her weight, but against her husband's breast; and the sobs that shook her body hurt less.

"Harry," she whispered, "let's keep her."

His big hand was on her back, compassionate.

"Let's keep her, Harry—for always!"

"She looks at you so calmly with those eyes."

A lovely, sentimental story—wasn't it? Maybe you would like something with a bitter, salty flavor for a change? Then read The Belle of Barnesville on page 47 of this issue.

The Red Knight of Germany

LE PETIT ROUGE—one of Richthofen's speedy all-red fighting planes. At the airdrome it was tended by a special crew of trained mechanics.

(Reading time: 23 minutes 50 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Richthofen's victories mounted rapidly, once he got his new squadron well in hand. He killed four men in one day, and between January 23 and March 25, 1917, he brought down fifteen more enemy planes. His total then was thirty-one. Details of these victories and the identities of the victims, many of which have never before been known, follow.]

PART EIGHT

Richthofen Kills Four Men in a Day— How Eddy Byrne Met the Fate He Feared

By

FLOYD GIBBONS

RICHTHOFEN'S twenty-fifth victory resulted in the death of Lieutenant A. W. Pearson, a young mechanical and electrical engineer, whose work prior to the war had been the installation of telephone exchanges in China, Africa, and Australia for the British Western Electric Company.

Pearson had hurried back to England upon the outbreak of hostilities and joined up with the Royal Fusiliers in September, 1914. Although of officer material, he went into the ranks and earned his commission in March, 1915.

He won his Military Cross one year later, when he carried one of his wounded men back from No Man's Land under heavy fire.

He learned to fly at Upham in Wiltshire, and flew to France in December, 1916. Mr. and Mrs. George Pearson, the young flier's parents, were living at Shenley House, Heath, Leighton-Buzzard, in March, 1917, when they received the last letter from their son at the front.

Pearson wrote his mother that he had just brought down a German flier alive and unwounded, and that the prisoner, at the moment of writing, was having a good feed in the squadron mess.

The German had presented Pearson with his helmet, which the English flier had promptly forwarded to his mother as a trophy.

IN one of his victories the German ace brought down this French Nieuport. The shattered wing (indicated by arrows) bears testimony to his marksmanship.

Two days later came the War Office telegram announcing that he had been shot down in flames over the German lines, and later, through the International Red Cross at Geneva, came the evidence upon which the name of this young flier went on the casualty lists as killed in action.

Identification had been difficult because, as Richthofen stated in his report, Pearson's body had been almost completely incinerated before his flaming coffin struck the earth. Richthofen's report was as follows:

> Requesting acknowledgment of Twenty-fifth Victory.
> Date: March 9, 1917.
> Time: 11:55 A. M.
> Place: Between Roclincourt and Bailleul, this side of the line, 500 yards behind the trenches.
> Type of Plane: Vickers one-seater. Tail number: A. M. C. 3425a.
> Occupant: Not recognizable, as completely burned.
>
> With three of my planes, I attacked several enemy machines. The plane I had singled out soon caught fire. After I had fired 100 shots into it, it burst into flames and plunged downward.
>
> The plane is lying on our side of the lines, but can not be salvaged because it is nearly completely burned and is too far in front.
>
> BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

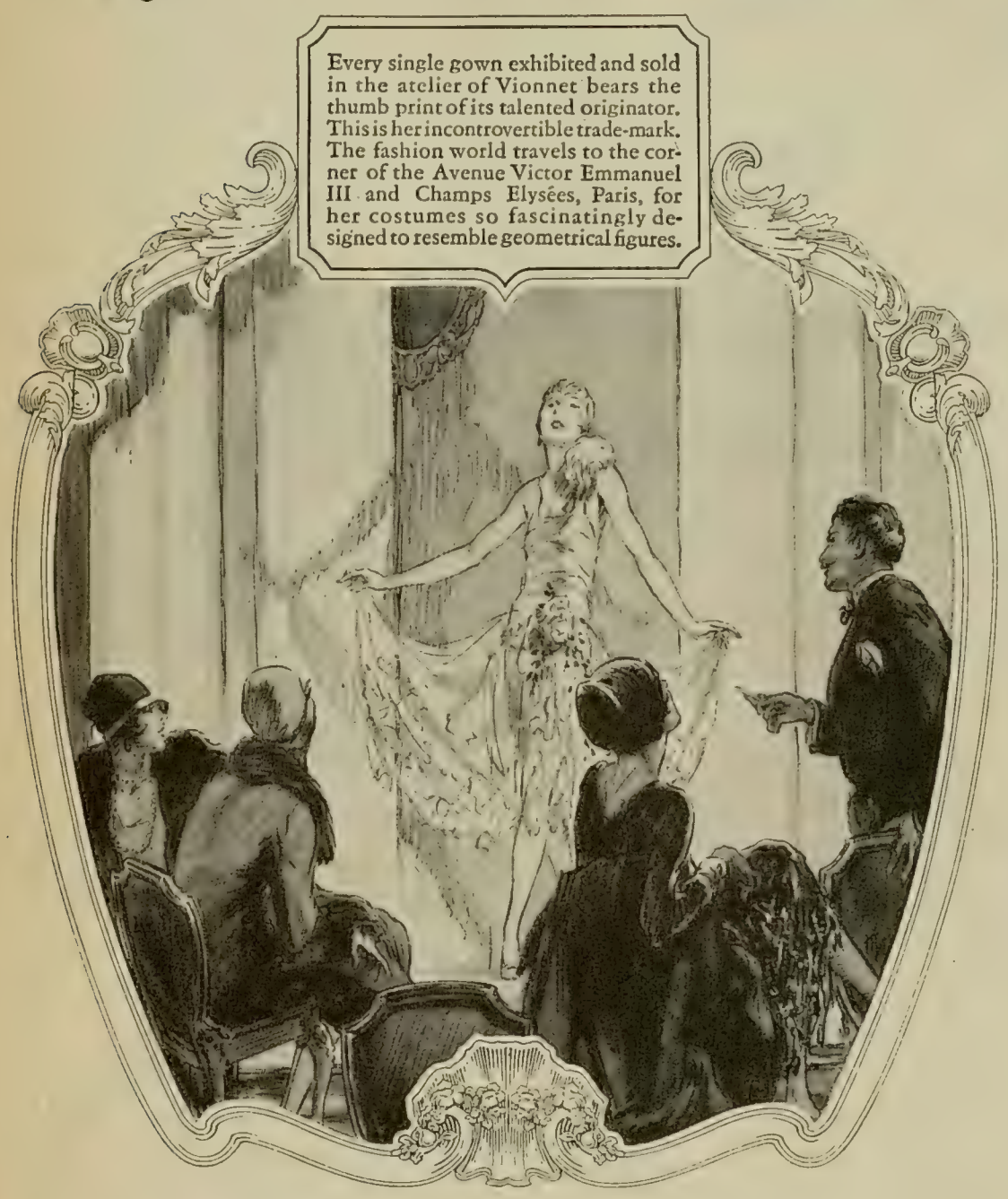
Pearson was not flying a Vickers, but a De Haviland scout plane, and was on escort duty with the Twenty-eighth Squadron at the time of the fight.

Richthofen, who had followed his flaming victim almost to the ground, saw at close hand the fearful death that Fate had spared him just three hours earlier that day. The sight did not unnerve him.

Two days later he killed two more men. One of these was Eddy Byrne, whose death deserves particular attention because he was one of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Gracious Slenderness is Knit Right into Everwear Hose



CHARM OF POISE—is it not bred of assurance that one's costume is correct? ¶ And hose compose one third of the costume effect. Stand before the long mirror and see! ¶ Then how needful are hose in attaining le bon air! ¶ Thus Everwear Hose, through exceptional artistry in the knitting, accent the delicately graceful curves while slenderizing most graciously. Even in the foot every curve is closely followed that greatest comfort-fit of dainty shoes may be assured. ¶ Yet, when the cost of these amazing Everwear Hose meets even the limited purse, is it not folly to pay more?

Ask at your store. If Everwear Hose are not found there, then will you write us?

THE EVERWEAR HOSIERY COMPANY

Pioneer Manufacturers of Quality Hosiery for Women, Men and Children

Milwaukee · Wisconsin

"Everwear ~ Everywhere"

[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY Continued from Page Twenty-nine]

those ardent spirits who refused to recognize the generally accepted dictum that air fighting is a young man's game.

Eddy was thirty-seven years old and a veteran of the regular army, with twelve years of service in China, India, and Africa.

WHEN war broke out, Eddy, having retired from the army, was managing the establishment of a wealthy Scotchman in Edinburgh, but always maintained his rooms at the Catholic Working Boys' Home in that city.

He went to France at once with the Australian Volunteer Hospital Corps and, finding this too dull and different from his old army life, switched to the armored motor-car corps for more excitement.

When the armored cars went into the limbo of bows and arrows at the end of the war of movement, its commanding officer, the Duke of Westminster, recommended the old Tommy for a commission in the Fourth Gordon Highlanders. He served in the trenches with them and was severely wounded.

Two weeks after leaving the hospital he was undergoing instruction for the air, and a month later saw him as a qualified observer on flights over the German lines.

On the day that Richthofen sent Pearson down to his death, Eddy Byrne was sitting in his quarters in the Second Squadron, writing to the man whom he considered his closest friend in the world. This was the chairman of the Working Boys' Home, Frederick J. Smith, K. S. G.

Here is his last letter:

Friday, March 9, 1917.

DEAR SIR:

Just a line to let you know I'm still going strong.

It was raining heavily and we did no flying, so I spent most of the day letter-writing and have just come back from the mess; and, not feeling either tired or sleepy, thought I might as well write one more letter.

It must be Friday, because it is past midnight—my best time for writing, as I always was a bit of a night hawk—not a Piccadilly one, though. I read a lot of piffle in some London paper a few days ago about the creatures of that ilk—it was piffle, being so greatly exaggerated.

In the same way people are always writing in the *Daily Mail* and *Mirror* about officers not being able to live on their pay.

Well, I've always been considered extravagant and, really, I did think at first I should have great difficulty in keeping my head above water when I was commissioned; but, on looking at my pass book, which arrived a few days ago, I find I've over £90 in credit. And I've done my share in more than one fizz supper before now, both at home and out here.

What is more, that credit has accrued before any flying pay has been entered in the pass book. Of course, I am much better off in the Royal Flying Corps than in the infantry.

One thing I can never understand is why a subaltern, carrying his life in his hands every day in the trenches, should get only twelve shillings and sixpence per diem, when a Member of Parliament gets £400 a year without even being obliged to show his face in the House.

My old battalion is back in the line again. I went down by side car one day last week and spent a jolly afternoon among my old friends.

I've just spent a very pleasant evening. We invited our squadron commander to dinner and, as I'm president of C Flight mess, I had to arrange an exceptionally good menu. Well, I think I satisfied every one.

The success of the evening was my special liqueur—"drambuie"—which no one in the mess had ever heard of before, far less sampled. The success is best judged by the fact that the evening outlived the bottle, in spite of the fact that the usual fare (so far as liquor goes) was provided.

I happened to go to B—e (censor won't allow the name to pass) Expeditionary Force canteen and spotted a bottle on the shelf, and realized that that at least would be a real treat.

Shortly after Richthofen killed Lieutenant A. E. Boultbee in a sky battle, another German officer sent him this photograph of his dead foe.

I think it is a good job for the other members of the mess that I take an interest in catering as well as having a practical knowledge of cooking, because they foisted the honor of mess president on me without considering my feelings on the subject.

It is now agreed that as long as I'm in No. 2 Squadron, I'm a permanent fixture as mess president, in C Flight at any rate.

I often feel I've come out on top, and I only wish that a few more of the old boys from 50 and 52 could do likewise—still, that

word *luck*, which has such peculiar meaning, is not the password in the life of many mortals.

Well, it is now Friday with a vengeance, being after 1 A. M., so I had better draw to a close. With the best of wishes to those under your charge at 50 Lauriston Place, and kindest regards to yourself,

Yours very sincerely,
EDDY.

His previous letter was as follows:

February 17, 1917.

DEAR SIR:

Many thanks for your ever-welcome letter of January 15. No doubt you find corresponding with old Home boys no easy matter. Talking about Home boys: Is that lad Dodds still in the 17th H. L. I., as they are in the same part of the line that I patrol? If so, I might manage to look him up.

I forget the other boy's name who was with him at Ripon.

Every day we have fights in the air with Hun machines, in addition to our having to run the gauntlet of archies.

("Archies" is our nickname for anti-aircraft shells.)

We don't mind the Hun machines—we can always face them and chase them away—but you never know when an archie may burst close to your machine, and down you come like a stone. However, by the time you get to Mother Earth, you would be too dizzy to feel the bump.

The one thing we dread is having our machine catch fire through being hit in the petrol tank by a tracer bullet. Though the pilot might be able to land the machine, the observer would be badly burned, if not finished off altogether.

Being burned alive is the one form of death I don't want to experience—an archie would be far more comfortable.

I spent one trip in the trenches at New Year. It was an old system of Hun trenches we were unable to repair, owing to the weather. Still we were all happy, as we knew it was our last trip before going out for divisional rest.

Our division did well at Beaumont-Hamel, but we have not altogether wiped out the score at High Wood, so they will give the Huns fair hell next time my battalion goes over the top.

Kindest regards to all old friends and warmest wishes to the boys at the Home.

Yours very sincerely,
EDDY.

Two English airmen died on March 11, 1917, when Richthofen scored his twenty-sixth victory. They were Second Lieutenant J. Smith (left) and Lieutenant Eddy Byrne.

Eddy met the death he feared on March 11. At 10:30 o'clock that morning, Byrne, with Second Lieutenant J. Smith in the pilot's office, went aloft in one of the old B. E. two-seaters to photograph certain German artillery positions. The plane was armed with two Lewis machine guns.

Over Givenchy, another English flier saw a lone German plane drop out of the upper blue and rip a merciless volley of lead into the photography plane. They saw Byrne and Smith go down on the German side of the line with smoke pouring from the plane.

Next day German prisoners told the English infantry that both of the airmen had been killed.

Exactly what happened during those few exciting minutes in the air is told in this long-lost combat report, written by Richthofen:

> Requesting acknowledgment of my Twenty-sixth Victory.
> Date: March 11, 1917.
> Time: 12 noon.
> Place: South of La Folie Forest, near Vimy.
> Plane: B. E. two-seater. No. 6232. Details of motor not at hand, as motor buried itself in the ground and can not be dug up because locality is under heaviest artillery fire.
> Occupants: Lieutenant Byrne and Lieutenant Smith; both killed.
>
> I had lost my squadron and was flying alone. I had been observing an enemy artillery flier for some time. In a favorable moment I attacked the B. E. two-seater machine, and after 200 shots the body of the machine broke in half.
>
> The plane fell smoking into our lines.
>
> It is lying near the forest La Folie, west of Vimy, and only a few paces behind our trenches. BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

Eddy had no kin. He had saved almost $1,000 out of his pay. He left it to the Working Boys' Home.

Eddy's pilot, Second Lieutenant Johnny Smith, was a youngster just in his twenties and newly married.

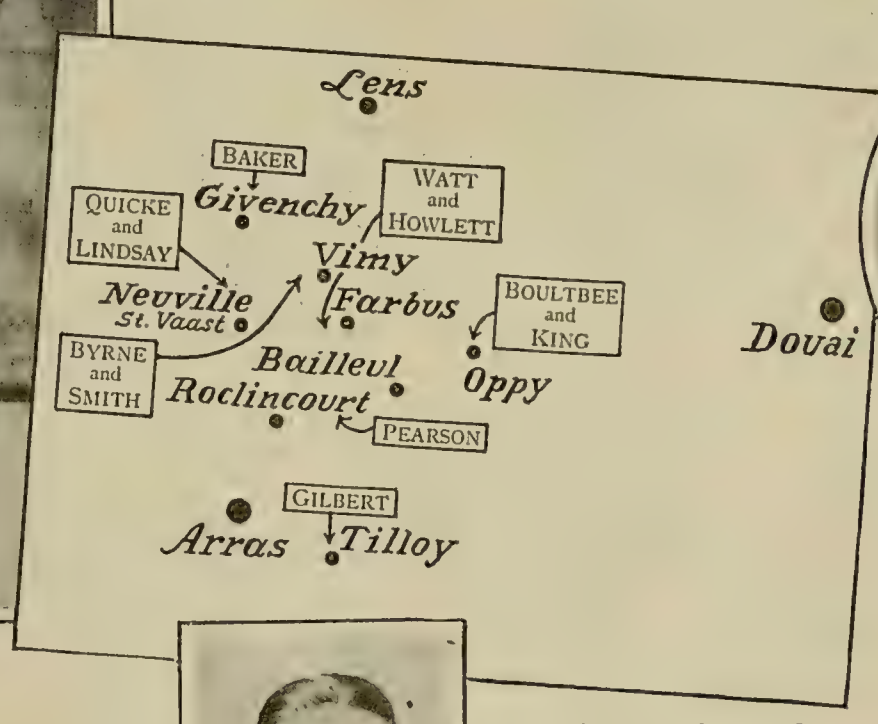
Johnny's and Eddy's battlefield graves near Vimy lay under the thundering requiem of the guns for many months in the fighting that followed on the Somme.

AS a rule, Richthofen did not like to see the bodies of his victims. He would send a young officer of the squadron to the scene of his latest kill, with instructions to obtain the necessary particulars, so that he could obtain credit.

Whenever possible, this officer would bring back some trophy of the fallen plane or its occupants. Frequently this souvenir consisted of a strip of fabric bearing the printed number of the plane, and this was affixed to the wall of Richthofen's office at the airdrome in Douai.

As the number of these strips grew, they soon filled one whole wall, which then became known as "the room of dead men's numbers."

Several days after his next victory, Richthofen received in the military mail a post-card photograph of the body of the English flier he had killed.



This map shows the scene of the German ace's twenty-fifth to thirty-first cloud battles, in which nine men were killed.

Lieutenant A. W. Pearson, shot down in flames.

Second Lieutenant G. M. Watt, one of four men killed in combat with the flying uhlan on March 17.

It was gruesome and pitiful, but yet the flying uhlan was so fascinated by the grisly trophy of his prowess that he kept it as carefully as hunters keep and frame the photograph of a prize victim of the chase.

On the back of the photograph, which is among Richthofen's effects in his mother's home at Schweidnitz, is the following inscription:

> BARON MANFRED VON RICHTHOFEN: Sir, I witnessed on March 17, 1917, your air fight, and took this photograph, which I send to you with hearty congratulations, because you seldom have the occasion to see your prey.
> *Vivat sequens* [Here's to the next].
> With fraternal greetings,
>
> BARON VON RIEZENSTEIN,
> *Colonel and Commander of the Eighty-seventh Reserve Infantry Regiment.*

The photograph is that of the body of Lieutenant A. E. Boultbee, a son of the Rev. R. C.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Location— A Vital Factor

TO BE successful a building enterprise must contain the vital factors of safety and profit from the investment standpoint.

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AN OLD RESPONSIBLE HOUSE

[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY]
Continued from Page Thirty-one

Boultbee of Hargraves Rectory, Huntington, England.

The picture shows Boultbee where he fell near the German reserve-line trenches in the neighborhood of Oppy, over which he and his observer, Air Mechanic F. King, fought Richthofen to the death at about 11:30 o'clock on the morning of that day.

The flying uhlan's report on the fight reads:

Requesting acknowledgment of my Twenty-seventh Victory.
Date: March 17, 1917.
Time: 11:30 A. M.
Place: Oppy.
Occupants: Both killed. No identity disks. Names found on maps were Smith and Heanly.
Plane: Vickers two-seater, No. a.5439. Motor Aero Engine 854. Machine guns a.19633 and 19901.

About 11:30 o'clock, with nine of my machines, I attacked an enemy squadron of sixteen units.

During the fight I managed to force a Vickers two-seater to one side and managed to bring it down after firing 800 shots into it.

In my machine-gun fire the machine lost its openwork fuselage tail.

The occupants were both killed and were taken for burial by the local commander at Oppy.

BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

No fliers of the names of Smith and Heanly figure in the English casualties of that day, but it was possible from the number of the plane, the motor, and the machine guns to identify the plane definitely as the F. E. 2b. that Boultbee and King flew from the airdrome at 9 o'clock on the morning of their death.

At the time of the fight, Boultbee and King were attached to the Twenty-fifth Squadron and were acting as escort for photography planes in the locality of Annœullin-Vitry, near which place the fight occurred.

King's mother lives today near Blue Bell, St. Nicholas, near Spalding in Lincolnshire, where ten years ago she received the War Department telegram notifying her that her son was missing. He was twenty years old when he entered the service and was about to receive a commission when he was killed.

The fallen falcon of the German photograph was identified as Boultbee from the officer's trousers that he wore, which were different from the uniform worn by King. The photograph shows the body lying where it landed after Boultbee had fallen free from his disabled machine while high in the air. German communication trenches are seen behind the body's resting-place.

Lothar von Richthofen, war bird brother of the famous ace.

RICHTHOFEN was in excellent form. He had killed two men in the morning. In the afternoon he killed two more.

One of them was Second Lieutenant G. M. Watt, a twenty-seven-year-old pilot of the Sixteenth Squadron, and the other was his observer, Sergeant F. A. Howlett, who had come into the flying corps from an East Kent regiment in which he had distinguished himself in the ranks.

Watt was an Edinburgh Scot, the son of George Watt, K. C., Sheriff of Inverness, Elgin, and Nairn. He went out to far-off Burma in 1912 and plunged into the teakwood and timber trade with the old Eastern firm of the MacGregors.

When England's need became desperate in 1916 and the call for men went to the farthest frontiers of the empire, Watt said good-by to the jungles. In July of that year he was training for the air in his native Scotland.

He hit the front in France on January 17, 1917, making his first flight over the lines with the Sixteenth Squadron, with which he flew almost daily during the next two months.

On the afternoon of March 17, Watt and Howlett left the airdrome at 3:30 o'clock and flew for the lines. They had a job of artillery observation over the little village of Farbus, which was several miles behind the German lines.

For almost two hours they ranged the guns of the English battery with which they were in wireless communication. They indicated targets, reported the shorts and overs, and contributed considerably to the discomfort of the German residents of Farbus.

Although the anti-aircraft guns were banging away at them, Watt and Howlett disregarded the safer altitudes and carried out their work around the more perilous 2,500-foot level.

English fighting planes hovered above them as an escort, and Watt depended upon them to protect him from aerial interference.

They were so close to the front lines that English Tommies witnessed the fight at 5 o'clock, when Richthofen swooped down upon them and raised his day's toll of lives from two to four.

Watt tried to shake Richthofen off by throwing the old B. E. into sharp curves, which gave Howlett an opportunity to rip out streams of lead toward their faster adversary every time he approached within range.

Then the Tommies saw the tragedy. At a height of 2,000 feet, the hard-pressed B. E., suffering from the strains of the curves and dives into which Watt was throwing her, collapsed.

In falling, the wreckage was carried by the wind back over the German lines and landed in No Man's Land, where it instantly became the target for the German infantry and artillery.

That night, English patrols crawled out and reclaimed the crushed and bullet-riddled remains of Watt and Howlett. Their bodies lie side by side in the British cemetery near Bruay.

Richthofen reported that night as follows:

Requesting acknowledgment of my Twenty-eighth Victory.
Date: March 17, 1917.
Time: 5 P. M.
Place: Above trenches west of Vimy.
Plane: B. E. two-seater. No details, as plane landed between lines.

I had been watching an enemy infantry flier for some time. Several of my attacks directed upon him from above produced no results, especially as my adversary did not accept fight and was protected from above by other machines.

Consequently I went down to 2,000 feet and attacked from below. My adversary was flying at about 2,700 feet.

After a short fight, my opponent's plane lost both wings and fell. The machine crashed into No Man's Land and was fired upon by our infantry.

BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

That night, in the mess-room of the squadron at Douai, Richthofen received the congratulations of his cubs on his double victory.

The flying uhlan accepted their praise modestly, but reminded them that the unit had not yet equaled the record of the old Boelke Squadron. He told them that he would not be completely satisfied until the number of victories credited to his command was greater than that of any other unit in the German air force.

He gravely directed the attention of his fliers to the current situation on the front, and repeated that the High Command would be forced to depend now, more than ever, upon the courage and cleverness of its air fighters.

WITHOUT being marked by battles of major importance, the months of January, February, and March had been punctuated with numerous fierce actions and engagements that have been placed under the general heading of the Operations on the Ancre.

Richthofen's squadron had participated in the fighting around Miraumont on February 17 and 18.

The unit had bitterly contested the English airmen who endeavored to dominate the air during the last week of February, while their wet and freezing land forces were pushing forward to the capture of Tilloy. They had exacted a heavy toll of planes when the English took Irles on March 10.

Four days later the Allied world had been sent into delirious delight by the beginning of the German retreat to the Hindenburg Line.

While the German press agencies broadcast the story of the prearranged retreat for the purpose of disrupting the carefully laid Allied plans for the spring push, the fliers of the Maltese Cross were kept aloft every daylight hour to interfere with, if not prevent, Allied observation of the new positions to which the Germans were retiring.

On that March 17 when Richthofen snuffed out the lives of Boultbee and King and Watt and Howlett, English ground forces pushed their way into Bapaume in the face of considerable resistance,

and on the following day occupied Péronne.

The German retreat and the Allied advance to the Hindenburg Line continued from March 14 until April 5, and in the confusion of rearrangement and readjustment of forces, the respective commanders were forced to depend more and more upon aerial reconnoissance.

The activity in the air increased daily, the Allies concentrating every effort on finding out the details of the new German positions, while the Germans put every available plane in the air to frustrate these efforts.

Although he spent from three to six hours every day in the air and engaged in numerous hot combats, it was not until three days after the English occupation of Péronne that Richthofen succeeded in registering his next victory, which he did at the cost of two more English lives.

Pilot Sergeant S. H. Quicke, a London youngster, who had said good-by to his mother several weeks before at East Finchley, and Second Lieutenant W. J. Lindsay were doing their second patrol of the day on the afternoon of March 21.

In an old B. E. two-seater with two Lewis guns, they were registering English cannon on new positions around Neuville-St. Vaast.

It was about 4:30 o'clock, English time, that Lindsay's wireless signals ceased. The operator in the artillery dugout tore the receivers from his ears and, gaining the ground above, scanned the sky with his binoculars.

He saw Quicke and Lindsay, caught without an escort of fighting planes, striving to defend themselves and escape from a fast enemy scout machine.

The end came in five minutes, when the English machine was suddenly enveloped in a cloud of black smoke, and a second later plunged to earth.

The operator telephoned to the Sixteenth Squadron airdrome, asking for another plane to register the guns of the battery. He reported that Quicke and Lindsay had been shot down, the plane landing quite close to the new battery position. Quicke was dead and Lindsay died a few minutes later.

Richthofen reported:

Requesting acknowledgment of my Twenty-ninth Victory.
Date: March 21, 1917.
Time: 5:30 P. M.
Place: 12 Hill 123, north of Neuville.
Plane: B. E. two-seater. Details unknown, as came down on enemy territory.

Messages had come through that enemy planes had been seen at 3,000-feet altitude in spite of bad weather and a strong east wind.

I went up by myself with the intention of bringing down an infantry or artillery flier.

After an hour's flying I spotted at 2,500 feet altitude a large number of enemy artillery fliers beyond our lines. They sometimes approached our front, but never passed it.

After several unsuccessful attempts, I managed, half hidden by clouds, to take one of these B. E.s by surprise and to attack him at an altitude of 1,800 feet about one kilometer beyond our lines.

The adversary made the mistake of trying to fly away in a straight line in an effort to escape from me, but in doing so he remained just a wink too long in my machine-gun fire (500 shots).

Suddenly he made two uncontrolled curves and dashed smoking to the ground. The plane was completely ruined.

BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

On the following day, March 22, Richthofen received his first promotion of the war. The uhlan of the sky became a first lieutenant, which, in consideration of his age—he was only twenty-four years old—was an exceptional advancement under the strict regulations of the Germany army.

Two days later he celebrated the promotion with another successful combat that he described in his report as follows:

Requesting acknowledgment of my Thirtieth Victory.
Date: March 24, 1917.
Time: 11:55 A. M.
Place: Givenchy.
Plane: Spad with Hispano motor. The first I have encountered. Plane No. 6706. Hispano-Suiza motor 140 h. p. Machine gun, Maxim No. 4810.
Occupant: Lieutenant Baker, wounded, taken prisoner.

I was flying with several of my gentlemen when I observed an enemy squad passing our front.

Aside from this squad, there were two new one-seaters which I had never seen in the air before, and they were extremely fast and handy.

I attacked one of them and ascertained that my machine was better than his.

After a long fight I managed to hit the adversary's gasoline tank. His propeller stopped running. The plane had to go down.

As the fight had taken place above the trenches, the adversary tried to escape me, but I managed to force him to land behind our line near Givenchy.

The plane turned completely over in a small shell hole and remained upside down. It was taken by our troops.

BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

Richthofen's squadron drawn up for an inspection. After his fiftieth victory the unit bore his name.

The pilot of this new English plane was Lieutenant R. P. Baker of the Sixteenth Squadron, engaged that day in an offensive patrol over the lines.

Baker later wrote to his brother from a prison camp in Germany that he had been forced to land on account of his motor being useless. He was wounded while landing.

The day after his capture of Baker, Richthofen took another prisoner, this one being Second Lieutenant C. G. Gilbert, a pilot of the Twenty-ninth Squadron, who was flying a fast French Nieuport machine on escort duty.

The flying uhlan was proud of the ease and dispatch with which he handled this English adversary, because it was the first time he had had an opportunity to perform in the air on the same mission as his brother, Lothar.

LOTHAR was with him that day and attacked one of the English planes. It was his first combat as a fighting pilot and he succeeded in disabling his adversary, but was not fortunate enough to shoot him down out of control.

He was eager to duplicate his older brother's success in the air.

Lothar, without previous military training, had entered the army at the beginning of the war as a *Fahnenjunker*—a man in the ranks who is destined to be commissioned as soon as he has fitted himself by study and service.

In the Fourth Dragoons he had ridden in the advance on the Marne in 1914, and claimed to have been one of a small patrol that had approached close enough to Paris to get a glimpse of the top of the Eiffel Tower.

He entered the air service in the fall of 1916 and made his first solo flight during the Christmas holidays.

Lothar's first brush with the enemy was a great event. It was a red-letter day for his brother also, because it recalled to him the thrill he had felt, hardly seven months earlier, when, under the watchful eyes of Boelke, he had shot down his first victim from the sky.

Back in the flying Baron's quarters in Douai, Lothar watched with a mixture of pride and envy over his brother's shoulder as the latter filled out the inevitable report with its reiterated petition for credit. He wrote:

Requesting acknowledgment of my Thirty-first Victory.
Date: March 25, 1917.
Time: 8:20 A. M.
Place: Tilloy.
Plane: Nieuport. Burnt.
Occupant: Lieutenant Grivert [Gilbert].

An enemy squadron had passed our lines. I went up and overtook their last machine. After only a few shots, the enemy's propeller stopped running. The adversary landed near Tilloy. Some moments later the plane began to burn.

BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

It was all so easy if one made oneself letter-perfect and exercised care. This was the gist of the lesson Richthofen repeated to the men of his staffel and especially to his brother.

He told them that the successful flier had to know the possibilities of his plane; he had to be able to recognize different types of enemy planes, and be thoroughly aware of the capabilities of each type.

Combine an offensive spirit based on knowledge—instead of blind sporting courage—with the proper degree of carefulness, and one would go far and fare well in the air.

At this period of his career Richthofen's spirits were high. He reflected them in his current letters to his mother. On March 26, 1917, he wrote:

LIEBE MAMA:

Yesterday I brought down my thirty-first and the day before my thirtieth. Four days ago I received my appointment as first lieutenant and thus have gained a full half-year. My squadron is shaping well. It really gives me great pleasure.

Lothar had his first air encounter yesterday. He was satisfied with it because he touched his adversary, who, in our parlance, "stank": leaving a black, smelly trail behind him. He did not come down, of course—that would have been too much luck. Lothar is very conscientious and will do well.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Prices slightly higher in Canada

[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY]
Continued from Page Thirty-three

How is papa and how did you like yesterday's official army report?

MANFRED.

THE little silver cups ranged on Richthofen's desk now numbered thirty-one. It was not quite three months since he had been placed in command of his own squadron and he had jumped his individual bag of victories from sixteen to thirty-one, almost doubling the score.

In four months' flying in the Boelke Squadron, from September, 1916, to January 4, 1917, he had shot down sixteen planes.

In less than three months' flying with a squadron under his own command, from January 4 to March 25, 1917, he had shot down fifteen more.

He had downed two more in January, three in February, and in the month of March had established a new record for himself by downing ten.

His personal casualty list now had the following additions:

KILLED

Second Lieutenant J. Hay
Lieutenant P. W. Murray
Lieutenant T. D. McRae
Lieutenant H. A. Croft
Lieutenant Herbert J. Green
Lieutenant W. Reid
Sergeant R. J. Moody
Second Lieutenant E. E. Horn
Lieutenant A. W. Pearson
Second Lieutenant J. Smith
Lieutenant E. Byrne
Lieutenant A. E. Boultbee
Air Mechanic F. King
Second Lieutenant G. M. Watt
Sergeant F. A. Howlett
Sergeant S. H. Quicke
Second Lieutenant W. J. Lindsay

Total killed, 17

PRISONERS OF WAR

Captain O. Greig (wounded)
Second Lieutenant J. E. Mclenan
Lieutenant Cyril Douglas Bennett (wounded)
Lieutenant R. P. Baker (wounded)
Second Lieutenant C. G. Gilbert

Total prisoners of war and wounded, 5

The English air casualty lists reveal no casualties applicable to the twenty-first and twenty-fourth victories credited to Richthofen's string. He reported in both these combats that he shot his adversary down behind the British lines. His full record showed:

TOTAL CASUALTIES INFLICTED

Number of planes shot down	15
Previously reported (1916)	16
Total	31
Killed	17
Previously reported (1916)	16
Total killed	33
Wounded and prisoners of war	5
Previously reported (1916)	8
Total wounded and prisoners of war	13

Richthofen's books with death stood well in his favor. He had destroyed thirty-one engines of destruction in the ranks of his country's enemies. He had wounded and captured thirteen enemies. He had killed thirty-three men.

There was still more than a year of carnage ahead of him before he himself was to go the way of his many victims; but before that day arrived he was to double and almost treble the terrible score that now stood beside his name.

Of all this following period, his record for the next month, April, 1917, was to be the reddest.

Twenty-one planes shot down—a man killed, wounded, or captured each day—such was Richthofen's score for "Bloody April." He opened it on April 2 with a double victory. How it felt to be shot down by the ace is told in the next installment by a British flier who survived one of these fights.

POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

An Indian Serenade

By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

[Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822) was one of the greatest of English poets. His works include The Cenci, a tragedy; Adonais, an elegy upon the death of Keats; and Prometheus Unbound, regarded as his finest poem. He was drowned in the Bay of Spezia, Italy, during a storm.]

I ARISE from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how?
To thy chamber window, sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream;
The champak odors fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart,
As I must die on thine,
O, belovèd as thou art!

O, lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast;
Oh! press it close to thine again,
Where it must break at last!

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Love Letters of an INTERIOR Decorator

(Second Spasm)

As Before, This Piece Is for Lowbrows

Words and Pictures
By BERT GREEN

THE only thing thats any good about the French is the wimmin.

(Reading time: 5 minutes 36 seconds.)
Hotel Aberdaba.

DEAR MARG:

I wood of mailed you this letter last night, but I couldent find my socks. And besides I couldent write so much because I have bean having pains in my stumack.

The telephone operator thinks maybe I'll have to get my tonsils pulled out. But I think it must come from all the airdales I eat. You know that Im a dog for those hot muts. As soon as I eat them things I get gas panes. They must be a war disease, eh, Marg? I dont think the tites on 'em is good for you.

I think Ill go over and see my buddy Larry O'Keefe; his father is a horse doctor and wont charge me nothin.

We used to have a fello in the outfit what was troubled with gas panes and he coiled up one day and went through the Poily Gates, right into the arms of Salt Peter.

You remember Marg I wrote you about my getting this job as a nite clerk in this hotel, and about my doin a little business on the side selling light stuff like gin etc. to the guests. Well its goin *big*. I wood have done better last week but the revenoo agent I took in with me I think has bean knocking down.

Im glad you dident get sore when I told you. Wimmin dont understand, but youre a bright girl, you know it aint bootleggin, its a favor Im doing the guests in the hotel.

The people dont want prohibition to come back. Even if it did it wood put a lot of honest bootleggers out of a job. The elevator starter told me he thought that Congress would give us light wines and beers, and I told him that I thought they might just as well because we have everything else.

You kno Marg that if this business keeps up the way it is going, Im going to get you that big hairy coat we seen in the window up there in Mauch Chunk—you kno the one that your girl friend with the crockery eye is so stuck on.

Since I got this job in the Hotel Aberdaba Marg you wont kno me. With the new gold tusk and the new brown suit, Im the knats eye. I gotta hair cut at last, high and round. Its the knobs. If I hadda let it go another week I would have had to buy a fiddle.

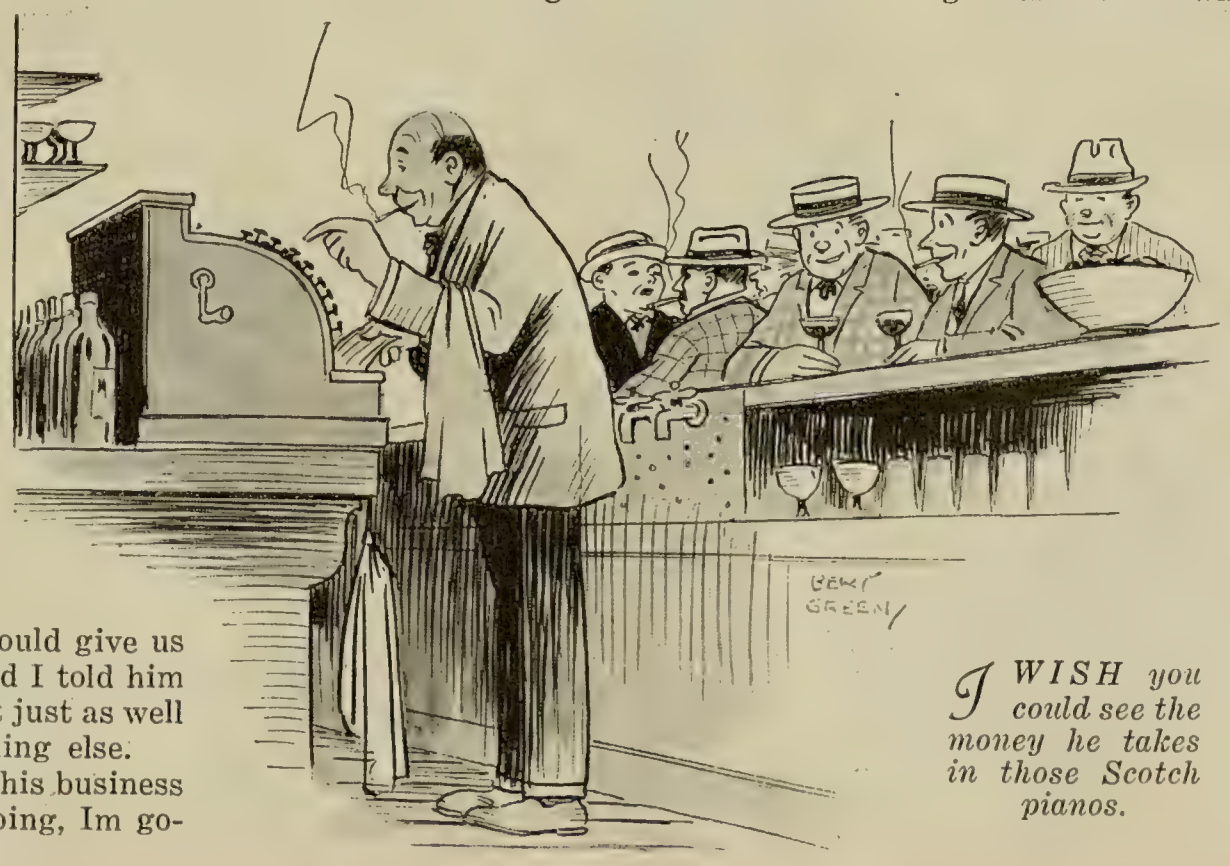
The check girl is kinda stuck on me, she says I ought to go out to Hollywood Im so handsome and take Ben Turpins place in the dum drama. Im going to the movies and see what he looks like.

Her brother is married to a tattoed woman and he said he married her because he likes to look at the pictures. I guess he wants to be an artist or something.

I cant give her old man a thing—hes the house dick and a tough baby to put a lather on.

The other day I sold him a bottle of scotch and he came back roarin that every time he wiped his mouth it put a hole in his sleeve. And when I told him that I put myself out to get him a special bottle of pre-war stuff he says "what are you tryin to do, kid me, are we goin to have another war?"

Hes so tight he could carry an arm full of eels from here to Filadelphia and never drop a won.



I WISH you could see the money he takes in those Scotch pianos.

OMARG I forgot to tell you that I ran into my old side kick Dynimite Murphy who used to be in the same squad with me. We nicknamed him Dynimite because he never used a gun, but would run the Hun all over the lot with a handful of dynimite cakes.

Well—hes running a great rackit over on Park Avenue in a swell office building. On the door it says *Dr. Murphy, Surgeon Dentist* and when you go in he has a white coat and everythin. A regular dentist chair and all that stuff, with pinchers and store teeth layin around, and when the guys he knows comes up, he passes them through a panel in the wall and right into the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Better TIMING *for Your Game*

Science finds a shorter way

Good timing is probably the most important factor in golf. The old tedious procedure of its development with each club individually is now passed. Wilson through scientific research and diligence in the laboratory test room has developed a set of clubs so beautifully inter-related as to weight, feel, lie, length and resilience of shaft that they form a harmonious working unit. To have good timing in one means that you have it in all. They are known as Inter-Related Irons.

Think of the time thus saved from the tiresome mechanics of the game for greater pleasure in your play. There are several different sets to choose from—one is sure to be just fitted to you. Ask your Pro or Dealer about them.

Performance tells the story

Wilson

Inter-Related

IRONS

The New Crest Golf Ball

is tuned for distance—armored for punishment and balanced for accuracy. It is a fine golf ball and will "step up" your game.

Follow the Crest

Wilson-Western Sporting Goods Co.

New York Chicago San Francisco

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

prittiest bar you ever hung an eye over.

The bar is about forty feet long and he packs em up five deep. I wish you could see the money he takes in those Scotch pianos in one day. They are the biggest cash registers I ever seen.

If a fello comes up what he doesent know, with a toothache, he gives him the business of lookin in the mouth and then gets out the green book, and tells him he cant take him for about six weeks as his appointments are all took up. You know that a fello with a bum tooth aint goin to wait any six weeks to have a tooth pulled out, eh Marg?

HE and I have a quite a deal on. We got a load of stuff comin in from Long Island tomorrow night in a herse all packed in flowers, and one of the biggest coffins you ever looked at. It must hold about ten cases easy.

In the next lemouzine is my partner the revenoo agent, with all the blinds pulled down and the inside filled with more stuff covered over with flowers.

And up in the front sits the driver and the Undertaker with black gloves and a magicians coat and a two gallon hat—just like a regular funeral.

Then we take the hole works over to a nice quiet funeral parlor over on First Avenue and devide up the corps.

Thats bein alive aint it, Mon Cherry.

You kno Marg Im trustin you with my secrets. Its ticklish stuff, like bein in the army, you got to keep every thing to yourself. You kno that President Coolage wasnt vaxinated with any fonograph needle and hes goin to be re elected again because the people dont know what hes thinking about. And thats me!

If it wasn't for the fact that you and me will very soon go for holy wedlock I wouldent tell you these things. You don't want to see your boy friend takin the choo-choo down to the iron boarding house in Atlanta, do you?

Another thing, dont crack to that talcum-powder brother of yours. Hes alright but Im going to keep a bead drawn on him, and that goes for your old man too. Your brother is all right but Ill be on my way to Paris while he'll be makin banana splits.

You know Marg I love you better than any girl I ever met. Even better than the Polish girl I had over in France. Every time I look at your fotograph I could burn up my clothes. I got it pasted on the foot of my bed along with a lot of French post cards.

The Porter is stuck on your pitcher—he makes me kinda jealous—he says that a girl with a figure like yours could go in burlesque any time. I think so too. Hes an awful good egg—youd like him Marg—he says the only way to get along with wimmin is to beat em up.

I forgot to tell you Marg that Im learnin French. A lady on the sixth floor invites me up late at night and she and me get a few drinks and a couple of books and we go to it.

I know you wont mind because she's married anyhow and her husband works at night on a newspaper.

She says under her coaxing I get better every day. The only trouble about French, you have to have a busted nose to talk like em. The only thing thats any good about the French is the wimmin.

The telephone operator is always suggesting high hat books for me to read. She wanted me to get a book called Helen of Troy but I worked in a coller factory once and that was enough for me. We have a good writer in the hotel—he works on the *Morning Headache* and is one of the best customers I have. He says that all newspaper men are very fussy about what they eat—but theyll drink anything. When he cant drink any more, he pores it in his hair. His name is Drinkwater, but he never does.

By the way Marg, I forgot to tell you that in a few days Im goin down to Long Island in a fast boat to visit one of the rum boats what we expect.

Every time I think about it I get ringing wet and full of goos pimples.

You know this business is full of eggscitment—just like bein on the Marne—you never know what is comin over the top.

Im gettin so now that everybody I talk to I think is a revenoo agent, with his pockets full of bullets and artilary and things. But I dont want you to go worrin about me because every thing is honest and above board.

I JUST stopped long enough to take a look at your foto Dear, and every time I do it just burns me up. I get so full of love and sedament, I just break out in pomes. Heres one I wrote about you—

With you alone, far in the night,
Id play a squeeze box to your charms;
Id bust the guy what lit the light
Because I love you all my might.

Not bad eh? Oh you just fill me with remorse. I got to quit now and get my french lesson from the french dame.

Please excuse pencil because ink gets all over my ears—My birthday is next Monday but I dont want nothin.

I hope the carbunkle on your mothers nose is better—I know eggsactly how she feels—I had chillblanes once myself.

Wishing you the sam, yours

MIKE.

P. S. In my next letter prepare for the woist.

The woist will leak out like a Mississippi River overflow in an early issue of LIBERTY.

Ride on "Cushions of oil"

That nervous and physical strain of driving a plunging, pitching car can be entirely relieved with a set of Monroe Hydraulic Shock Eliminators. More comfort, greater safety and longer life for your car.

Send for free book—"Ride on Cushions of Oil", which explains the many advantages you derive from Monroe Hydraulics. Distributors and Dealers—write for details and discounts.

Prices slightly higher west of Mississippi. Installation extra.

MONROE
AUTO EQUIPMENT
MFG. CO., Monroe, Mich.

Keep Thin

To Keep Young

Fight excess fat, whatever else you do, for youth, beauty and vitality. Fat is not popular today.

Some fight fat by strenuous exercise, some by starvation diet. But the fight is hard and never-ending.

Millions have learned to fight it with Marmola Prescription Tablets. They correct the cause. This is the easy, pleasant way.

Marmola has been used for 19 years. The use has grown, through proved results, until people are using a very large amount. You see the results wherever you look. You can learn them by inquiring of your friends. Excess fat is not nearly so common as it was.

Some wonder if such results can be accomplished without harm. The evidence is everywhere. Countless people know that Marmola brings benefits other than reduction. It could not live and prosper for nearly two decades without that.

Learn what Marmola does. Watch the gradual but constant reduction. Watch the new vitality that comes. Then tell your friends. Tell them how easy it is to reduce in the right way. Go start today.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

The One Month Town

The Gilded Panorama of Racing, Society, and Bunk that August Brings to Saratoga

An Article by

PAUL GALLICO

(Reading time: 15 minutes 15 seconds.)

ELEVEN months out of the year, should you stroll into Saratoga Springs, nestled at the very toenails of the foothills of the Adirondacks, you would pinch yourself to make sure that it was not just a bad dream. It is one of the most amazingly ugly towns in the United States.

Its main thoroughfare, Broadway, is flanked on one side by two-story and one-story shops, on the other by a series of grotesque architectural nightmares, the huge wooden hotels, erected during an era when a building was not considered complete if it didn't have cornices and towers and colonnades and scrollwork and wooden icicles hung all over it.

Its side streets are shaded by great elms that conceal only partially the rows of huge and dreadful residences, of red brick or wood, painted red, with black roofs; palaces of luxury inside, eyesores outside.

The twelfth month—August, to be exact—would find you caught up by the atmosphere of the place, the weird, mad charm, the spirit of carnival. The gambling fever that rages from one end of the town to the other centers about the gorgeous race track a short walk from the heart of the city.

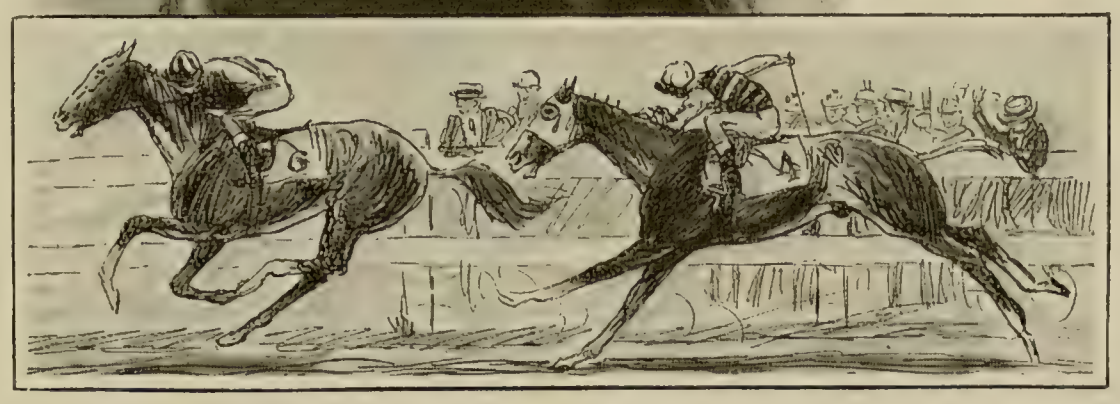
One month out of the year the spot is given over to the "get-rich-quick" idea. The bangtails come to town in strings of box cars, and in their wake moves a steady stream of hostlers, stablemen, society women, trainers, gamblers, millionaires, bootleggers, middle-class folk on vacation, bookmakers, newspaper men, clockers, experts and inexperts.

The lure of something for nothing, easy money, quick fortunes, brings them in by train and automobile. Hydroplanes wing lazily on to Saratoga Lake and discharge passengers.

The storekeepers are ready. The suckers will be there but one month; the boys with the easy-come-easy-go money.

The street floors of the great hotels are brilliantly lighted stores with garish displays of silks and jewelry, to catch the eye of man and woman who come back from the track "ahead."

SOCIETY dines on a balcony overlooking the finish.



They don't know psychology, but they do know that money won is the easiest to spend. They don't expect to get theirs from the regulars who come to the track to make a living. They don't spend money.

But the others—the transients, the shoe salesman, the necktie clerk, the bookkeeper who gets home on a good thing—hang out the jewelry, the silverware, the silk underthings, and the Japanese kimonos; open the dress shops, pile up the silk shirts and handkerchiefs; turn on the brilliant lights. There's only one month in which to get it. Grab it while it's hot!

Saratoga Springs during the race meet is nothing but a boom town, a mining camp. Gold is the lure; horses are merely the medium. Stroll down Broadway any day at Saratoga while the race meeting is on, say at 1 o'clock in the afternoon. The porches of the great hotels are jammed with men and women. They overflow on to the sidewalks, where they stand in little knots, talking horses, horses, nothing but horses.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY]

Film on Teeth

and what to do for it

As Present-Day Dental Authority Suggests

WHAT FILM IS—Why it is charged with most cases of dull, "off-color" teeth and with many serious tooth and gum disturbances

Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube Free

(See Opposite Page)

(*Above*) ARABELLE LEE'S SMILE, thanks to her mother, is daily kept dazzling white by Pepsodent

ACCORDING to modern dental opinion there are two factors in tooth care which every person who desires beautiful teeth and gums, and who seeks effective protection against tooth and gum disorders, should know:

(1) That nearly *every* case of dull, or so-called "off-color" teeth is directly traceable to a stubborn film which forms on teeth. *To a film ordinary brushing does not effectively combat.*

(2) That many of the commoner tooth and gum disorders—including many serious ones—are traceable to the same source.

Thus, film removal becomes a first consideration in the way you cleanse your teeth—AND IN THE DENTIFRICE YOU USE.

Now, largely on dental advice, thousands are changing to Pepsodent. A tooth paste scientifically compounded to combat film—different in formula and action from all others.

Film—Breeding Place of Germs

Film is that viscous, slippery coat you can feel by running your tongue across your teeth. It clings to teeth too stubbornly for ordinary brushing. It gets into crevices and stays.

Stains from food and smoking discolor that film, forming dingy coats. Film is the basis of tartar. And tartar, with germs, according to eminent dental opinion, is the cause of pyorrhea. Thus the urge to keep teeth film free.

Germs by the millions, modern research has discovered, breed in film. They spread over the teeth and gums, laying both open to bacterial attack. They invite the acids of decay, foster gum troubles. Thus the alarming increase in tooth troubles a few years back.

(*Above*) KATHRYN KOHLER, whom you've seen as "Sondra" in "An American Tragedy," goes twice each year to the dentist in protection to her priceless smile. Daily she keeps it gleaming bright by use of Pepsodent.

Advise Special Film-Removing Dentifrice

To meet that situation, Pepsodent was devised in consultation with leading dental authorities. And now advised by dentists wherever modern tooth and gum prophylaxis is practiced.

Pepsodent embodies two important film-removing agents which first curdle that film, then remove it in delicate safety to enamel.

Pepsodent embodies, at the same time, the most recent discoveries of science in gum hardening and protection. Thus it acts to firm the gums, in accord with present-day dental desires.

Pepsodent acts, too, to increase the alkalinity of the mouth's saliva. A function authorities say is important in overcoming mouth acids.

Made to meet the dominant dental exactments of the day in a quality tooth paste, Pepsodent is used today the world over.

Accept Trial Tube

Mail the coupon for a 10-day trial tube. Use at morning and at night. Massage it into the gums 10 nights before bed. Note how teeth lighten as film goes—how much firmer gums feel.

P E P

(*At Right*) BUBBLE BOATING is the latest water sport at San Diego. Judging from smiles kept gleaming bright by Pepsodent, Dorothy Prather and Charles Lipton find it highly entertaining.

(*Above*) VAL LESTER goes for a leisurely stroll along Park Avenue with a winning entry. Her smile of victory is sparkling white by help of Pepsodent that brightens teeth by dingy film removal.

Smiles that Conquer

are smiles that reveal film-free teeth

THE millions of sparkling smiles you see today result largely from cleansing teeth of film twice each day—at morning and at night. Thus this new hygienic measure becomes one of the great beauty treatments of the day.

As film goes, smiles grow dazzling bright. Dull or "off-color" teeth regain their former snowy color. Exquisite lustre comes through gentle polishing of enamel. Gums firm to healthy coral tint.

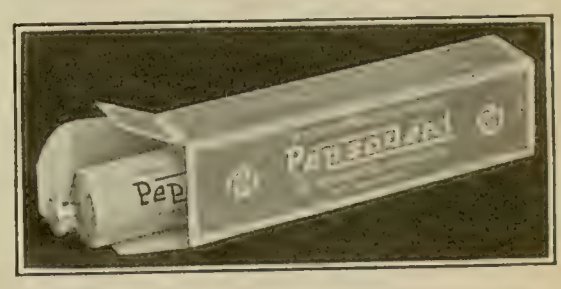
Thus winning smiles that mean so much commercially and socially are given a new brilliance others note and marvel at.

Thousands who, on dentists' recommendation, have made Pepsodent, the special film-removing dentifrice, a daily habit know how true that is.

(*Above*) A CHANNEL ASPIRANT? From recent exhibitions Gloria Rowe may be expected soon to attempt the classic swim. Her flashing smile, that Pepsodent keeps dazzling white, shows a confidence that merits quick success.

(*At Left*) COATS OF TAN may cast their shadows on the fair skins of Roger, Jane and Ann Adams, but smiles remain undimmed with Pepsodent a daily habit.

FREE—10-DAY TUBE



Mail coupon to

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Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co.,
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Only one tube to a family. 2579

P E P S O D E N T

Four Putts!*?*!

Hold it! Don't break that poor, innocent club. It did no wrong—neither snickered nor sneezed. Don't change your clubs—change your underwear. Maybe you *tighten* up on your shots every time it *tightens* up on you.

Try a *new* sensation in underwear comfort

Does your underwear ever grip you across the back when you stoop to putt? Have you ruined drives at crucial moments because you couldn't get the ease and freedom so essential to golf?

Then, join thousands of other golfers. Discover *new freedom* in a Lewis Golf Suit. It's light as a feather. Gives with every motion of your body—absorbs perspiration as no other fabric can, and thus relieves chafing. Fits every figure perfectly—no more uncomfortable, "balloon" sizes.

If you want underwear that you'll be proud to wear, with comfort you've never had before, here it is!

As fine for office or street as on the fairway. All better stores sell

Certainly! Underwear must be as free as your swing. Look for the Lewis label and the little picture of a golfer on every *genuine* Lewis Golf Suit.

If you cannot secure the Lewis Golf Suit from your local merchant, send us your measurement from top of shoulder, through crotch, up the back to top of same shoulder, state height and weight, and we will send you postpaid two suits, no sleeves, knee length for $5.00; or two suits, no sleeves, ¾ length for $6.00. Lewis Knitting Co., 110 Main Street, Janesville, Wisconsin

The New

LEWIS GOLF SUIT

The NEW UNDERWEAR That Gives NEW FREEDOM

[THE ONE MONTH TOWN
Continued from Page Thirty-seven]

The two sides of the street are packed solidly with huge, expensive cars. You will see as many foreign-made automobiles there as you will in an afternoon on Fifth Avenue.

A few doors below the Saratoga Inn there operates an automobile agency handling two or three of the biggest and shiniest jobs on the market.

Nothing conservative about them. They are painted and lacquered in red and blue and green, and they are parked right out on the sidewalk to catch the eye of the heavy winner.

"I sold a couple yesterday," said the salesman. "One feller got in a good thing, and he wanted to get rid of his dough before the horses got it back from him. He bought one like that big eight out there and drove out of town in it."

That's Saratoga for you.

BOYS are already sifting through the crowds on the jammed sidewalks, hawking programs with the day's scratches on them, copies of the little newspapers devoted solely to horse racing, mysterious tips sealed in envelopes, and labeled Jockeys' Scratches, Stableboys' Special, Trainers' Tips, Clockers' Special, *ad infinitum*.

The jam is thickest outside the New Worden and the United States hotels. Every one has a paper of some sort in his hand, and scribbles and checks up, and questions his neighbor. The whole street is abuzz as the hour for which everybody is waiting approaches—3 o'clock and the first race.

There goes One-Eyed Connelly, the gate crasher, down the street, dressed in a brilliant green suit and cap. Connelly, a ubiquitous tramp, worms his way into all sporting functions gratis, disguised as a porter, electrician, special messenger, sponge-towel-and-bucket, ring-post, or anything that will get him by the gate.

The Gate Crashers' Union and Associated Hoboes is laying for Connelly's card. He has gone to work. He is advertising something or other in Saratoga Springs, and as you leave the race track he hands you a picture of a galloping horse with goo all over it which will cause it to adhere to the windshield of your automobile.

That is Dumb Dan Morgan, manager of prize fighters, over there. Daniel was the manager of the famous Bat Levinsky, known chiefly for his kind co-operation in building up Carpentier for Dempsey by taking one on the snoot—the only fight Georges ever did win over here. They call Dan dumb because he never greets you with less than 30,000 words on any given subject. The talk is all the same—"Who do you like in the third?" "Don't fail to get a bet down on Whatsis in the last panic, Bill. I got it right from the owner." "I gotta make up today what I lost yesterday."

Nothing counts but horses and tips and betting and money and losses and inside information Good things and hot stuff right

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The eager-to-go quality of Dixon's "Ti-con-der-oga" is all the more evident the longer you write with it!

5¢ each
60¢ a dozen

Higher on the Pacific Coast
Three for a quarter in Canada

DIXON
"TI-CON-DER-OGA"
An extraordinary five cent pencil

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OF DIXON SERVICE

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AUTO SICKNESS

Journey by Sea, Train, Auto or Air in health and comfort. Mothersill's promptly ends the faintness and nausea of Travel Sickness. 34
75c. & $1.50 at Drug Stores or direct
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MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

25 Years In Use

PREPARE FOR AN
ART CAREER

—thru the *only* art school operated as a department of a large art organization, who have actually produced over a quarter million drawings for leading advertisers. Commercial artists trained the "Meyer Both Way" earn as high as $10,000 per year. Home study instruction. Write for illustrated book telling of our successful students.

MEYER BOTH COMPANY
Michigan Ave. at 20th St. Dept. 82 Chicago, Ill.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY]

from the feed-box are handed around. System players stand on the curb and plan the day's play. They are there only because the bangtails are running.

Men and women have been caught in the maelstrom of the race track, where the saying holds that it is as dangerous to stop as it is to go on playing.

The time grows short before the next battle with Lady Luck is on, and the buzz and hum of the street rise to a new pitch as long lines of cars begin to trail out toward the track.

THE exodus to the track begins suddenly. At 3 o'clock Saratoga is a deserted village. Its streets and verandas are empty.

Life has moved out to the track.

Once inside the race track all is beauty. It is astounding to walk or drive through the gates and find yourself in a different land. As you stroll toward the track over a beautifully landscaped approach, you find them saddling the nervous, frisking horses in the shade of spreading trees, surrounded by bettors, watching for signs that will tell whether or not the animal is "right."

Enter the grand stand, and the same nervous activity prevails. Down on the lawn the space is teeming with human beings.

Did you ever turn over a flat rock and uncover a community of ants thrown into confusion? Thus the mob below the grand stand, milling and pushing and thronging, asking odds, betting, arguing, squabbling, until that sound which you hear only at the race track—the gruff "They're off!" that springs involuntarily from the throats of those who are watching the animals at the barrier—sends them rushing to the rail for that tense few minutes when their money is in danger.

Wander down through the scurrying pack, and as you walk, suave gentlemen at your elbow will murmur, "Are you taken care of, gentlemen?" "Would you care to get a bet down?"

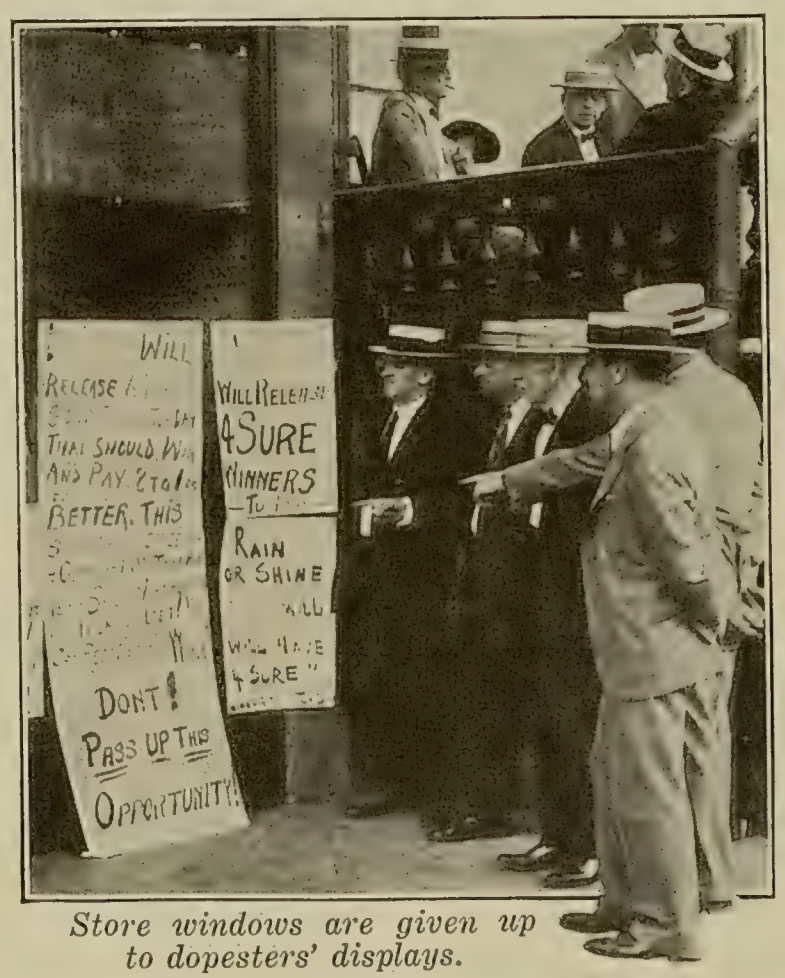
They are the small bookmakers, and they are out to trim you. Their game is to get you to deposit a hundred dollars or so with them and play against it. If you lose, they've got your money. And if you win, they shave you down to the shortest odds, and pocket the difference. If you win moderate sums from them, you are reasonably sure of finding them after the last race. If you clean up, you are not quite so certain of locating them.

The layout of the track is a picture to soothe the eye. A green oval, rimmed with tan—the track itself—the center is taken up by a fresh pond from whose center cool fountains play, and upon whose surface float placid swans. At regular intervals the neatly cropped jumping-hedges are placed.

That picture when the gorgeous horses, with the gaily dressed jockeys sticking like monkeys on their backs, come thundering down the stretch, is one you'll never forget.

It is Saratoga at its most beautiful moment!

At the far end of the grand stand is the clubhouse, where the society folk are in their glory. They dine on a balcony overlooking the finish, the W. K. Vanderbilts, the E. R. Bradleys, the Riddles, and the Cochrans, and the Coes. The cream of racing society is served by Frank Stevens—the same Stevens who supplies hoi polloi with peanuts and pop and hot dogs at the Yankee Stadium.



Store windows are given up to dopesters' displays.

Downstairs, on the ground level, where the wealthy congregate, and where the men hold sway at little wooden tables, you can see old Harry Stevens, who built up the business from a basket of peanuts and sandwiches to a $4,000,000 concern, sitting at a table with Harry Sinclair and George Loft, and other millionaires. Sinclair pokes him in the stomach and kids him, and Sam Hildreth, the greatest trainer of race horses in the country, whispers something in his ear.

A STICK of dynamite tossed into that clubhouse would wreck the *Social Register*. How do the millionaires bet? By commissioners. You see them, wise-looking gentlemen, approaching their patrons for instructions before each race. They are told to bet five hundred, a thousand, ten thousand. Who cares? Let's make it twenty-five thousand, and sometimes more. Some horses carry a million dollars on their backs as they circle the track.

The commissioner seeks out the bookmaker that gives the best odds. No money changes hands. That is against the law. A slip of paper, the name of the horse, the amount bet, and the name of the man who bets it are written down. The bookmaker glances at it, scribbles down the odds of the bet, and slips it into his little black notebook. The next day checks are exchanged.

Stand down on the clubhouse steps as the ponies run, and look not at the geegees, but directly in back of you, and note the crowd of millionaire sportsmen, tailored up to the minute, a worried expression on their faces, each with his high-powered, expensive glasses trained on the scurrying horses. As one man they seem to move around the oval with the ponies. There is no shouting or gesticulating or cheering, as there is down on the lawn and in the grand stand.

When the finish line is crossed, the glasses are lowered, and quietly and seriously they discuss the race. Money won or lost? Well, what does it matter?

Society sits in the clubhouse boxes, which take up one end of the entire grand stand and rim the front row clear down. You can not make a mistake about it, because the boxes are all labeled in large letters. There is John E. Madden, the greatest breeder of thoroughbred race horses in the country.

Over there stands James C. Brady, who two years ago bought the highest-priced yearling in the country, War Feathers. He paid $51,500 for it. In that box, training his glasses on the field, sits E. R. Bradley, owner of Boot to Boot, the horse that won the $89,000 American Derby, for which he got a rubber check. He probably has not been paid up to date.

LOOK at the society people now, because when the last race is run they vanish. The big hotels never see them. They remain out of sight, at the residences of friends or in their own homes. Now and then they turn up at the McGregor links, or the polo field, but for the most part they vanish until the next day's racing.

Down underneath the grand stand you rub elbows with characters and celebrities of every sort. See, there walks Dave Gideon of the famous old gambling partnership of Gideon and Daly. Down there in the crowd stands Dink Davis. How their names link up with each other!

In the days of Morris Park, in the early '90s, Dink was one of the highest of high rollers, achieving quite a reputation in that department when he won $60,000 at a faro bank, sitting in John Daly's (of Gideon and Daly) house at No. 8 Barclay Street, New York.

Dink began his sports career as a baseball player in Utica. As a bookmaker he was warned, when Lucky Baldwin's El Rio Rey appeared undefeated out of the West, that no colt could beat him and he'd do well not to take any liberties with the Californian. In his first race here El Rio Rey was moved in as a seven-to-five chance.

Davis couldn't resist the temptation to "lay" him at the price, and after the race was over, with El Rio's number up, Dink's pay-off line was so long that the late William Pinkerton was forced to go

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

TODAY'S JOY INSURED

Sunburn Conquered

wherever you are

WATER to swim in—youth—here are days to remember . . . Don't let sunburn steal the happy hours!

For *sun*burn, as for *any* burn today—instant relief! Spread on the dressing surgeons use—halt infection, heal the fiery tissues: at once, Unguentine!

Severe sunburn may mean fever—illness. Avoid discomfort, guard sleep, in this simple way. All summer is yours again!

* *

Use Unguentine before exposure, too; sunburn is prevented, and you tan normally. Keep a tube ready in your outing kit. At your druggist's—50 cents. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y.

Keep Unguentine in your outing kit

Absorbine, Jr. is instantly cooling, soothing and healing. Apply it freely—no matter how painful the burn, the soreness quickly disappears.

Absorbine, Jr. is not sticky or greasy, and does not *show*. Keep it handy for insect bites, cuts, bruises or sore muscles. It is an invaluable vacation aid, for its antiseptic properties remove the danger of infection —often the little cuts and scratches cause the greatest trouble. Read "Timely Suggestions", packed with each bottle.

At all druggists' $1.25. Hospital size $2.50.
Send for free trial bottle.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc. Springfield, Massachusetts

Quick relief from sunburn

[THE ONE MONTH TOWN Continued from Page Forty-one]

along the queue of those holding winning tickets and calm the bettors with the assurance that they would be paid.

Davis now contents himself with a modest wager of forty dollars to each horse he bets on, never any more and never any less, for he admits his plunging days are over.

And now, too, Dave Gideon, eighty years old, dean of the racing sharps, admits that the game has been too much for him, and that he still knows nothing about the horses.

DO you remember the famous saying, "What a Garrison finish!" There is Ed Snapper Garrison himself, the old-time jockey; now one of the managers for the Joneses, owners of the well known Audley Farm.

Stroll out to the paddock and you'll see others of his day, George Odom, Willie Knapp, names that mean so much to the old-timers. It was Knapp who rode Harry Payne Whitney's Upset, the only horse that ever beat the wonderful Man o' War.

Notice that stout chap on the steps leading to the grand stand? That's Fred Eschner, who ran a shoestring into a tannery. He won a fortune on the ponies. He beat a race, but he couldn't beat the races. His pile is gone, but he still uses his old system of watching the warm-up gallops to determine his betting.

There stands Jimmy Rowe, dean of American trainers. In 1872 he broke into the game as a tow-headed youngster kicking riders home for the famed McDaniels confederacy, as famous in those days as his present-day connection —the Whitney stable.

Rowe has won for his employers probably more millions of dollars than any other conditioner of thoroughbreds.

Isn't that K. O. Phil Kaplan standing over there? Just a middleweight fighter who ought to be battling for the championship, but who invariably suffers from paralysis of the thinker along toward the second or third round.

And there they are in the grand stand, the crowd, the mob, with their two-dollar bets and their five-dollar bets, and here comes Sande down the stretch, three horses to the bad, and the pack on the lawn surges to the rail, and the others get to their feet, and the cries of "Come on, you Sande!" begin to ring out.

You hear a woman's high-pitched hysterical shriek, and then a man takes it up, and then another, and more women, and as the cloppity-clop of the hoofs on the dirt track draws nearer, every one is carried away by the hysteria and is screaming, "Sande! Sande! Come on, you Sande!"

And Sande's horse suddenly gathers his legs under him in bunches and shoots out from the laboring pack and over the line, and you turn around and look at the faces of the audience, torn with emotion, joy, elation, disappointment, all animated and chattering.

It is like the breaking of a great wave. Then it subsides, only to begin again with the hum and discussion that precede the next race.

The races are over, and Saratoga goes mad again. Thousands of cars stream back into town, directed by every variety of cop within miles. The dust rises in thick clouds. The horns blare and squawk. Everybody is trying to get back to Saratoga at once.

After supper the bright street lights are turned on. The fortunates who have rooms in the big barn fronting Broadway appear on the porch once more for the post mortems, while the stingers and the stung gather again on the sidewalks to talk it all over, to whine and moan.

Then begins the great ceremony of IF:

"If I hadn't bet on the last race. . . . If I had had a little more dough. . . . If Whosis hadn't gone to sleep on Whatsis at the stretch. . . . If I had put on five hundred instead of five, I'da cleaned up. . . . If I'da taken that tip I had and socked a grand on it, I coulda bought one of them cars now. . . ."

You see them standing on the curb, cigarettes hanging limply from mean faces, cursing and quarreling with each other and fate, while the summer vacationists wander by and look at them in amazement.

OUTSIDE the telegraph office the cluster is particularly thick. They stand and wait hungrily about the wire terminal. Red-hot tips fly in and out of the town over the copper strands. Here, too, the ceremony of IF is in full swing—"If I get that dough I sent for, I'll be sittin' pretty. . . . If that tip comes through. . . ."

The telegraph office gets a big play from the losers after the races.

Inside, the force of eight to ten operators keeps going night and day. When the season is over, two can handle the business. Press copy, information, requests for information, go out of the office, but chiefly pleas for money—money to bet on the horses, money to eat with, money to get home on.

The girls who count up the words and inform you of the bad news, will tell you that most of the messages they receive are urgent requests for dough and more dough.

A little way down from the telegraph office, the marvelous winning dope sheets begin to go up in store windows. These are pieces of yellow paper on which are printed what purport to be yesterday's tips that sold in a sealed

envelope for a dollar. The winning horses are ringed with black crayon.

Oh, see, the man had winners on the first four races! The fifth is simply called Extra Special, and no name is given. In the sixth race, the horse didn't win. But, stars alive, four out of six winners is not so bad, eh? Think you'd like to take a chance? All right, step in.

"Say, mister, we'll buy tomorrow's selections. Here's the dollar."

You're hooked. You open your envelope. The names of five horses are listed. The sixth is the Extra Special. You ask for its name.

"Ah," you are told, "that will cost you twenty-five dollars." You demur. Well, the gentleman is so anxious to make a customer of you, he will let you have it for ten. You are a sucker. You bite.

You wager on the tips. The dogs get their feet crossed at the post, they get mired, they fall down, they trip, they quit, they do anything but win.

Each evening the post-mortem squad holds doleful sessions on the hotel veranda.

The gentleman who sold you the envelope hasn't any ringed sheet in his window that night. But the gentleman across the street has. It seems *he* picked the first four winners. You should have bought his tips.

Neat? Perfect? Certainly! The slips indicating the winners were printed after the fourth race. For the fifth he puts down Extra Special, and for the sixth he takes a chance on the favorite, which generally finishes in the money.

If you did finish ahead of the game in spite of everything, and you must remember that the bookmakers are not up there for their health, and the stores and the bazaars didn't get your dough, there is still another way of getting rid of it in Saratoga.

DRIVE out of town a little way on the main pike, after the races, in almost any direction, until you come to a little road that branches off, plainly defined and well marked. Drive down, and worry your car into the jam of parked automobiles in front of a huge inn.

A famous jazz band blares. Feet shuffle through the motions of dancing, and the roulette wheels whirl merrily, bouncing the little ivory ball with every percentage against you. White cubes with the one to six spots on them gallop across green baize tables and thousands of dollars change hands.

It is quicker than horses and the strain of waiting is not there. There the gambling fever rises to its meanest pitch. It lacks even the element of thoroughbred sport.

Foot it through Saratoga at three or four in the morning, and the garish street lights are still on, but the sidewalks are deserted and the porches of the great, hideous hotels are bare.

The cars still are parked from the beginning of Broadway down past the Saratoga Inn, because the town is benevolent, and by leaving your car out in the street you can save garage fees, and who can tell but that that dollar, played on the nose of some nervous brown gee-gee, might not grow to two, three, five, ten, a hundred, a thousand, the foundation of a fortune?

Come on, you sun. What good are moon and stars? You can't bet on them.

Only a few weary hackmen with their old-fashioned carriages with the fringed upper deck are out, nodding over their reins. It would be a good story to write that their nags are the race horses of forgotten days, eking out a living by carrying the sports out to see their successors, and dreaming of the days when the greedy crowd yelled to them, "Come on, oh, oh, come on!" only it isn't so.

Their drivers have no stories to tell. Your footsteps on the barren pavement may rouse one from his snooze. If you engage him, he will say, "Been out to the track? Play the races?" After you have told him your troubles, it is surprising how big a fee you feel like giving him.

THE town is asleep because it needs the rest. On the morrow it must resume the serious business of getting it while the getting is good.

For, one day after the bangtails are loaded tenderly into the box cars and shunted away toward Albany, the town begins to curl up and die.

The shutters close down like tired lids over the windows of the big hotels.

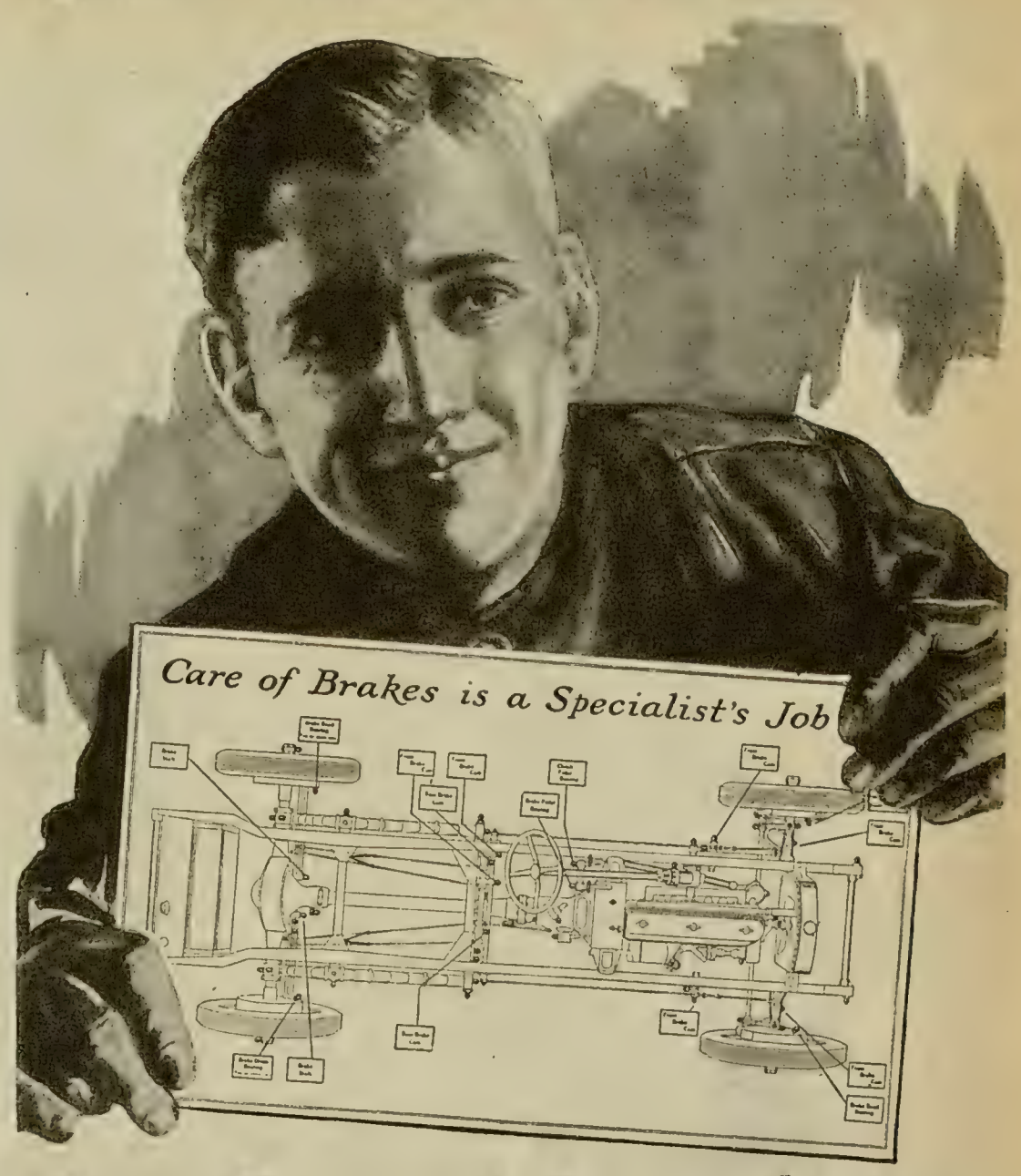
Rich man, poor man, sucker, and thief disappear from the wide streets.

You may still see the battered, torn envelopes labeled "McSweeney's Extra Special—50 cents," and smudgy faked sheets on which are still discernible the names of the winners the author was supposed to have picked the day before, but which were actually printed the day after; but they too vanish quickly.

Jack Dempsey, or the Elks, or the American Legion moves in, and Saratoga has lost its charm. It goes back to the serious business of being one of the ugliest towns in America.

THE END

"Consult a Thermoid Brake-anic"



Let a Thermoid Service Station Keep Your Brakes Healthy~~

For Safety's Sake! Watch that brake!

Let a Thermoid Service Station line it with a brake lining that is a-b-s-o-l-u-t-e-l-y DEPENDABLE. Let them keep that brake properly adjusted and oiled. Let them tell you what you ought to know about keeping good brakes good.

This specialized service never costs you more. It may cost you less. Thermoid Hydraulic Compressed Brake Lining is one of the most-expensive-to-make on the market. Yet its list prices to the car owner are much lower than those charged for many inferior linings.

By careful adjustment, cleaning and oiling of every brake part the Thermoid Service Station takes the stitch in time that saves nine.

Thermoid Brake Lining Service

Look for this Sign of a Quality and Fair Price Shop

THERMOID RUBBER COMPANY

Factories and Main Offices : TRENTON, N. J.

Makers of Thermoid Hydraulic Compressed Brake Lining, Thermoid Interwoven Brake Lining, Thermoid and Rexoid Transmission Lining, Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joints, Thermoid Radiator Hose and Mechanical Rubber Goods

Thermoid

The All-Weather Brake Lining — *Hydraulic Compressed* Brake Lining — *"For Short Stops and Long Service"*

The WORLD'S
GREATEST HOTEL
Offers the
WORLD'S GREATEST VALUE

Fixed-Price Meals

JAPANESE LUNCH ROOM
Breakfast 45c Luncheon 65c Dinner $1.00

COLCHESTER GRILL
Breakfast 60c and 75c Luncheon 85c Dinner $1.50
Sunday Dinner $2.00

OAK ROOM
Breakfast 60c and 75c Luncheon 85c Dinner $1.50
Sunday Dinner $2.00

MAIN DINING ROOM
Dinner $3.00 per Person

A la carte service is available in all restaurants at all meals

3000
OUTSIDE ROOMS
3000
PRIVATE BATHS

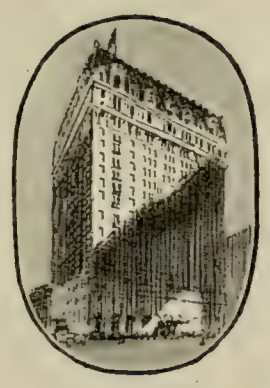
THE STEVENS

Michigan Boulevard, 7th to 8th Streets CHICAGO *Ernest J. Stevens, Vice President and Manager*

EFFICIENCY combines with magnificence to provide the guest at The Stevens with utmost hotel value. Letters and comments from many of the thousands who have already been our guests emphasize that the reasonableness of Stevens charges is as impressive as the grandeur of the hotel and the many facilities for comfort and enjoyment.

The vast number of rooms available always enables the guest to obtain, at the desired price, the kind of accommodation required. You choose with or without suggestion from the clerk, the type of room you wish and you get it without argument or delay.

Convenient to railroads, business, shops and theatres, overlooking Grant Park and Lake Michigan, The Stevens towers twenty-nine stories high and extends a full block along majestic Michigan Boulevard—vacation headquarters for those on business or pleasure bent.



The Stevens is under the same management as Chicago's famous
HOTEL LA SALLE
which for many years has been recognized as America's standard of excellence in modern hotel service and accommodations

Of the 3000 spacious, airy, outside rooms, each with private bath, circulating ice water and large closet, 2400 are rated at $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00 per day. The special Stevens cooling system maintains a comfortable, healthful atmosphere in all restaurants, lobbies and public rooms.

When you stop at The Stevens you enjoy in lowered costs the results of the gigantic size and latest efficiency equipment of the World's Greatest Hotel.

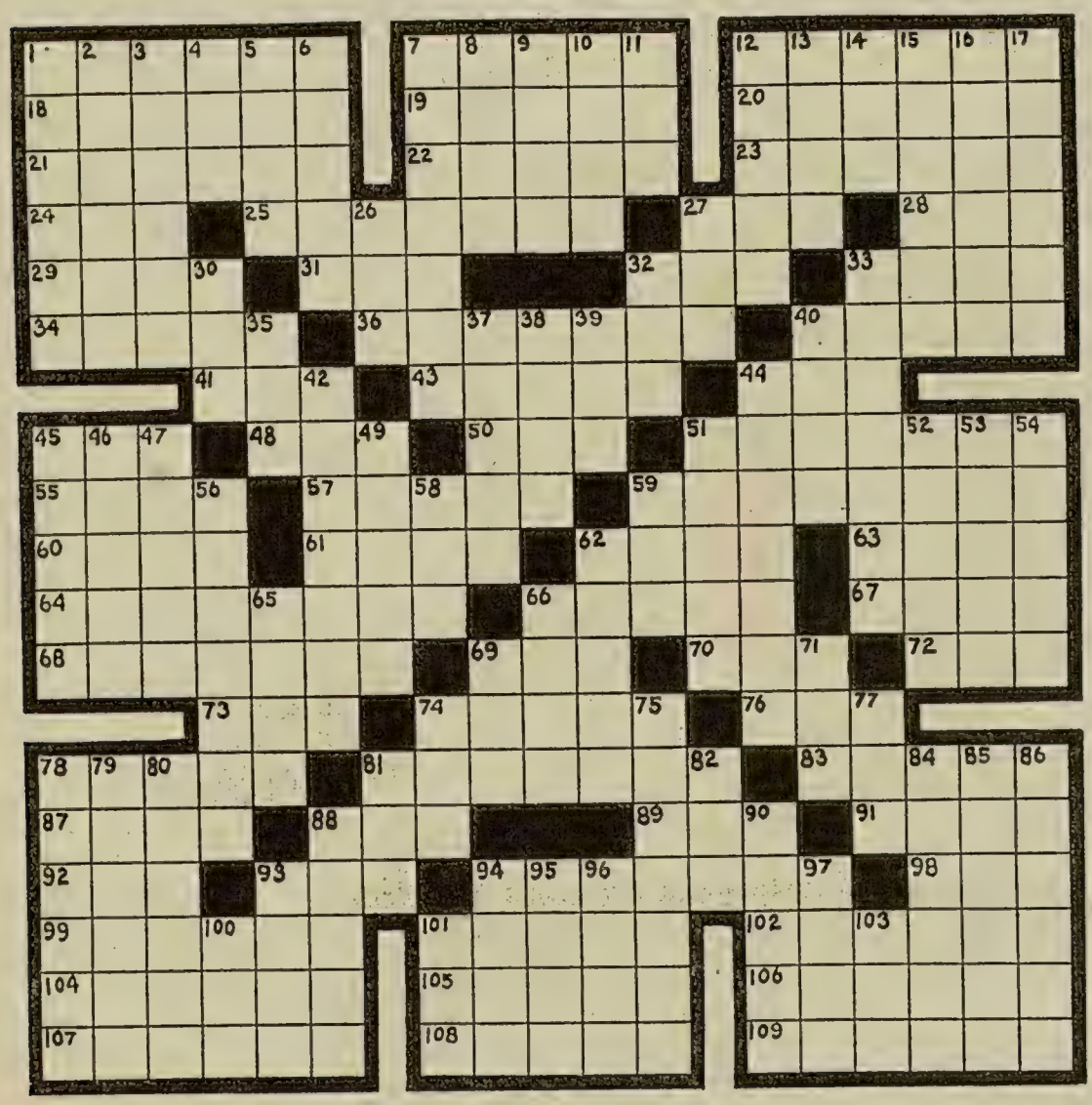
Extra Value without Extra Cost

Number of Rooms	*Single Rate*	*Double Rate*	*Number of Rooms*	*Single Rate*	*Double Rate*
263	$3.50	$5.00	119	$ 7.00	$10.00
1242	4.00	6.00	62	8.00	12.00
943	5.00	7.50	26	9.00	9.00
278	6.00	9.00	67	10.00	15.00

THE STEVENS IS THE LARGEST HOTEL IN THE WORLD

$25 *for* Cross Words

SPITE of summer heat, puzzle fans keep up a very fair flow of contributions LIBERTY-ward. Remember the rules about interlocking your puzzle all over, and keep unkeyed letters at a minimum. If you wish your puzzle returned, or an answer to a question, inclose a stamped, addressed envelope. *Attention*, puzzle solvers—LIBERTY does not offer prizes for solutions of puzzles—only for the puzzle itself. Address Cross Words, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.



Prize Puzzle No. 48

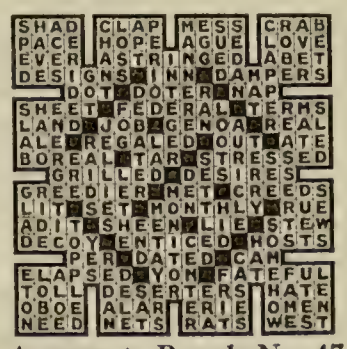
By W. W. ROBERTSON, Skarda, New Mexico

HORIZONTAL

1 Sullen
7 Relieve
12 Spanish woman
18 Ancient name of Spain
19 A thin dress material
20 Loved deeply
21 Harmful
22 Brilliancy
23 A reason
24 Central American rubber tree
25 Fundamental note
27 Visit among whalers at sea
28 Anything given to pacify
29 Melody
31 A horse
32 Sudden shock
33 Electrical unit
34 Restrain by law
36 Threatened
40 Spasmodic breaths
41 A sprite
43 A lump of turf
44 Divided
45 A resinous substance
48 Sudden fit of anger
50 Atmospheric moisture
51 Stew of meat and vegetables
55 A month of the Jewish calendar
57 A puzzle
59 Minute particle
60 Defy
61 Burden
62 Tear
63 Open space about a building
64 Lovers of self
66 Engine
67 One of the Dutch East Indies
68 Goddess of retributive justice
69 To cut
70 Arrant nonsense
72 A pronoun
73 Diminutive for a near relative
74 Broadcast, as an opinion
76 Egg of an insect
78 Brines
81 A poisonous element
83 A celestial body
87 Greek god equivalent to Cupid
88 Belief or theory
89 To extend over
91 A county in Ireland
92 A pig
93 To weary
94 Musical compositions
98 A coin of Bulgaria
99 To fine
101 A jeweler's measure
102 A comparative figure of speech
104 A shade of red
105 The century plant
106 A dish
107 Ancient Jewish ascetic
108 Lost color
109 Ant

VERTICAL

1 Small
2 Ancient Greek coin
3 Late
4 A mass containing metal
5 Descend by degrees
6 Corroded
7 Exacted satisfaction by punishment
8 A weed
9 Cheerful tune
10 Wing (plural)
11 Nevertheless
12 An island of the Philippines
13 Esau
14 No
15 A prayer
16 Rebellion
17 Experts
26 A vegetable
27 To roam about
30 An eternity
32 Deep black
33 Ecclesiastical palace
35 A disease of chickens
37 A breeding place
38 Salutations
39 To depress with fear
40 Unsoiled
42 Abnormal dryness of the skin
44 Large boiler
45 Burdened
46 A maxim
47 To rebound
49 Probing instruments
51 Integrity
52 Small rare object
53 A town in New York
54 Annoy
56 Retries
58 A conveyance
59 Convened
62 Field of stubble
65 An Egyptian goddess
66 Simple
69 A pronoun
71 A twitching
74 A weapon
75 Stretched
77 Male turkey
78 East Indian plant with oil-yielding seeds
79 Perfumes
80 Descends
81 Invite
82 A domestic animal
84 Deliberate mischief
85 Small hole
86 Spires
88 The goddess of peace
90 Worn out
93 Sacred image
94 Historical tale
95 Verbal
96 A division in a church
97 An Asiatic kingdom
100 Spawn
101 Part of a cartridge
103 Silent



Answer to Puzzle No. 47

Miserable ?

BACKACHES
BAD NERVES
HEADACHES

Foot Troubles Can Cause Them All !

Indigestion, spinal disorders and poor circulation are other serious ailments that result from weak or fallen arches — heralded by foot pains.

LYNCO Muscle-Building Arch Cushions can give prompt relief from foot pains and avert more dangerous troubles. A painless building up process restores the arches to normal and effects permanent relief.

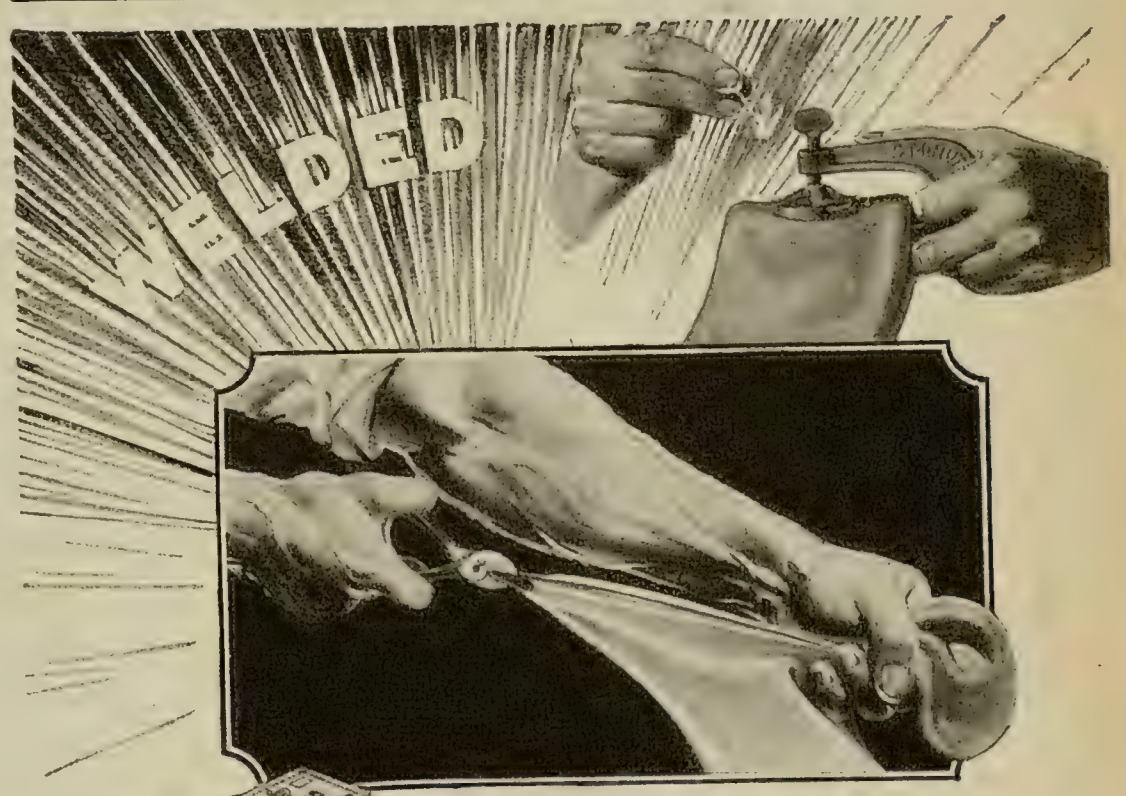
These cushions give free muscular action allowing you to walk easily and without effort. For LYNCO Muscle-Building Arch Cushions are made of cellular rubber, jacketed with soft flexible leather—no metal to hurt the feet. They will go in the shoes you now wear.

KLEISTONE RUBBER CO., Inc.
217 Cutler Street, Warren, R. I., U. S. A.

See your doctor, chiropodist, shoe dealer or write to us now for more facts.

Lynco

NON-METALLIC FOOT AIDS



The Shaler 5-Minute Vulcanizer is sold wherever auto accessories are carried. Outfit complete, $1.50. Extra patches, 75c per tube of 12.

(Prices slightly higher in Canada and far west.)

Have you one under the seat of YOUR car? Get one today —you may need it tomorrow.

The Patch Becomes Part of the Tire

THERE'S never a doubt about a puncture repair made with the Shaler 5-Minute Vulcanizer. The patch becomes part of the tube—*welded* with heat. It flexes and stretches with the tire, but it never pulls off. It's the quickest and easiest way to fix punctures, as well as the best. Millions of motorists use it.

The SHALER Company
1111 Fourth Street, Waupun, Wis., U. S. A.

SHALER
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
5 MINUTE VULCANIZER

The HOOKLESS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. FASTENER on Clothes for Work or Play!

DADDY'S overalls or kiddies' play-suits are twice as easy to slip on and off if they are fitted with the HOOKLESS Fastener.

On work clothes for factory or garage, farm or garden, you can depend on the HOOKLESS Fastener because it *ALWAYS WORKS*—and will outlast the garment itself. Flexible as the material to which it is applied, and absolutely rustproof—it launders with perfect safety.

The HOOKLESS trade-mark on the pull identifies it as the original slide fastener.

"Just like Dad's"

Write us for names of manufacturers who supply articles using the HOOKLESS Fastener.

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY
Meadville Pennsylvania

In Canada:
CANADIAN LIGHTNING FASTENER CO., LTD.
St. Catharines Ontario

The HOOKLESS registered trade-mark protects you against inferior imitations and substitutes.

Twenty Questions

How Much Do You Know

? ? ?

LIBERTY publishes twenty questions each week. The following week these questions are republished, together with their answers and a new list of questions. Our readers find that trying to answer the questions is a fascinating and instructive pastime.

Give yourself five points out of a hundred for each question correctly answered, then see how high a score you can make.

1—What national President has the longest term of office?

2—How are Pullman cars named?

3—What is the largest member of the cat family found in the Western Hemisphere?

4—What country is maintained without taxes, and how is this done?

5—Why was Ottawa selected as the capital of Canada?

6—Has a man of Catholic faith ever been the Presidential candidate of a major political party in the United States?

7—What is the greatest steel-exporting nation?

8—When was the first air flight made by man across the English Channel?

9—What common animal absorbs its supply of water through its skin?

10—What is believed to be the longest foot race on record?

11—What mountain is named for President Calvin Coolidge?

12—What is the origin of the character ℞ that appears on physicians' prescription blanks?

13—How did the word "pajamas" originate?

14—How fast do glaciers move?

15—What is the fastest moving living organism known?

16—What was the first record for traveling around the world, and what is the present record?

17—Where did the expression "Lo! the poor Indian," originate?

18—From what well known phenomenon of animal behavior was the word "coward" derived?

19—What North American seaport is nearest to Europe?

20—What State had the largest number of casualties during the World War?

See Answers in Next Week's Issue

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—How many persons in the United States have incomes of $1,000,000 or more?
A.—Tax reports for 1925 show 207.

2—How many persons in the United States had incomes of $5,000,000 or more in 1925?
A.—Seven. They are supposed to have been Lew Wentz, Oklahoma; John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and the late Payne Whitney, New York; Henry Ford and Edsel Ford, Michigan; the Marshall Field heirs in Chicago; and Andrew Mellon, Pittsburgh.

3—What occurs when popcorn "pops"?
A.—The kernel turns inside out, due to the explosion of steam formed inside the hard kernel wall from minute quantities of water in the cells of the grain.

4—What beautiful dress or decorative fabric is made from the pineapple?
A.—Pina cloth.

5—What does "paraphernalia" mean in a legal sense?
A.—A married woman's property—dress, ornaments, personal belongings.

6—Who invented the vestibuled train? How long ago?
A.—George Mortimer Pullman in 1887.

7—How did Davy Crockett die?
A.—He was killed by Mexicans when they captured the Alamo.

8—Which French king was St. Louis, Missouri, named after?
A.—Louis IX.

9—Who was the real *Robinson Crusoe?*
A.—Defoe's book is based upon the adventures of a British sailor named Alexander Selkirk, who was wrecked about the year 1700 on Juan Fernandez Island, off the coast of Chile.

10—Who first launched the idea of daylight-saving time?
A.—Benjamin Franklin. In 1784, while Minister to France, Franklin wrote an article pointing out that the people of Paris could, by changing their clocks, save millions of dollars a year in candles.

11—Who was the first American President to leave the United States while in office?
A.—Theodore Roosevelt, who visited the Panama Canal works for three days in November, 1906.

12—What was Woodrow Wilson's first name?
A.—Thomas. He was baptized with the name of Thomas Woodrow Wilson.

13—What birds hold the long-distance record for migration?
A.—The Arctic terns, some of which nest in summer in the Arctic circle and spend the winter in the Antarctic, 10,000 miles away.

14—What French king ruled so long that he outlived his son and grandson and was succeeded by his great-grandson?
A.—Louis XIV, who reigned for seventy-three years from his coronation at the age of five until his death in 1715.

15—What country is the largest foreign market for American-made automobiles?
A.—In 1926 Brazil purchased more American cars than any other country. The next largest consumers were Australia, Argentina, and Canada.

16—What is the fastest speed ever made by an airplane?
A.—The present official record is slightly more than 278 miles an hour, and is held by Bonnet, a French aviator.

17—What is the oldest university in the Western Hemisphere?
A.—The University of San Marcas, Lima, Peru, founded in 1551 by the Spaniards.

18—What are the oldest living things in the United States?
A.—The sequoia trees in the Sierra Nevada Mountains in the western United States, some of which are estimated to be more than 4,000 years old.

19—What high naval office was abolished after the Spanish-American War?
A.—The rank of commodore. James Clarkson Gillmore, who died in June, 1927, was the last officer to hold the rank, which was abolished in 1899.

20—How many races were won and lost by Man o' War?
A.—Man o' War won nineteen races and lost one. The loss of this one race—the Sanford at Saratoga—was attributed to his having been caught in a pocket.

One Drop
Stops most painful corn in 3 seconds

HERE is a new and totally different way to treat a corn or a callus. One drop stops all pain. You wear tight shoes, walk, dance, in comfort, **instantly and at once.** Acts like a local anaesthetic, really amazing.

Then soon the corn shrivels and loosens. You peel it off with your fingers, like dead skin. No more dangerous paring.

Works alike on any corn or callus, no matter where it is, how old or how painful. Ask your druggist for "Gets-It." You will be delighted.

"GETS-IT"
World's Fastest Way

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The BELLE of Barnesville

The Story of a Man Who Was Ashamed of His Wife

By VIÑA DELMAR

(Reading time: 22 minutes 30 seconds.)

SUDDENLY he was engaged to marry her. He had come to visit with the sole intention of asking her to go to a movie. She had accepted delightedly; then conversation had perished.

"I see Bill Evans is going to rent out the first floor of his house," she said, after a time. "It will be ideal for a small family—just two or three people."

"Yes," he agreed; "I wish that we—"

"We can," she said promptly, and with a shy but deft gesture buried her face on his shoulder.

Jack had always made it a point to accept things as they came. Now was not the moment to tell her what he had meant. She would be hurt if she knew that his "we" had included only his mother and sister.

Well, he was engaged to marry Emily Blair, the belle of Barnesville. A dozen other fellows had wanted her, and here he was, the winner, without even half trying.

She was very close to him now, and he was at last aware that her lips were raised. He kissed her. She sighed rapturously.

"Oh, Jack!" she said with girlish candor.

Jack smiled. Was this how history was made? Had Paris innocently commented on the climate of Troy, and found Helen, a moment later, packing for the voyage?

"Well, I'll see you at the movies," he said.

One side of Emily's lusterless brown hair was ruffled where Jack's shoulder had deserted it without fair warning. He regarded her calmly. She was very short, a scant five feet, and even at that she was too thin.

Her legs suggested a precocious ten-year-old. Even pigeon-toes, the bane of a mother's life, had pursued Emily into her twentieth year. Her eyes were blue—the eyes of a small-town belle. Correct eyes; not bold like brown eyes, nor dreamy like gray.

She wore a short plaid skirt and a stiff white blouse with a little black ribbon at the neck. The ribbon was held in place by Aunt Myra's garnet pin. It was a flat, dull stone with four tiny cylinders of garnet bobbing from the bottom of it. The four tiny cylinders jingled their disapproval as Emily raised her arms to embrace her fiancé.

Pictures by J. W. SCHLAIKJER

"Well, I'll see you at the movies," Jack said again. He opened the door and gained the street.

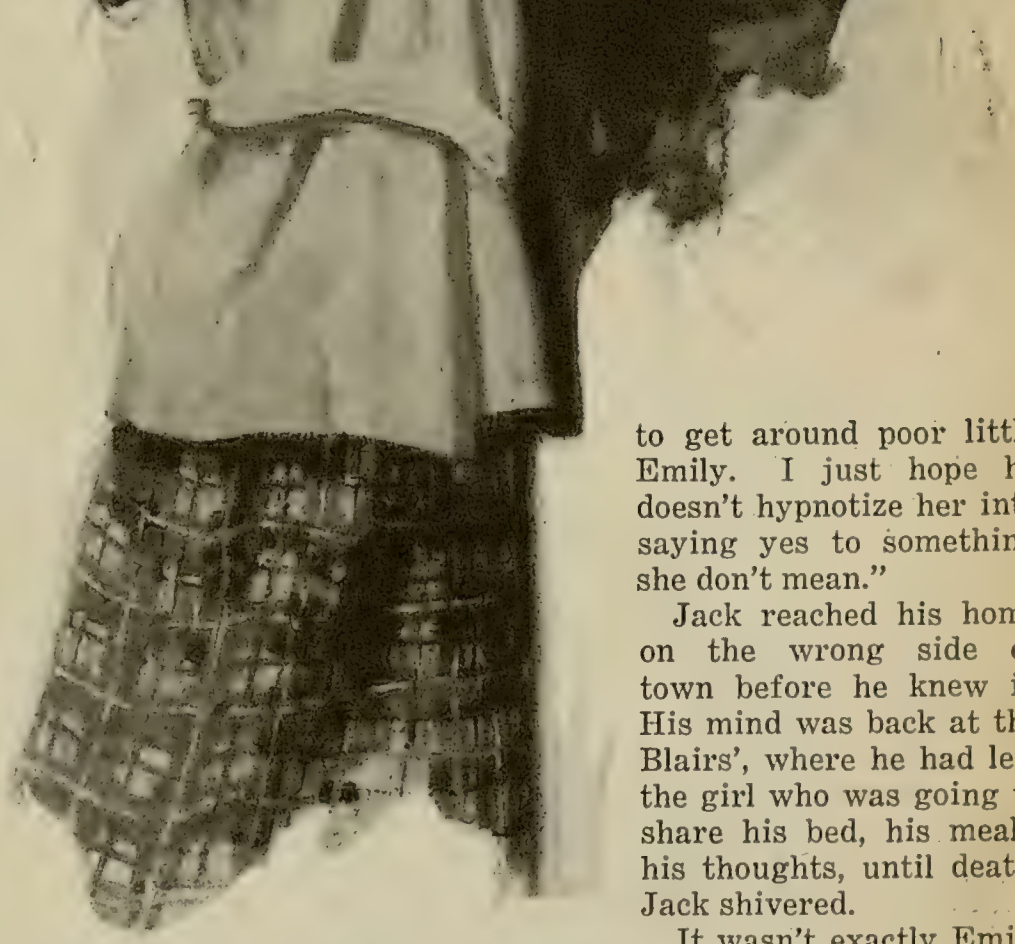
Mrs. Compton, on the porch across the way, said to her sister, "There goes Jack Dayne out of Blairs' house. Look at that expression on his face, Lou. I'll bet that he asked Emily to marry him and that she turned him down."

"What would Emily want with him? She's mighty popular, you know. I guess she could have nearly any boy in Barnesville."

"But he's right handsome," Mrs. Compton pointed out. "He looks a lot like the Prince of Wales, I think. Then, he's got a job in Philadelphia that kinda gives him a foreign touch."

Mrs. Compton's sister snorted. "Yes, a job in a hotel. I hope Emily ain't considering a hotel man."

Mrs. Compton rocked back and forth solemnly. "He meets so many different women in his business, he probably knows just how to get around poor little Emily. I just hope he doesn't hypnotize her into saying yes to something she don't mean."



He kissed her. She sighed rapturously.

Jack reached his home on the wrong side of town before he knew it. His mind was back at the Blairs', where he had left the girl who was going to share his bed, his meals, his thoughts, until death. Jack shivered.

It wasn't exactly Emily who produced the shiver. Emily, after all, would make a wonderful wife. She was pretty, a jolly companion, kind, and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE BELLE OF BARNESVILLE]
[Continued from Page Forty-seven]

sweet-tempered. She would make a wonderful wife. But—forever! And she was probably a peach of a cook, too. But—forever!

In the kitchen he found Sister Lola perched on the washtub, reading a bit on fashions.

"Say, you're just the fellow I want to see," she greeted him. "Where were you? You get one day off a week and spend about an hour of it with us."

"It takes me an hour to get here from the hotel," Jack explained. "And I stopped to see someone. What do you want me for?"

"I want to borrow five dollars."

"For what?"

"A pair of stockings, a lipstick, and a carton of cigarets for Eddie and me. Eddie's broke this week."

Jack laughed into the earnest little face before him. He loved his pretty, painted sister, and worried for her prettiness. So young, eighteen, and already talked about on Barnesville verandas.

"Why don't you marry Eddie?" he asked.

Lola shook her head.

"Not while I'm conscious," she replied. "He's a Gilman, and I'm the daughter of a divorced woman and live on the wrong side of town. I've been to roadhouses, and I smoke in public, and I'm not invited to the bridge parties. Eddie needs someone like Emily Blair. I'm going to have babies some day, Jack, and I don't want them to catch me with an inferiority complex."

"Thus speaks the frivolous flapper," said Jack.

He laid ten dollars on the washtub beside Lola and walked toward the dining-room.

"Mother in there?" he asked.

"No; she's gone driving with that brush salesman from Philadelphia."

Jack watched Lola thoughtfully as she tucked the ten dollars away in the pocket of her sweater. She wasn't the belle of Barnesville—far from it. Yet she was prettier than Emily.

"I'm going to marry Emily Blair," he said suddenly. "I hope you'll like each other. I think I'll go lie down for a while."

DOPEY KAHN was telling his story again. The other bell-hops listened with ill-concealed incredulity. They didn't like Dopey Kahn. He was too old to be a bell-hop and he was full of the bunk.

"I don't care whether you believe it or not. My Uncle Ben owns the Charlemagne in Cleveland, the Rosemont in Detroit, and the Caldwell in Buffalo. He's a bachelor, and I get those three hotels when he turns up his toes, see? Only, I have to learn the business from the ground up. He got me this job. He didn't want me around his places while I was learning, because some day I'm going to walk in there as boss. Get that?"

"Aw, bolony!" said Jimmy, a freckle-faced boy of seventeen. "You'll be bell-hopping when I get Jack Dayne's job at the desk."

"Yes; and you know what Jack Dayne'll be doing when you get his job? He'll be managing the Hotel Rosemont for me, unless I build a new one here in Philly."

"You're full of bunk," said Jimmy.

Dopey Kahn's gaze crept with pitying scorn over the frail form of Jimmy.

"Some day, kid," he said, "I'll give a million dollars to charity and won't miss it."

He longed desperately for a glorious, soul-satisfying jag which

Jack Dayne, leaning across the desk and listening to the chatter of the bell-hops, laughed.

Dopey's glance sought his.

"You're not laughing at me, Mr. Dayne?" he asked. "I always thought you believed me when I said that my Uncle Ben owned the Charlemagne in—"

"I do, Dopey," Jack answered quickly. "I believe you; but a million dollars is a large order."

"Well, I'll give it to charity some day and not think much of it."

Dopey snapped his fingers carelessly.

"And that's why they call him Dopey," chanted Jimmy as he ran to relieve a husky, red-faced man of his valises.

WHY did they call him Dopey? Jack wondered as he dealt out a suite of rooms to Jimmy's husky find. Kahn was a good bell-hop. As for the story about his Uncle Ben, Jack believed it. No, Dopey Kahn had not earned his nickname, whereas he, Jack Dayne, had that morning secretly married Emily Blair.

Emily had thought a secret wedding would be so romantic. Even a formal ceremony with white satin and bridesmaids would not be so suitable for the belle of Barnesville as a runaway, clandestine marriage to her handsome but lowly lover.

"Don't think that I want a secret wedding to get out of inviting your mother and sister," she said, when he met her at the station.

"It isn't that. I'm not at all narrow-minded about those things. I always shut my girl friends right up when they start talking about Lola. I say, 'Yes, she's wild, but harmless, I'm sure.'"

Emily had said that as she clung to his arm and beamed up at him. Emily had said that, and Jack had held a great silence—but they called the dark, slim bell-hop, Dopey.

Oh, well— "Checking out, sir? Let's see. Two days. That'll be sixteen dollars."

EMILY was back in Barnesville, busy keeping her secret. If she only told the Miller girls and Betsy Wright and the church organist, perhaps his family wouldn't hear of it before he told them himself. Lola would be hurt if someone else broke the news to her.

But, after all, the deuce with Lola! She probably did a lot of things that she didn't tell him about. He'd always thought that the gossip about her was unfounded. But Emily knew how to set facts before a fellow. No sentimental veering from touchy subjects. Facts—cold facts.

Emily didn't come to live in Philadelphia. Her mother thought it would be a crime for her to go

ruining her stomach in restaurants.

"She's always had the best eggs and milk," Mrs. Blair said, shaking her head reproachfully at Jack. "I'm sure a week of restaurant food would lay Emily low. The food I put on my table is fit for a king. Emily always has the best."

Emily's cheeks at her mother's words.

"Go on, mother; make some lemonade," said Emily.

Mrs. Blair picked herself up and departed.

"She talks too much," said Emily, with annoyance.

Jack didn't stay overnight at the Blairs'. There was a look in Mrs. Blair's eyes that made him uncomfortable, so he hurried home. Perhaps he would get a cup of coffee. Mother and Lola always had coffee at midnight, provided they both were there. Lemonade! What a drink!

Jack shook his head. "No; I've been promoted. That's what it is. It means I can make a home for Emily and settle down."

"Yes," said Mrs. Dayne, looking sharply at her son; "it means you can make a home for Emily and settle down. But for Pete's sake, honey, don't go crying about it."

would blot out all memory. But with painful clarity he continued to view Emily's night at the hotel.

Emily sat prim and smiling. A mother is a great help in a situation like this.

"We'll expect you to spend your days off with us," Mrs. Blair continued. "Emily has always been mighty popular and there'll be a lot of young people dropping in. Many a boy in Barnesville was sorely disappointed when Emily made her final choice."

"Oh, mother!" said Emily, with a fairly good flush of embarrassment.

"Well, so they were," Mrs. Blair insisted.

She looked at Jack then, and he saw that she too was disappointed. He knew that he earned more money than any self-supporting boy in town. He felt certain that Emily's mother had no pick against him, but he was not surprised when she asked abruptly, "How are Lola and your mother?"

"They're well, thank you."

"Almost time Lola got married, ain't it?"

"She's only eighteen."

"Yes—but so different from Emily. Emily has really only been grown up this past year. When she was eighteen she was still a regular little girl. My lands, she was as innocent as a drop of water!"

A very honest flush leaped to

HIS mother met him at the kitchen door. She was a large woman who had begun to "run to flesh." One thought of the good old chorus girls and their generous curves, looking at Mrs. Dayne.

"There's a telegram for you, Jack," she said. "It came around six o'clock. I'd have looked for you, only I knew where you were."

She had not opened the telegram. That would have been prying into Jack's business. Instead, she stood behind him and read the message over his shoulder.

"Hm," she said. "I should have gone after you. It says to report right back at the hotel, and it's been here since dinner-time. I wonder what they want."

"I know," said Jack. "Henry Norton died yesterday. They want to tell me that I'm the new assistant manager of the hotel."

"Don't be counting your chickens before they're hatched," his mother admonished.

JACK DAYNE sat looking out of a window on the sixteenth floor of New York's newest hotel. Idly he watched the traffic stream along in the sunlight. Taxis, trucks, huge, showy cars, little business-like sedans, a hansom cab.

"Jack, will you please go downstairs? If the telephone rings for you again, I'll shriek."

Jack left his place at the window. A hurt look in his eyes softened the heart of the woman on the chaise-longue.

"I like to have you here, honey, but you can't be the manager of a big hotel and sit and mope at a window all day."

He said nothing. His eyes wandered thoughtfully over the lacy negligée, on to the well massaged face and carefully waved hair.

Jack laughed amusedly.

"By gosh, mother, you and Lola would pass for sisters," he said.

"Don't be silly; we do," returned Mrs. Dayne haughtily.

Jack walked toward the door, thinking of the questions people asked:

"Is the lady in sixteen-two your wife? No? Your mother! My goodness! Oh, the pretty, dark girl with the amazing eyes is your wife? Oh, your sister? You're

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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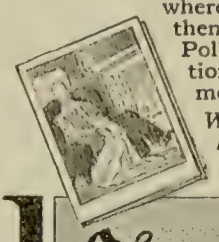

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[THE BELLE OF BARNESVILLE
Continued from Page Forty-nine]

married, aren't you? Well, where is your wife?"

Jack hurried along the quiet, spacious hall to the elevator. He wondered what people would say if Emily were ensconced in the manager's suite instead of Lola, with her chic, airy mannerisms and her gay, trilling laugh.

If they spoke the truth, they would say, "Good heavens, Jack, is that washed-out blonde with the pigeon-toes your wife?"

But they couldn't speak the truth. He was the manager—the big guy who did favors. Instead they would say:

"Is that your wife in sixteen-two? Is that so? Beautiful children you have, Jack."

Yes, beautiful children he had: beautiful hostages—adored clubs that Emily held over him.

"Oh, you are going to a matinée with Bill, are you? Then the children can't see the circus. Taxi or no taxi, I can't take two children to the circus. Tell Bill you can't go, or else disappoint Junior and Bess."

Or else:

"Is that so? You had some business, did you? I don't believe it. If you don't get home here when you say you'll get home, I'll take those two kids of yours where you'll never lay eyes on them again."

All right for Lola to say that Emily was just blustering. Fine for Lola. Her heartstrings weren't wound around two tiny individuals who would go unprotestingly and defenselessly where Emily commanded. And it was in Emily to command. Jack knew that. Well, he was going home for dinner. No use making himself blue thinking of Emily's shortcomings. She could read him like a book.

Home was a four-room apartment, half an hour's ride from the hotel. The building had a garden court in the center. Emily liked to stand there and gossip with the neighbors.

EMILY opened the door for him. They never could keep a maid more than a week. Emily was cooking. She wore a stiff white apron held neatly to her dress by Aunt Myra's garnet pin. The children ran to meet him, and Emily returned to the kitchen without a word.

With a child clinging to each hand, he followed her.

"Lola's engaged to be married," he said.

"To whom?" Emily's tone implied that the person couldn't be much.

"To Lonnie Chivers."

"Hm," said Emily. "Sudden, isn't it?"

"Not exactly. He's a devil of a nice kid. He's the champ, too, you know."

"A prize-fighter!" jeered Emily. "I'm surprised at Lola being able to love such a brutal type of man."

Jack laughed. "I guess you never saw any lightweight fighters," he said. "Lonnie, with his hundred and thirty pounds of brute strength, isn't very gorilla-like."

Emily snorted and mashed the potatoes.

"Barnesville, Barnesville, Barnesville!" scrunched the masher as it moved sluggishly around the saucepan.

How would it seem to the newspaper-reading public if Jack Dayne, manager of New York's newest hotel, dapper in his well tailored tweeds, suddenly reached out his hands and, in the presence of his two children, strangled his wife to death?

Fiendish, the people would say. Fiendish, indeed! Emily mashed the potatoes while her lips moved busily. She was counting to see when a child could be born to Lola with social safety.

"Barnesville, Barnesville, Barnesville!"

"How is your mother?" she asked primly, having decided that Lola had probably been forced into matrimony.

"She's fine, thank you."

"I hope she enjoys living in my suite."

Jack uttered a low, moaning oath. "Must we have that every time I come home? You know perfectly well why I took this apartment. I like to get away from the hotel."

"You're a liar," said the belle of Barnesville.

Jack said nothing. He *was* a liar, but was it not kinder this way than to tell her that the manager's wife could not sit in the lobby of the hotel and gossip about the guests, as Emily would certainly do? Would it be noble to tell her that she fitted not at all into the gay, pacing conversations of his friends, among whom Lola was the leading wit?

Could he tell her that her bridge work, which was the best job that a Barnesville dentist could do for twenty dollars, was impossible and needed ripping out? Could he tell her that Aunt Myra's garnet pin and the clothes she picked out for herself wouldn't look so well down at the hotel?

He had married the belle of Barnesville, and she was still just that. He was a liar, all right, and he'd have to stay a liar; for the kids loved Emily. And there a fellow was—chained for life by two little pairs of hands that hadn't asked to be brought into existence.

"Do you realize that I've never even been down to the hotel?" She was talking again.

"Yes, I realize it perfectly," he replied.

YES, beautiful children he had—adored clubs that Emily held over him.

"I suppose I'm not good enough for your grand hotel. I'm only good enough to bring up your kids. Well, five years ago, when you were only a clerk and I was the most popular girl in town, you were glad enough to have me."

"Emily, Junior is four years old. He is a normal child with normal intelligence. Do you think it right that you say such things to me with him standing here?"

Emily sat down and began to cry. Jack served the dinner. It had been like this for two years: tears, scorching words, angry glances.

At one time, Emily had been given to assuring him that other men still found her attractive. But once she had gone to a party with a yellow-haired neighbor who had a raft of boy friends. Emily had returned quiet and low-spirited. Since that night she had never reminded Jack of her ability to attract men.

A representative evening, this! Jack lay in his bed late and reflected. Emily was beside him, already asleep. From a café, just behind the apartment house, strains of music came through the open window:

> And I'll marry the belle of Barcelona—
> Oh, maybe I will and maybe I won't.

Jack smiled a thin little ironic smile. The belle of Barcelona! What would she be like when her adoring swain brought her to New York? Would she have horrible Barcelona bridge work and the mind of a fishwife where other women were concerned?

The warm, starry spring night followed the music through the window. Jack's pulse stirred languidly. It was a night to be driving with a lovely woman, on, on to folly's end. It was a night to hold a woman close, to talk of love—love that did not end in an uptown apartment with a lease and two months' concession if you put up a fight for it.

But there could be no lovely woman. If there were a lovely woman you were punished. You were punished in a way that you could not bear.

A gray-haired individual who had not married the belle of Barnesville, and who was not a hotel manager, would choke back his sobs and give full custody of the children to Emily Dayne.

Jack shuddered. Oh, God, to have them grow up without knowing him! No, there could be no lovely woman. Never, never, never.

Well, a fellow had to get some sleep. Remember that counting-sheep business? One—two—three—four—five—

THE hotel had been open a year. Anniversary night. Great excitement in the Siam Room and the Florentine Grill. All tables reserved. Excitement. "Mr. Dayne, can you manage this?" "Mr. Dayne, I must see you at once." Mr. Dayne this, that, and the other thing.

Jack was proud of his hotel. The people at his table had drunk too much, but he knew that their praise was not too lavish.

Jack danced twice with Lola, though Lonnie pretended to be furious. His mother didn't need his attentions. There was a widower mentioned in *Bradstreet* who was busy telling her that his first wife had never understood him.

Other people at his table were Penn Garrison, the writer; his wife, Marjorie Markham, who was already a successful actress at twenty-three; and the cartoonist, Billy Merrill. Carla Sheehan, of the Follies, swept in at midnight to join the party on Merrill's invitation.

"Say," said Billy suddenly, "aren't you married, Jack?"

"Yes," Jack returned. "Why?"

"Where's your wife?"

"Home, I guess."

Carla Sheehan giggled.

"You can't be sure, Jack," she said archly.

"She should be here," Billy said, with drunken imperialism. "It's a damn shame. You should have your wife or your sweetheart. You're a lone man, Jack. Get your wife."

Jack managed a thin smile.

"Sorry—can't be done, Billy. She'd be sore if I telephoned her at this hour."

A waiter glided to Jack's side.

Jack left the table. There was always something to attend to. Jack attended to the immediate something and turned back toward the Siam Room. At the stairs he was brought up short by the sight of a familiar face.

A man who wore his dress clothes awkwardly stood in the doorway of the Siam Room, smiling across at him.

"Hello, there, Dayne!"

"Well, I'll be damned! Kahn!"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

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GENERAL OFFICES:
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
at the
"Cross-roads of the Nation"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

"Dopey Kahn. That's right. I just dropped in to see your fireworks. Got a chair for me?"

"Surest thing you know. Right at my table. How are things?"

"Fine. You heard, I suppose, that I have the hotels?"

"Yes; glad to hear it."

"Got them nearly two years now. I never saw so much money in my life. It can't be right."

"Do you remember when you used to say that some day you'd give a million dollars to charity?"

Kahn laughed heavily. "Could do it now, boy. That is, I could pay an installment of about a hundred thousand and keep paying on account till I was clear."

DURING the introduction, Jack noticed that Billy Merrill and his sweetheart seemed amused about something. Then Billy said:

"Well, Jack, you won't be alone now. Your wife's coming down."

"What!"

"Sure. I called her up. She said she'd be glad to come. Sounded lonesome, the poor little thing."

Jack dug deep and found a wanly defiant smile.

"You're kidding me," he said hopefully. "I have two children that can't be left alone."

"She said her mother had come today for a visit and that she was free."

Jack said nothing. It was going to happen. Emily was about to meet his friends. He might have known that it could not be put off forever, but it struck him as pretty sad that God had created thick-skulled Billy Merrill, whose mission in life was probably just this, to force an issue in the life of Jack Dayne.

He noticed that his mother had stopped whispering with her infatuated friend; that Lola was not listening to Lonnie's chatter; that Kahn was staring soberly in front of him in deference to his host's discomfort.

Did he seem so stricken?

Something had to be done at once to make his party as merry as the one at the next table. But what? Every effort fell flat. His witticisms were feeble, the laughter of his guests was perfunctory and absent-minded. They were waiting to see Mrs. Dayne.

Carla Sheehan, in a gold tissue gown, had a mocking light in her eyes. She was waiting to see the woman who had made it impossible for her to hang Jack's scalp at her belt. She thought it was Emily who had held Jack back—she didn't know about the two little hostages.

Emily arrived.

Kahn was the only one at the table who didn't stare at her. Even Jack's mother and Lola looked as if they had never seen her before.

Emily had rouged for the occasion. A brazen patch of scarlet on each cheek had satisfied her. At variance with the rouge was the modesty of her dress. It was orchid, and Emily had stuck yards of tulle around the front and back.

Her hair hung in strings around her face. And there, as large as life on her orchid bosom, was Aunt Myra's garnet pin.

Jack didn't remember half a second later what he had said to her, but she was seated between Kahn and himself.

"So glad you came, dear," said Carla Sheehan. "This party is dying on its feet."

"Well, you needn't expect me to bring it to life," said Emily. "I'm a dead one myself. This is the first time I've been out in I don't know when."

"What's the matter with Jack?" Carla queried. "Doesn't he take you around?"

"He does—like fun. I go weeks without ever even seeing a movie—and when I think how popular I was before I got married!"

"I don't wonder," said Carla sweetly. "How did you happen to pick Jack out?"

How little urging it took to get Emily to tell about being the belle of Barnesville and how she had had her choice of the whole town.

"I often think," she said coyly, "that it was because I lived on the good side of town that Jack wanted to marry me."

She was expansive, genial. She told all about her first baby. She asked Marjorie Markham if Garrison was her husband, and, upon being told that he was, advised Marjorie to have a baby.

"I imagine the stage is nice," Emily said. "Before I was married I wanted to be an actress. Everybody said I'd be good at it, but I don't know. There's nothing like a baby."

Jack bit right through the cigarette-holder.

"Mrs. Garrison has one," he said.

"Well, how could I know that, dear? She didn't say so."

"Possibly you didn't give her a chance," suggested Jack's mother.

Emily glared at her mother-in-law, and Carla Sheehan giggled.

"Isn't it funny that we all should be here?" remarked Emily, her glare fading into nothingness. "Back in Barnesville, I only went to the best parties. I was the leading member of the younger set, you know. But here in New York all kinds of people go to the same parties. They thought divorced women were quite beyond the pale in Barnesville."

The elder Mrs. Dayne smiled. It was easy for her to smile. Her gown was correct and modish, her hair perfectly groomed. Poor Emily!

"Have a drink," said Jack. He looked ready to pour it forcibly down his wife's throat.

Emily tittered. "A drink? Oh, I don't know, Jack. Are the other ladies drinking?"

"No," said Billy Merrill. "The other ladies are wallowing in it."

Jack gritted his teeth. Emily, shy and clinging, with her blue eyes gazing up at him appealingly—Emily who domineered, who shouted curses—

He wondered what the others were thinking. Probably that he treated Emily like a dog.

"Dear, do you think I ought to take a drink?"

As if she cared what he thought!

"Yes, take a drink," he answered. "I'll take one with you—a strong one."

Emily gulped her drink.

"Oh," she said, "it's hot and it tastes nasty."

"Your first drink, dear?" asked Carla.

Carla knew that Jack was listening to her, damning her, hating her.

"Let's drink a toast," she suggested. "To the belle of Barnesville!"

THREE drinks made Emily ask again if Penn Garrison were married to Marjorie Markham. Four drinks, and she told how none of her crowd would have been seen in Lola's company.

Jack couldn't stop her now.

In time Emily reached the giggling stage and talked loudly and importantly. She told everything she knew and half she suspected. She wanted to go see the musicians, and Carla led her to their corner. The other members of the party were still quiet and self-possessed, though a trifle gay-spirited.

Jack was cold sober. The liquor left him untouched. He longed desperately for a glorious, soul-satisfying jag which would blot out all memory. But with painful clarity he continued to view Emily's night at the hotel.

And this sort of thing, now that the ice had been broken, would continue. She would expect to come to the hotel often. She would meet the Baxters and Paul Hewitt. Oh, for a place to take her! Or to be able to make a decent living for those little hostages on a South Sea isle or in darkest Russia!

Why the devil had he left Barnesville? To get ahead in the world? Was this getting ahead in the world? He had brought Emily to a place where she didn't belong. A kitten doesn't bark, but it has a nice enough purr. In Barnesville she was a wife who could be ushered with a sense of triumph into the social life. Well, go back to Barnesville—as a clerk in the dry-goods store, as a plumber, as anything—

Yes; but Junior and Bess—where was the money coming from for good schools and colleges? Oh, God, was there no way out?

Then he called himself a cad to be ashamed of his wife. Any young American would tell him so, but he wished he could see some other young American presenting her to Mrs. Jarvis Baxter without flinching. And—forever!

Once Dopey Kahn spoke. It was when Emily took the eighth drink and cried because the waiters didn't know she was Mrs. Jack Dayne.

"It will be over soon," Kahn said to Jack, with the calm authority that a surgeon uses to a writhing, unanesthetized patient.

It was. Five minutes later, Emily buried her face in her arms and her hair in the lobster à la Newburg.

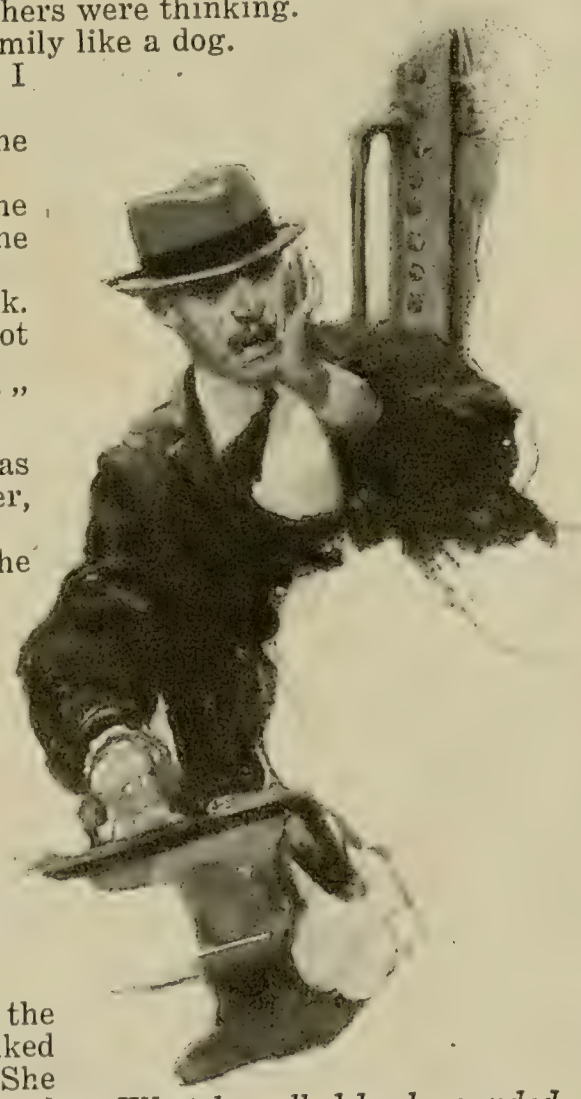
HOURS later they sat together in Jack's office. The dawn was fresh and golden on the city, and Emily was ten floors away, sleeping soundly. It was cozy and reassuring to be alone with Kahn, the man whom the boys had called Dopey. A great, awed feeling came over Jack as he listened to Kahn's words—the feeling we have when our prayers are answered.

"So there's the proposition," Kahn said. "I came to see you about it tonight, not realizing that it was your big night and no time to talk business; but, since we're here together, I guess it's all right. I'm going to spend a hundred thousand dollars building the hotel, and it will be a nice place—"

"But, Kahn, there'll be no business. Barnesville is too close to Philadelphia. It will cost you a fortune before you attract people."

"You teaching your boss the hotel game? Come on, Dayne; say you'll manage it for me for the same salary you're getting here. You always liked Barnesville, and there's nobody but you I'd want in my first real business deal."

"Kahn, I'll do it if you'll start building at once."



What he called back sounded like, "Woman, I gave it!"

KAHN is a nice enough fellow, but very peculiar. For instance, one day last week I met him on a train. As the scenery whizzed past us, I said:

"Mr. Kahn, I'm sure you're interested in my cause. You're going to give five dollars toward the fund for the starving children of Bulmanian exiles, aren't you?"

"Sorry, I can't do it."

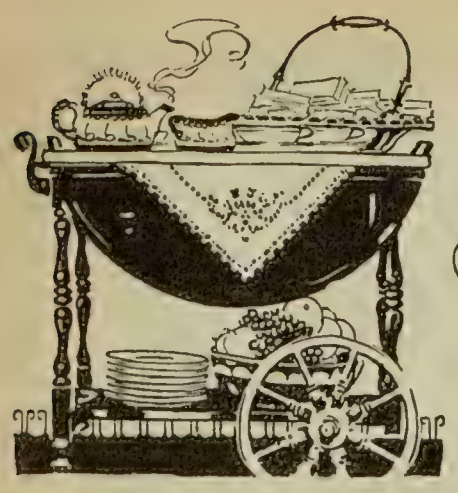
"Come," I wheedled. "Aren't you the fellow who was going to give a million dollars to charity?"

"Barnesville! Barnesville!" shouted the conductor.

Kahn grabbed his grip and rushed ahead of me. What he called back over his shoulder sounded like—

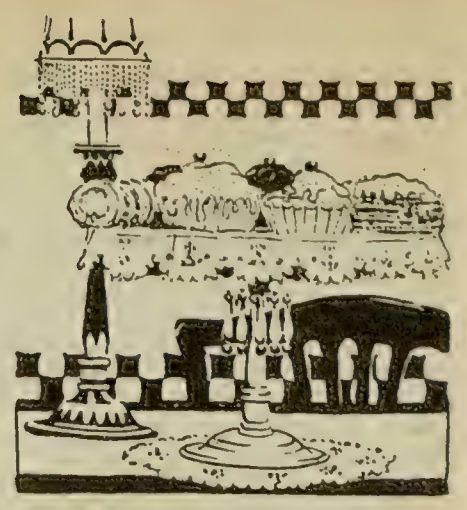
"Woman, I gave it!"

Perhaps you find this tale somewhat too bitter and cynical for your taste? Then try an antidote. Read Home for the Night, on page 24 of this issue.



TIME-SAVING AUGUST MENUS

By ETHEL SOMERS



GETTING mother out of the kitchen for summertime leisure too often spells poor meals for the family. Such need not be the result if the housewife is a schemer. Concentrated cooking with purposely planned left-overs will develop commendable menus with a minimum of kitchen-spent time.

Herewith is given a suggestive series of menus planned for a period of two weeks. Even the breads are home-baked, and yet, if the menus are carried out in the given sequence, they should work no great hardships on the cook.

Such definite menu plans permit weekly marketing and encourage a baking schedule with its saving of gas and dishes. Three bakings planned and scheduled to advantage through the two weeks will amply provide bread, cake, pastry, and other dainties. Weekly meal plans stimulate purposeful left-overs with which to minimize the next day's cooking, and they also promote balanced menus. In short, with a great saving in energy, time, and money, they provide wholesome menus at a minimum expenditure of effort.

KNOWING your family's preferences, you can still further revise these menus, reducing the work by substituting easily prepared favorites for the more elaborate items. In fact, except for the scheduled times of concentrated cooking, wise scheming will reduce daily dinner cookery to from fifteen to forty minutes. Nor will the dinners be stinted.

The proper sequence in preparation and service is all-important. In the suggestive menus herein, for example, the purposely left-over cake foundation of Saturday's Jelly Roll is the basis of Sunday's Ice-box Cake, Monday's Frosted Sponge Drops, and Tuesday's Shortcake. See that the salads also follow logically one after another in utilizing left-over materials as well as in preparation.

Instantaneous beverage syrups, simplified baking mixes, quick nutritious beverages, main dish salads and sandwiches, all featured in LIBERTY'S three cook books, will help you to get out of the kitchen this summer. Are you taking advantage of what they offer? If so, are you utilizing them to the full?

It is true that by studying how best to plan and cook nutricious and appetite-tempting meals for the family, a housewife renders a great service. It is also true that economy of time allows her leisure in which to improve her mind, her health, and her looks, equally important in keeping a family content and happy.

AUGUST MENUS FOR TWO WEEKS

References to LIBERTY Cook Books: A = 100 Standard Recipes; B = Hot Weather Recipes; C = Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks.

(For example: 6A after a menu item would refer to page 6 of 100 Standard Recipes.)

MONDAY

Meat Loaf, 15B Franconia Browned Potatoes, 20B
Baked Tomatoes, 24B
Bran Muffins, 9A Baked Buttered Beets
Green Salad, 17C Celery Dressing, 15C Fruitade, 7C
Cherry Pie, 44B and 20A

TUESDAY

Cream of Asparagus Soup, 64B
Cold Sliced Meat Loaf Tomato Succotash, 24B
Creamed New Potatoes, 21B
Pickled Beets, 63B
Nut Bread, 10A
Watermelon Cocktail, 61B Lemonade, 7C

WEDNESDAY

Broiled Chops, 7 and 8B
Reheated Bran Muffins Blackberry Jam
Pear Salad, 22C or 29 and 30B Orangeade, 7C
Banana Cream Pie, 21A

THURSDAY

Iced Canteloupe, 60B
Breaded Veal Cutlet, 17B
(Cover frypan and cook on top of stove)
Cauliflower, Browned, 26B Peas, 48A or 27B
Left-over Nut Bread
Cucumber Salad, 32 and 34B; 45, 44, 42C
Baked Summer Apples, 45B Cream
Grape Juice Punch, 8C

FRIDAY

Cream Tomato Soup
or
Fresh Pea Soup, 53A
Baked Whole Fish with Dressing, 38A
Boston Brown Bread, 10A Butter
Creamed Wax Beans
Cauliflower Salad, 44C
Berry Cream Tarts, 45B

SATURDAY

Liver and Bacon, 10B
Au Gratin New Potatoes, 21B
Asparagus (27B) with Butter Sauce
Cabbage Salad, 33B Iced Tea, 8C
Rolls, 14A Honey
Lemon Cream, 21A; Jelly Roll, 29A or 38B

SUNDAY

Roast of Veal, 14B, or Southern Chicken, 18B
Southern Sweet Potatoes, 20B
Steamed Beet Greens, 22B Corn on the Cob, 24B
Ice-box Rolls, 55B Jam
Pineappleade, 7C
Ice-box Cake, Fruit Filled, 38B

MONDAY

Vegetable Soup, 54A
Veal or Chicken Croquettes, 47A
Savory Rice Border (see filling for Green Peppers, 25B)
Reheated Rolls Butter
Rhubarb Punch, 8C
Frosted Sponge Drops, 29A (baked in small cups)
Chilled Fruit or Berries (Fresh Fruit Service, 62B)

TUESDAY

Baked Ham Slice, 17B Candied Sweet Potatoes, 20B
Creamed Asparagus, 23 and 27 B Pickled Beets, 63B
Blueberry Muffins, 9A or 41B Butter
Spring Salad, 32C
Iced Coffee, 8C
Fruit Shortcake (Peach with Sponge Base, 29A)

WEDNESDAY

Ham à la King, 10B Potato Nests, 19B
Baked Squash, 24B Escalloped Corn, 25B
Hot Baking-Powder Biscuits, 5A Butter
Loganberry Punch, 9C
Huckleberry Pie, 44B and 19A

THURSDAY

Macaroni Salad, 31C Boiled Ham
Olives Chilled Cucumbers, 42C
Graham Muffins, 9A Butter
Fresh Fruit, 62B, or Fruit Parfait, 43B
Coconut Meringue Kisses, 41B or 39B
Fruited Limeade, 11C

FRIDAY

Salmon Loaf or Timbale, 15B Green Peas, 27B
Potato Chips, 44A
Banana Salad, 25C Peanut Straws, 20C
Fruitade, 7C
Cornmeal Muffins, 9A
Meringue Shells (39B), Ice-Cream Filled (48B) with Fruit Sauce

SATURDAY

Whole-Wheat Fruited Bread Sandwiches filled with Crispy Peanut, 53C
Health Salad, 41C Toast Straws, 20C
Fruit Eggnog or Malted Milk, 4 and 5C
Fruit Ice, 49B Cake, 15A and 59A

SUNDAY

Melon Cocktail, 61B
Planked Steak, 16B
Baked Potatoes in the Half Shell, 19B
Stuffed Green Peppers, 25B
Corn Bread Reheated Currant Jelly
Warmed Cottage Pudding (left-over cake, steamed) with Fruit Sauce

HINTS

Sponge cake, if shut up air-tight, will keep fresh and moist for a week or more. In fact, it is better the second and third day than the first.

Nut and fruit bread, if quickly cooled in a draft and wrapped in wax paper, will keep several days. Seal the wax-paper ends by rubbing with a *warm* though not hot iron.

Freshen baking-powder biscuits, corn bread, and muffins by brushing them over with cold water on all sides and rebaking in a moderate oven (375° F.) for five to ten minutes just before serving.

Loaves of yeast bread and biscuits may be quickly dipped in and out of cold water and freshened in a moderate oven (375° F.) for five to twenty minutes, depending on size. Such a rebaked loaf may be sliced while warm and will appear to be freshly baked.

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Lillian Gish in an early film, and—

Lillian Gish

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Being the True Story of a Great Tragedienne

By

Sidney Sutherland

The full-fledged star of today.

REEL FIVE

(Reading time: 16 minutes.)

ABOUT the time of the Columbia Exposition in Chicago, the World's Fair of 1893, a young man named James Lee Gish left his home in Hummelstown, Pennsylvania, and went to Springfield, Ohio. He got a job as clerk in the wholesale grocery firm of S. B. Stiles & Co.

Little is known today of this youth's antecedents. There is a vague tradition in the Gish circle that the rather odd name is a corruption of a French surname, de Guise; and an even dimmer legend that says the founder of the American family was a scion of the celebrated de Guise household, who fled to the land of promise to escape military service in France.

This much is known: he was a slim, fair-haired, gray-eyed lad who professed the Episcopalian faith and who, according to his first-born, Lillian, handed to her his slender figure, his facial ensemble, and perhaps her genius for the artistic.

When James Lee Gish was about twenty-one years old, a few years later, he met an eighteen-year-old girl named Mary Robinson McConnell, in Urbana, Ohio, a near-by village, where he collected accounts from his firm's customers.

Very small and very blonde and very gentle, Mary McConnell presently discarded other suitors and married Gish.

They rented a little house on Linden Avenue, in Springfield, lived there a year, and then moved to a modest dwelling on Scott Street. And there was born Lillian Diana.

Thrift and a sense of new responsibilities bore their fruit: with their baby and their savings the young couple moved to Dayton, Ohio, where Gish opened a little candy store. The home was at 36 East Third Street. A year or so later Dorothy Elizabeth was born.

Presently Gish seems to have expanded a bit: he traveled about the Middle West with a carnival demonstrating hokey-pokey candy.

Hokey-pokey candy is at once a name and a description—you remember the white-coated man who swung a huge rope of yellow taffy in marvelous arcs on a hook and sold it in paper bags for a nickel.

The ancestry of Mary McConnell Gish is more susceptible to development than is that of her husband. Her grandfather was Samuel Robinson, an Ohio politician and a State Senator.

Her great-grandmother was Emily Ward, a celebrated poetess of upper New York State; and, because of definitely acknowledged connections that go back to 1650, her daughter Lillian is a member of the D. A. R. and is eligible to the roster of the Colonial Dames.

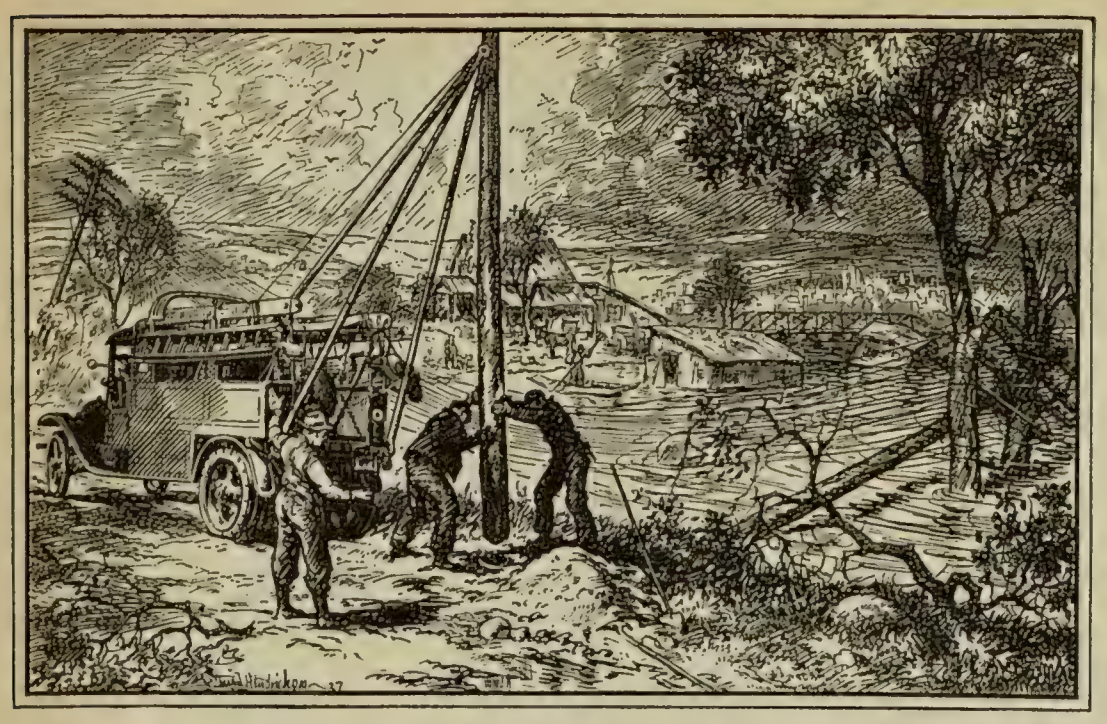
Some time after the beginning of the present century the little family moved to Baltimore, where Gish founded a candy factory under the name of Gish & Meisner. Then Gish died of pneumonia, and his body was taken back to Urbana by his widow for burial.

The mother and her infant daughters were left almost destitute. Mrs. Gish was manager for W. Z. Longquis' candy store in Springfield for a year, and saved her pennies.

As soon as she had carfare and a few dollars besides, she went to New York City and got a job as an actress in a little stock company playing at Proctor's Theater on Fourteenth Street.

Lillian Gish confesses to a treacherous and unsatisfactory memory. Dates and names and sequences seem to have found her granite to receive and wax to retain, so that when she pokes among the archives of recollection she

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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[LILLIAN GISH—THE INCOMPARABLE] Continued from Page Fifty-five

finds only the disorder and confusion of unlabeled pigeonholes.

I think that this is due to the fact that she is so self-sufficient unto herself; that she lives so alone inside of her ego, finding the ordinary episodes of existence scarcely worthy of a niche in her mental filing cabinet.

The reel of her career seems to be an undeviating continuity toward primacy as a tragedienne, with occasional close-ups, few cutbacks, and fewer subtitles.

"I wish Dorothy were here to answer that" (or "to explain this"), or "I don't remember about that. My mother could tell you, but she is ill and unable to speak."

When Lillian Gish (left) and Dorothy played child parts in road-show melodramas.

These exclamations are as frequent in her discourse as are her reticences and concealments behind the skirts of modesty. Of one thing she is in no whit ashamed: the little family was dreadfully impoverished and schooling was something she never was to experience.

"MOTHER played ingenue parts in the Fourteenth Street Theater," she said, picking up the story of her life after I had told her the foregoing results of my researches among the years before the family's arrival in New York City.

"We had very little money, and the second thing mother asked the manager after her plea for a job was for the address of a cheap boarding-house.

"When we reached the place, a house on Thirty-ninth Street, three doors east of Eighth Avenue, on the north side of the street, the landlady introduced us to a woman named Mrs. Gladys Smith, who was a character actress.

"She had three children, Gladys, Lottie, and Jack, and they played child parts in melodramas that went out to the one-night and week stands throughout the Middle West and South.

"Mrs. Smith and my mother became great friends, and we five children at once fell in love with each other. The two mothers pooled their nickels and fed us all at one table.

"Mother got another job to help meet expenses. In the mornings she would go to Brooklyn, where she was a demonstrator in a candy store, using the knowledge she had gained from my father's shop.

"Gladys would outwear a dress and then I would get it. I would hand it to Lottie as soon as Gladys had a new one, and Lottie would hand hers on to Dorothy. As new dresses came down the line from Gladys, Dorothy would hand the tattered garment to Jack. I don't know what became of it after Jack finished with it.

"Mrs. Smith suggested that mother find work for Dorothy and me in child parts at the theater. Presently all seven of us were working; and, just as Gladys' dresses were given to me, so were the rôles she played turned over to me.

"Perhaps this is a good place to tell you that Gladys Smith is rather more widely known today as Mary Pickford! David Belasco named her that when her beauty and wonderful curls and extraordinary talents attracted the notice of managers of better shows.

"There were many hardships in my childhood. I don't suppose I ever actually was hungry; but I was very frail and delicate and my life was often despaired of in our little group.

"The rooms at our boarding-house were small and dark and poorly furnished and eternally reeking of stale gas jets and mildewed plumbing.

"I used to sit on the fire escape, in a wilderness of ropes sagging with washing, trying to absorb a little sunshine into my feeble body. Once in a great while we would take a street car to a near-by park for a little fresh air.

"The Smith children and we met only during the blistering summer months. The blood-and-thunder shows we worked in went out on the road in September, played forty weeks, and wound up the season in March near New York City.

"During the tours we were all separated: Mary and Lottie and Jack would be with three different companies; Dorothy stayed with mother at first, and later went out herself.

"Our mothers turned us children over to older members of our troupes for protection.

"In the summers we all would return to Manhattan. Mrs. Smith would save expenses by going to Canada, where she had relatives who would keep her during the idle months.

"These relatives liked Lottie, but Mary was too wild and mischievous and Jack was too little. So the four of us children stayed in our horrible little rooms while mother worked full days in the Brooklyn confectionery.

"I REMEMBER how Mary hated to stay in the same house with me all day. I was so thin and quiet that Mrs. Smith used to whisper to my mother:

"'Mary, you'll never in the world be able to bring Lillian up. She is too delicate; and besides, she is too good to live. I do wish Gladys would be more like her.'

"This terrified the future Mary Pickford. She seemed to think her mother meant I would just simply expire some day and be taken bodily up to heaven, and she was terrified at the prospect of being left alone with me!

"I like to dwell on the thought that back in those days of desperate poverty and ceaseless work

there began one of the few great friendships of my life—for I think Mary Pickford is the finest woman I have ever known, my most beloved friend. I shall talk more about her later.

"THEY were rather astonishing experiences, those early days in the melodrama road shows. The first play I remember going out with was In Convict's Stripes, and I made my début as a child actress in a town with a rather propitious name, even if its population was less than five hundred souls—Rising Sun, Ohio. A Mrs. Niles, a character actress, was what might be called my chaperon.

"It was the usual old-time melodrama with the sensational climax, as always, in the third act. This took place in a stone quarry, and the villain planned to break somebody's heart by setting me on a rock and blowing it up.

"We hadn't rehearsed this scene, but the idea seemed to be for me to hide back of the rock while a dummy of myself was seated on it to be blown up. Just as the blast was to go off, the hero would swing down on a rope from one side of the quarry, snatch me up, and swing to the top of the excavation opposite.

"The dynamite went off prematurely. The dummy went one way, and I went the other, screaming because I had no idea what the explosion meant. The hero fell off the side of the quarry, and the audience fell out of its chairs laughing.

"We took several bows, I weeping and sitting on the hero's shoulder, and my début was regarded as highly successful.

"It was a gypsy life, a happy, unworried, delightful period to look back upon, now that the sharp edge of our troubles has been blurred by the years.

"I remember very little about it: it is all like a dream that began every September and ended in the theatrical boarding-house with the Smiths in broiling New York City.

"Some patches of the picture stand out, though. I was very small, not yet seven years of age, and the older troupers guarded me with the most affectionate care.

The Gish sisters since they have become famous stars (Dorothy at right).

"They used to pack their wraps about me and I would curl up and sleep on any shelf or table that was handy.

"The benches in the stations had iron arm rests every two feet apart, and I could slip under them and stretch full length and sleep. I remember how unhappy we all were when I grew so big I could no longer fit under them.

"I remember once while we were jumping from one little Southern town to another it began to rain, and the old day coach leaked so that we all had to huddle under the few umbrellas we owned. Pullmans were out of the question, of course.

"Once I was late getting to the depot, and I ran as hard as I could down the street, carrying my little imitation-leather telescope bag. Just as I crossed a little bridge the strap broke and all my clothes fell into a creek.

"At the next town the opera-house manager mentioned it, and I was soon buried under a deluge of secondhand clothes given to me by charitable ladies. Among them was a bedraggled white fur neckpiece, and I was soon strutting proudly around the streets with it.

"Then I stumbled and fell into a mud puddle and the fur was hopelessly soiled. My heart promptly broke again.

"One Christmas was spent in the caboose of a freight train, as only two passenger trains a week went to the hamlet we were to play in.

"The company got a little Christmas tree for me, and when we climbed into the caboose after the performance it was all lighted with candles and loaded with candy and nuts. It was so lovely and sweet of them to think of a lonely little girl that way!

"Another Christmas was spent in Detroit. There was an alley back of the theater and across it was a little automobile factory.

"The manager of our troupe got the night watchman there to open a door and let him put up a Christmas tree in an empty room where we would be out of the cold.

"IN one of our plays I made my entrance in a nightgown. One Christmas Eve they had a little tree all fixed up, and when I stepped on to the stage I forgot my lines and ran to the table where they had placed it. I cried so that the show had to stop for a minute or two.

"They were darling friends, those poor mimes of the traveling melodramas; one might hunt far and long before finding such unselfishness, such gentleness, such honor.

"I remember a Catholic lady looked after me one season, and she would take me to five-o'clock mass every Sunday. All I recall about the services were the candles and the incense and my friend kneeling and murmuring beside me.

"My first wages were ten dollars a week. Of this I sent mother seven dollars. I could sleep with one of the women of the company and thus have to pay only a quarter or half a dollar a night for a bed.

"Of course, most of our nights were spent in day coaches between towns. Out of the three dollars I kept for myself I bought all my clothes, although these were usually made-over dresses given to me by my elders. But I always reserved one nickel a week for the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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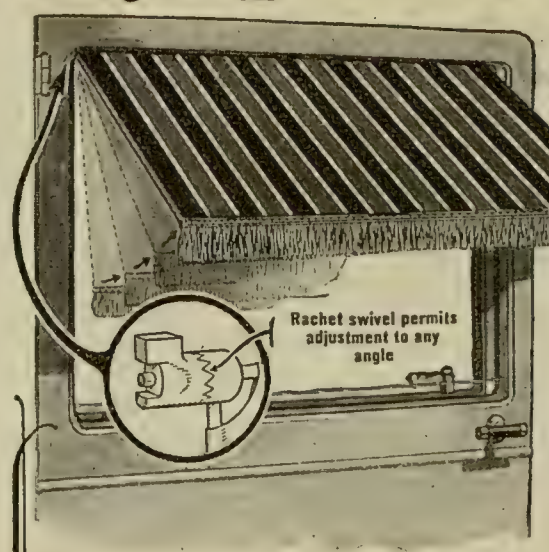

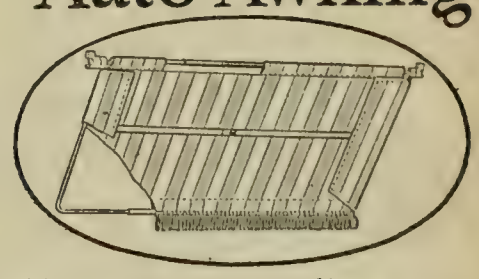

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[LILLIAN GISH—THE INCOMPARABLE]
Continued from Page Fifty-seven

satisfaction of my most consuming childish passion—an orange sucker, the forerunner of today's lollypops, I guess.

"I loved to sit in the dark theater for two hours before the curtain went up, sucking my candied orange until only the stick was left in my hand. I liked licorice, too, and often was torn between my twin appetites.

"In The Little Red Schoolhouse a .22-caliber pistol was fired by the villain in the third act. It went off suddenly one night, and the bullet embedded itself in my leg.

"That almost stopped the performance, but we won much applause when a doctor came on the stage from the audience and bound up the wound.

"It was a trivial thing, but the townspeople crowded around our hotel that night and stood in the street until the doctor went to a window and announced that he had removed the bullet. Mother read about the accident in a New York paper, and sent a dozen telegrams to the manager and me before she was satisfied that I would live.

Mrs. Mary Gish, mother of Lillian and Dorothy.

"Sometimes the show would need two children, and that made us very happy, because Dorothy could travel with me. At such times a place would be found for mother in the cast, and then everything was perfect.

"In one play Dorothy came on in the third act in a little nightgown. The leading man and woman were in the midst of a love scene, when suddenly Dorothy saw the glowing fireplace and decided she was cold. She strolled on before she got her cue, and then the audience broke up the touching scene by laughing.

"The hero and his sweetheart turned and saw Dorothy sitting on the burning logs and watching them, her chin cupped in her palms. The logs were lighted by an electric globe covered with red tissue paper.

"In a thriller called Her First False Step there were two lions, Teddy and Jenny. In the famous third act the villain thrust me in their den, and then the hero, disguised as a lion tamer, staged a thrilling rescue.

"ONE night the lions were roaring and racing around as they were supposed to, when I stumbled and fell in front of them. They leaped over me, of course, but several women in the audience became hysterical and fainted. The Gerry Society stopped that part of the performance.

"I never had minded being hurled among the lions, but when they put Dorothy in there I was frantic until she was rescued.

"Jenny became the mother of a baby cub, and we would put it in the most prominent show window in town, surrounded by placards announcing our show.

"Once the cub ate thirty-five dollars' worth of shoes in the window, and our profits for the performance were all devoured too. Jenny, I heard later, tore her trainer's arm off.

"I cannot remember all the titles of the plays I went out with. Duty's Call and Mabel Pennock's version of East Lynne are clear, because in the former I was given a brand-new dress for my own—no trivial thing in my early career—and because Dorothy was out on the road somewhere that season in Rebecca Warren's idea of how East Lynne ought to be done.

"I NOTICE in many references to my early days in the newspapers of today a statement that I was born in Massillon, Ohio. This is wrong. I was born in Springfield; but mother had a sister named Emily Ward, after my great-great-grandmother, who lived in Massillon, and sometimes we spent our summer holidays there.

"Not long ago the editor of a Massillon paper wrote an editorial demanding that the voters of that little town elect me as mayor, saying that I had made the town famous, and that if Beverly Hills could elect an Oklahoman like Will Rogers as its mayor, Massillon ought to follow suit by voting me into office. I've never heard any more about it.

"The years slipped past rapidly. I think I first went on the stage in 1902. I went into the pictures in the summer of 1913.

"Nothing in the intervening years stands out any more clearly than two incidents involving David Belasco and Sarah Bernhardt.

"I don't know exactly when it was, but I remember that Mary Pickford was becoming famous under Mr. Belasco's direction, and Dorothy and I decided to ask him for a job in his forthcoming production of The Good Little Devil, in which Mary was to star.

"We went to his office, and while we waited that torrid summer morning, we sat close together, holding hands tightly, almost panic-stricken by the ghostly furniture in its linen hot-weather coverings and by the thought of meeting the great Belasco.

"Finally the snowy-headed master of the speaking stage was bending over us and listening to our stammered story. He gave me a job: because of my slight figure and fair curls I became *Morganie*, a fairy, swinging about the stage on a wire suspended from the ceiling.

"But, important as this is in my career, I don't remember much about the part, but I do remember the great kindness of Mr. Belasco. Once he wanted Mrs. Pickford to take me out in the country because of my health, and offered to pay all the expenses.

"Some years before this, when I must have been about ten, I was given a rôle in a play with the incomparable Bernhardt. It was in some theater on Forty-second Street, New York, I think, although I recall little else about it.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]

"I did a little dance, and was kidnaped by somebody in the cast. Why, or what became of me, I don't remember. But one day the Titian-haired queen of the stage spoke to me. She ran her thin fingers through my yellow tresses, ruffling them, and speaking so lightly and so rapidly in French as she commented on them that I thought her voice like nothing in the world so much as a brook singing gloriously as it tumbled among the little rocks.

"She was, in truth, the spirit of France, if ever a woman told in her person and her soul the story of a nation.

"When she had pinched my ear and passed on and out of my baby life, an excited French maid told me that Madame Sarah had commanded her to press my little costume carefully every night.

"IN April of 1913 mother and Dorothy and I held a momentous conference. Our work was ended for the summer, and while we could afford quarters a little better than of yore, we talked about the best steps for us to take, as we now were growing girls equipped to contemplate seriously what the future held for us.

"The Smiths, now the Pickfords, were well on their way to fame and wealth and had moved completely out of our circle.

"In talking about them, I remember we were very sad because we heard that Mary had left the stage and gone into the movies. This, to me, represented a terrible demotion. They must be dreadfully poor, I thought, to have hunted employment in so foolish a profession as the films.

"Indeed, I knew several actors and actresses who had crept anonymously into jobs before the camera, their anonymity being assumed because of their shame and because they feared to displease the chieftains of the speaking stage, who were fighting the new art so bitterly.

"As for Dorothy and me, we determined not to forgo our opportunity to act on Broadway, that historic thoroughfare representing the topmost pinnacle of all earthly ambition.

"We faced the future cheerfully. I had worked successfully for David Belasco; good parts were sure to come our way; we had passed the age when the hobgoblin of the Gerry Society, with which our elders had frightened us into good behavior, would annoy us; and we had a few dollars saved out of our humble salaries.

"If we could get better rôles we would earn enough money to keep mother from having to work: she was to keep house for us, and we were to become great actresses.

"Then, one day, we decided to go down to Fourteenth Street, where our old friend Gladys Smith had sold herself into ignominious slavery under the name of Mary Pickford, and was working in a company called the Biograph, for a director named David Wark Griffith.

"The three of us got into a street car and found the place, No. 11 East Fourteenth Street. We climbed the steps outside, and walked down a hall; and there was Gladys just coming out.

"We fell into each other's arms and talked about the changes the years had brought.

"'What are you darlings doing?' Mary asked. 'Wait here a moment,' she went on without waiting for an answer.

She ran into a room, and came out in a few minutes with a tall, slender man with a great nose and transfixing gray eyes.

"'This is Mr. Griffith,' Mary introduced us. 'And these are my dearest friends, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, and their mother. They've been on the stage for years and years, and you must give them a job as soon as possible, Mr. Griffith.'

"He talked to us for a while. After a bit he told us to come back in a few days and go to work.

"Then he explained about our wages. We were to get five dollars apiece for working from nine in the morning until six; two and one-half dollars if we worked from six until nine; and two and one-half dollars if we worked after that.

"We accepted, of course, because Mary had whispered to us that if we could work for Mr. Griffith we'd be the luckiest girls in New York City. I have often thought since that she was right.

"AS usual, I don't remember the name of that first picture I worked in. Sometimes the early pictures showed an audience in a theater watching a play. Dorothy and I were part of such an audience.

"I do remember the purple lights and the strange emphasis given to those pioneering make-up experiments, and the weird ideas prevalent in the studio as to what wordless acting was. And I remember quite vividly the pleasant shock we experienced when at the end of the week we were given our checks. We got more money than we had ever made in a similar period.

"Well, as long as this new profession continued we would stay with it, we made up our minds.

"So we resolved to make a bold bid: we bolstered up each other's courage by descending on Mr. Griffith in a body—two frightened young girls and a worried mother—to ask him for a permanent position with the group of actors and actresses he was taking out to a town called Hollywood, where he was to make pictures in the famous sunlight of southern California."

Lillian's great-grandfather, Ohio State Senator Samuel Robinson.

Miss Gish's experiences in California and later while making war pictures in London are told in Reel Six of her story in next week's LIBERTY.

Dazzling Beauty

THE VERY ROOT of dazzling beauty is a smooth skin, unmarred by tan, rough red spots, muddiness or other blemishes and imperfections. Powder, you know, wears off, and underneath your make-up you should, and can have, a clear fresh skin, unstained by time and weather. The secret of being the joyous possessor of such a skin lies in the regular use of El Estado Lemon Cleansing Creme. This cream was created especially for the fastidious woman who demands purity and safety in all her toilet preparations. It's a famous old Spanish formula. Pure Lemon Oil is the absolutely safe, mild bleaching ingredient—so refreshing and soothing that nothing but the greatest benefit can result from its constant use. NO noxious animal fats to coarsen pores or promote hair growth—NO acids of any sort whatever to peel and blotch the delicate texture of the skin, ever go into El Estado Lemon Creme.

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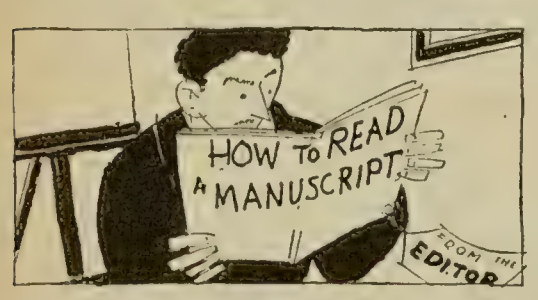
VOX POP

Hiding that Muscular Chest

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—The Devil's Mantle starts out with a bang and promises to be one of the best serials that LIBERTY has run, but your artist, W. T. Benda, should be allowed to read the story before he draws the pictures. The story goes like this: "His white shirt, all that incased the upper part of his body, was open at the neck, displaying a wide expanse of muscular chest," etc.

The picture on pages 8 and 9 plainly shows the young man with a white collar and a tie on. The



shirt is not open at the neck and the young man does not seem to be suffering from the heat.

The story also says the elderly man, *Murchison*, has a beard. Perhaps Mr. Benda doesn't know what a beard is, because the man in the picture has a mustache, but no beard.

It's a wonderful story, though, and I am waiting anxiously for the next issue.—*J. O. Morely.*

Any Takers?

BANGOR, ME.—The Devil's Mantle bids fair to be good, but I'll bet a button that *Peter Blake* and *Marion Garth* live happily ever after!—*S. W. Robinson.*

Now, Now, Now!

MIAMI, FLA.—Mack Sennett is great! Give us more fish, bigger, more ferocious; enlarge Mack's camera if necessary. Miami man started to pull fish into boat; had to give up; not enough water left to float boat.—*J. Sandison.*

Telegram for Mack

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—SENNETT WANTS STUDY FISH GO CATALINA ISLAND CALIFORNIA STOP LAST YEAR TROLLING FROM MOTOR BOAT TUNA GRABBED BAIT STOP MINUTE LATER BOAT IN TUNA MOUTH STOP SLASHED FISHLINE WITH AX BOAT RELEASED SHOT BACKWARD JUST TIME ESCAPE TUNA JAWS STOP

UNDERSTAND UNITED STATES CRUISERS DONT PARK AT CATALINA ACCOUNT SWORDFISH POKING SNOUTS UNDER AND TOPPLING SHIP OVER.—*A. Horton.*

Wants More Richthofen

ROCKFORD, ILL.—I wish to congratulate LIBERTY on the story of The Red Knight of Germany. It is one of the most interesting articles of the recent war that I have ever read and really cared anything about. But some of the halfwits that like the sex appeal stuff will find it kind of dry. The only trouble is that I wish it were to run about two years longer.—*L. B. S.*

Warm Blood versus Cold

MILL VALLEY, CALIF.—One can't help but note the startling difference between the diary, War Birds, and the story of Germany's Red Knight. One was a rollicking, reckless picturing of a rollicking, reckless life—and the other is a cold-blooded analysis of a killer's marauding.

Both of the same breed of warriors, the difference lies, not in their record of achievement, but in their attitude toward what they achieved.

I'll bet a plugged dime one would find no souvenirs of every plane the author of War Birds brought down, adorning his vacant bedroom.—*J. K. B.*

Disbarring Elsie

ARROYO GRANDE, CALIF.—As an entertainer, Elsie Janis is superb; as a writer—well! Let the shoemaker stick to his last. Her article on religion might grace the pages of the *War Cry*, but it disgraced the pages of LIBERTY. The character of the profession she adorns requires no defense. Miss Janis can believe that the moon is made of green cheese if she is credulous enough, but why horn in on Aimee's act?

Please don't occupy your very limited space with any more bedtime tales for morons. Let Elsie decorate the stage.—*James N. Murray.*

This Lightens Our Work!

BEVERLY, MASS.—I think that people should not find fault with any story, for the fault is in themselves. They have simply not adapted themselves to that certain type of story!—*A Literary Fiend.*

Beastly!

UTICA, N. Y.—I am an animal lover, and I feel extremely annoyed with Mr. A. P. Greene, the author of a letter in Vox Pop entitled Our Animal Readers.

I quote him: "Is LIBERTY trying to build a reputation that will lift its readers up to a high moral plane, or one that will appeal to the sensual and drag us down to the level of the animal?"

I consider this a gross insult to the animal world. The human race is the only animal race in the world that is capable of the emotion of sensuousness—the only race that is capable of immorality. Until we are able to claim that, as a race, we are absolutely free from that taint of sex-consciousness which creates human immorality and sensuality, and which is found in the human animal only, it is not fair to place us so high in the scale of morality as to compare us with the so-called Lower Orders.—*John A. Owen.*

Redeemed by Ralph

COLUMBUS, IND.—Ralph Barton is the one redeeming feature of your little paper.—*Marmont McMaron.*

Still "the Mother of Presidents"

LAKELAND, FLA.—I would be greatly interested in knowing the source of your information for the statement, in your Twenty Questions and Answers, that Ohio has produced the greatest number of Presidents of the United States. According to the histories I have studied, Virginia has that honor. Below is a list of Virginia's and Ohio's contributions.

1. George Washington, Bridge's Creek, Va.
2. Thomas Jefferson, Shadwell, Va.
3. James Madison, Port Conway, Va.
4. James Monroe, Westmoreland County, Va.
5. William H. Harrison, Berkeley, Va.
6. John Tyler, Charles City County, Va.
7. Zachary Taylor, Orange County, Va.
8. Woodrow Wilson, Staunton, Va.

1. Ulysses S. Grant, Point Pleasant, Ohio.
2. Rutherford B. Hayes, Delaware, Ohio.
3. James A. Garfield, Orange, Ohio.
4. Benjamin Harrison, North Bend, Ohio.
5. William McKinley, Niles, Ohio.
6. William H. Taft, Cincinnati, Ohio.
7. Warren G. Harding, Corsica, Ohio.

—*F. L. Harvey.*

Sexagenarian

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Your magazine, LIBERTY, is without doubt the most asinine conglomeration of unnecessary trash that I have ever laid eyes on. Sex, sex, sex. That is all you seem to know.—*Woody Klose.*

From a Live Town

GARY, IND.—In this hustling steel city one must purchase his copy of LIBERTY no later than Monday of each week. Missed last week's issue because of letting so important a matter get by until Tuesday. Tried five places. "All sold out." How come?—*D. J. Davies.*

Not a "Serial Hound"

RICHMOND, VA.—I think your magazine is the best ever. But, for goodness' sake, do not print so many serials!—*D. M. Jordan.*

Dog-Days

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The return of *Trub* causes rejoicing in our household. His diary is real humor and the pictures are delightful.—*R. A. Pierce.*

Hot Dog!

CHICAGO, ILL.—Three rousing cheers! *Trub's* back again! Hearing by lucky chance of his return, I flew and got all the back numbers, and had a real treat. Mr. Foote knows his dogs! Where has he been all this time? And why don't you charge extra for the *Trub* numbers? I'm ashamed to pay only a nickel for this most unique of dog stories.—*Elizabeth Hilton.*

A Russian Dressing Down

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—I am a Russian—one who once had a string of titles, properties, servants, etc.

The war came and the Russia of the Czars and feudal lords turned Bolshevik.

I came to America, the land of freedom and intelect, as I thought.

As a foreigner, I dare not discuss your ideas of Liberty, . . . but as to American intelect one should only read some of the letters of your Vox Pop. Why, they have been written by infantile adults or adult infants, if this is clearer to understand!

People who are probably unable to write a decent letter in their own language are discussing and criticizing the authors of some of your stories! Why print these childish letters at all? I would not be surprised at all if these letters were only written with the purpose to show them in print to an even illiterate family, pointing them out: "See I (capital I) wrote this! Look me over," etc.—*Dimitri Sandovski.*

Short Cheer for Billy Evans!

CHICAGO, ILL.—Billy Evans is the best writer you have ever had. Let's have more of him.—*James Yore.*

Cross Words about Cross Words

SCOTCH PLAINS, N. J.—Don't make your cross-word puzzles so difficult to solve. There may be a few ancient

people left to remember such facts as who such a king was whose stables Hercules cleaned. Ridiculous!

Why not throw the whole ancient part of an encyclopedia at us? *That* might suffice.—*A. Lindsay.*

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Take a Tip from Me!

As Dictated by TONI, JR., *to Antoinette Donnelly*

I'm happy myself.

DEAR WORLD:

Oh, dear, this being a literary person wouldn't be such a tough job if it weren't for the opening paragraph. It is something awful the time we writers waste trying to think up something to say to begin with.

It is worse than trying to start a conversation. Because there is just one word you have to know these days that will turn on a whole flood of talk immediately. Only, being a lady, and not a very big one, I'm not supposed to know anything about that word.

Still, I don't know any one really more entitled to talk about prohibition than a two-and-a-half-year-old, because it just seems her life is one amendment she doesn't approve of after another, enforced by people who also like to do what they want to do without being told they mustn't.

My Daddy says it is too bad this trouble with opening paragraphs doesn't discourage more writers, because there are so many good uses you can put white paper to. But, of course, he doesn't understand how it feels to have a whole lot of messages bottled up in your system, and how you have to sit and sit, waiting for an inspi-ration to come along.

And I'm just full of messages to parents and aunts and uncles and all sorts of grown-ups about all sorts of things which they think they know more about than us children whom they practise on. Of course, I know that their intentions are good, and the parents most of us have behave about as well as can be expected of people who have grown so big that they have forgotten what it is to have a tooth bothering them, and what fun it is to stick your finger in your mouth to help it come through.

Mostly what I've got against parents is that it is so long since they were one-, two,- or three-year-olds themselves, they don't know what is going on in our heads, or in our insides either. I'm surprised all the time we get along as well as we do—considering the differences of opinion on so many things.

I do think, though, there ought to be a law against publishing books on us unless one of us writes it. You can't have a good time at all if you're brought up the way authors advise. Anyway, my Daddy says he'd just like to see a baby that was raised on a book. He bets you'd have to bind her and put her on the bookshelf alongside the authorities who made her so prim and proper. But if he sticks by me as he has been doing, I guess I won't get put on the shelf for being prim and proper.

You see, I think when you stay in the world a long time, like authors do, your ideas aren't so new and fresh as a little girl's who hasn't had time to collect a lot of notions that aren't her own. Of course, it is just an idea of mine, and some of my very freshest ideas, I notice already, when executed haven't turned out so well for me personally.

It always seems funny to me the way grown-ups never consult us upon things they never think about going into until we come along. They never build a home until they have one of us to run around in it.

Yet they never ask us what kind of furniture we'd rather not have to bump into—or anything. Another day I'm going to write about children as interior decorators—and I don't mean the way they mark up the walls either, or about how they can make antiques as good as old with a hammer, toys, or anything handy.

I have to smile to myself when I look over my Aunt Toni's library and see all the books on how to be cheerful and happy and all that. As if one needs a book, when all you've got to do is to smile and be pleasant yourself.

My Aunty says I am a terrible faker, the way I go along making everybody believe he or she is my favorite person. That's because I smile and say Hello to people who look as if they wouldn't mind.

One day, not long ago, I came down in the elevator with her, and there was a lady sitting in the lobby downstairs. At first her face looked awfully tired, but when she said Hello back at me, it looked all rested up. I bet a lot of faces would look more rested if they smiled oftener.

Anyway, the lady turned to her companion and said, real happy-like: "Oh, she remembered me!" I didn't, really, but it didn't matter, though, when it made her look so much prettier.

I don't see any harm in talking to people just because they've never been introduced. You miss so much fun.

I started out with my Mom one day and I saw a couple that didn't look as if they'd object to my company. So I just ran up and took the man's hand. His wife took my other hand and we walked up the street a long way, chatting like old friends. My Mom, being kind of bashful, hung behind and so missed a chance to know two very nice people.

SINCE I came to live with her, my Aunt Toni says I have widened her acquaintance most profitably. She and Mike, who has the corner news-stand, have got quite chummy through me.

Only yesterday she was telling a friend that Mike had more wise observations on life than her books. And that's why I think you should talk to everybody. You never know what's in them until you do.

I HAVE to smile when I look over my Aunt Toni's library.

I hope my Aunt Toni won't mind my telling about the walk I took her on when I was still traveling around in a go-cart. We both got dressed up and started one Sunday in my carriage. Least, I was in the carriage. We went through Central Park and around the reservoir.

Before I came to live with her, my Aunty used to go around it daily, but in all the time she had been taking that walk she never had any one speak to her. Certainly no man.

Personally, I don't see any difference between speaking to men or ladies. I think it is so unfriendly to go along the street passing everybody by just as if they had measles or the whooping-cough, when all they've got is troubles like your own. And they seem so glad when you do encourage them a little.

I wonder if most people aren't just a little bit lonely and looking for a smile of encouragement. Anyway, as I say, I just don't make any bones about it and never did.

I'm happy myself and would like to see everybody else happy, so I make it my business to slight no one; and the result is, I find lots of people want to make my acquaintance further. And I guess other people would find it just the same, too, if they would try it.

Well, on the Sunday walk, my Aunt Toni, being grown up and handicapped, seemed kinda embarrassed when I held out my hand to a man sitting on a bench. He took it and started to talk to her, and she answered him nice and friendly. So I guess she didn't mind having a man speak to her, either. We women aren't much different, are we?

She did say she wished I wouldn't call every man I met "Da-da," because some day I might say it to some old bachelor who'd object.

YOU ought to have seen the handsome mounted policeman I introduced to her. She got so awful fussed, I have a sneaking suspicion she, too, loves a uniform like all the rest of us women. He asked her if she had any more at home like me, and she replied she was sorry to have to say no.

Then he asked her if she wouldn't like to take a nice big baby like him and adopt him. I dassent tell what she said in reply to that, because she has a reputation to sustain as a correct and proper person to give advice on matters of conduct.

When we left him, she said, addressing me direct, "Hey, young lady, you're going to get your respectable old Aunty into trouble. Here she's advising young girls never, never to talk to strange gentlemen, and you've made her talk to six today."

But she added, smiling, "I'm going to take you out oftener, Toni, you precious thing, for I'm discovering that one of the nicest things about babies is the way you get to know through them how many really nice, human, lovable people there are in the world, after all."

More of Toni's expert advice on the proper rearing of adults will appear in next week's LIBERTY.

The DEVIL'S

A Romance of

Pictures by W. T. BENDA

A Serial by FRANK L.

AGHAR PIND

(Reading time: 24 minutes.)

MARION GARTH had every reason to believe that Peter Blake was twice guilty of murder. The Australian planter, Thomas Murchison—an old chum of Marion's father, Humphrey Garth—had been robbed and killed. After which, Blake, Murchison's assistant, was discovered missing, together with Murchison's launch. Damning evidence of crime number one.

Amazingly, Marion was to be near the scene of the second murder. Humphrey Garth, Sydney's richest citizen, offered five thousand pounds for the delivery of Blake to justice, then steamed away in his yacht, the Isis, with Marion and Rand, the explorer. In a fog, the Isis rammed an old tub, the Break o' Dawn, and picked up the only two survivors: the captain, Josephus Mumm, and one Alec Dunn.

Shortly after this, Jaffray, Mr. Garth's secretary, was discovered murdered, and near him lay a piece of paper on which was scrawled: "Dunn is Peter Blake. He did this."

Whereupon it came to light that Mumm had found Peter recovering from wounds on an island inhabited by friendly natives, and had taken him aboard for the reward's sake. After the ramming, Blake saved Mumm's life, and, in gratitude, the skipper had introduced him as Dunn.

In spite of Mumm's defense of him, however, Peter was put under lock and key. He was still confined when a band of yelling pirates boarded the Isis, and carried Marion aboard their ship.

Tajal Ali, the pirate chief, demanded of Mr. Garth two hundred thousand pounds for her ransom, and instructed him to go to Sydney to procure it. Rand, who expressed a desire to Mr. Garth to hunt for the pirates' nest, was, it was agreed, to be put off at his island home.

Meanwhile, Peter, mad with anxiety about Marion, whom he loved, was released by Mumm and crept on to the pirate brig. There, Ali's servant, Aghar Pind, helped him to a hurried talk with the girl. She scorned him as a murderer, but before he left her he laid in her lap a treasured pistol which Mumm had handed him.

PART SEVEN

IT seemed to Peter that a sound which mingled a sudden sob with a low, inarticulate cry followed him—but Aghar Pind had closed the door behind him now, and with almost frantic haste was both aiding and forcing Peter through the trapdoor.

"Make no sound, sahib, and hide again in the hold—but close to the door of the engine-room," breathed Aghar Pind. "All will be well here for a space. I will come to the sahib in a little while. Here are matches, that the sahib may have light."

Peter felt something thrust hurriedly into his hand, and then the trapdoor closed above his head.

Peter sat—he did not know how long—with his face crushed in his hands. *Marion!* He whispered her name over and over. She had not believed him!

He felt as if something cherished, a part of himself, had been torn from him and cast forever out of his life. Now a new emotion—fear, a bitter anxiety—was dominant in him.

Suddenly he realized that the door from the engine-room was being opened cautiously.

Aghar Pind's voice came in a whisper:

"Sahib, are you there?"

Peter moved forward. He could just distinguish the other's form.

"Yes," he said—and caught at Aghar Pind's arm. "Miss Garth—is she safe—is she all right? Has that cur, Tajal Ali—"

"All is well, sahib, even as I told the sahib it would be for a while," interrupted Aghar Pind softly.

He closed the door cautiously, and, stooping down, placed at Peter's feet a bundle he had been carrying.

"Not very long from now, sahib, the ship comes to the secret place where Tajal Ali for years has hidden himself and his plunder. He is too busy now to think of the Miss Sahib—and he is content to wait.

"It is in his mind that he will land with the Miss Sahib and a few men—I, Aghar Pind, among them, sahib—and that he will send the ship away for a while; for here it is near the spot where the Isis was attacked, and it might be seen, it and this hiding-place itself. Sahib, it is not until the landing is made and Tajal Ali is ashore that the danger comes to the Miss Sahib."

Peter's jaws clamped.

"I'll kill the man first!"

"Even that may come to pass," said Aghar Pind quietly; "for what is written is written. But before that—for the killing of Tajal Ali would not save the Miss Sahib from others who are chiefs even as Tajal Ali is, and one even who is chief above Tajal Ali—I have a plan. Will the sahib listen?"

"Yes!" Peter spoke through dry lips.

"Sahib," said Aghar Pind, "the hiding-place is a great cavern whose extent no man knows, that is beneath a mountain which in the days that are gone—I do not know the English word, sahib—spat fire from its mouth—"

"An extinct volcano," supplied Peter.

"Yes, sahib, that is the name. It is a tall mountain, and comes down to the sea in a straight line, and there is no shore.

"And when the sea is smooth the ship can go alongside, and at a certain point there is a ledge, a pathway, sahib, that winds upward between high rocks and leads into the cavern—but from the sea nothing can be seen.

"And also, sahib, without a boat or a ship, there is no escape for those within the cavern from this side."

"You mean, then, that there's another way of getting in and out?" said Peter swiftly.

"Yes, sahib," said Aghar Pind gravely; "but no man, except Tajal Ali and those who are chiefs with him, has ever seen it. But it is in the minds of all the crew that the way through the other side of the mountain is through a cave that is opened by a key."

Peter frowned.

"I can't say that sounds very convincing," he said—"especially as you are not sure there is another way out at all."

"Sahib," replied Aghar Pind, "I *am* sure. The cavern under the mountain is very big. I have never gone beyond a point set for me by Tajal Ali, for the penalty would be death. But I have seen Tajal Ali go, and he has been gone for many hours; and so I am sure, sahib, that it is the cave men talk of which is the other way out beneath the mountain.

"And for the rest, sahib, it is in my mind that whatever may be opened by a key may also be opened by strong men without a key, if the need is great."

"You will help Miss Garth escape that way?"

"Even so, sahib," Aghar Pind answered; "and the sahib also."

"HAVE you told Miss Garth about this?" demanded Peter.

"No, sahib," said Aghar Pind; "I have not spoken to the Miss Sahib. All this time, because of Tajal Ali's orders, I stood at the door of the Miss Sahib's cabin, and neither I nor any man entered there. Tajal Ali gave me orders to take the Miss Sahib to the cavern as soon as the landing is made, and to wait for him there."

"And then?"

"And then, sahib, I would prepare food and drink for Tajal Ali, as is the custom when we are in the cavern, and when he had drunk he would sleep long because of what was in the drink, and—"

"You mean you'd drug him?"

"Even so. And then, sahib, we would have many hours in which to escape by the secret way. On the other side of the mountain the island is large, with many trees, like a great forest; but only one man is known to live upon

Mantle

the South Seas
PACKARD

it, and he is one of Tajal Ali's men. It is in my mind that we steal his boat and get to another island, and after that to another, until it shall come to pass that somewhere we shall find white men and shall be safe."

The man was plausible and apparently sincere. He had already proved his worth as an ally. But why was he doing this?

"You are taking a big risk, Aghar Pind," said Peter grimly. "This cave that is locked by a key! Suppose it is the wrong cave; or, even if it is the right one, that its exit cannot be forced without the key—what then?"

"Sahib," replied Aghar Pind phlegmatically, "have I not already said that what is written is written? I am sure it is the cave; but if it is as the sahib says, then, sahib, I will die at the hands of Tajal Ali."

"Yes!" said Peter crisply. "Why, then, are you so ready to risk your life, Aghar Pind?"

"Sahib," answered Aghar Pind calmly, "it is time now that the sahib should know what is in my mind, for otherwise all things between us are at an end here. Sahib, I am a poor man. I know that the Miss Sahib who was taken from a ship by Tajal Ali—who has taken many women for himself before—is loved by the sahib."

PETER was silent for an instant.

"How much do you want?" he demanded in a suddenly helpless tone.

"Sahib," said Aghar Pind, "five thousand pounds."

"Good God!" Peter laughed out raucously. "Five thousand pounds! As far as I know, five or six shillings would account for every penny I have in the world!"

"Is not the sahib Blake Sahib for whom the law will pay five thousand pounds?" asked Aghar Pind smoothly. "If the escape is made, then the sahib would go with me to the officers of the law, and I, Aghar Pind, would say: 'See, I bring you Blake Sahib; pay me, therefore, according to the sum that is named!' And so, sahib, in that manner I shall receive five thousand pounds."

Peter swept his hands across his eyes. A way to save Marion! It meant almost certainly his own death, or, at the least, life imprisonment. He knew that. There was no chance against the evidence. But she would be saved.

When he spoke his voice was harsh—shaken:

"If I agree, the bargain would be that, once Miss Garth was safe, I would go, in a sense, as your prisoner, to the authorities, and you would claim the reward?"

"Even so, sahib," said Aghar Pind laconically.

"But how do you know that, having got Miss Garth safely away, I would not turn on you then—to save my own life?"

"Sahib," Aghar Pind answered, "I have known many white men, and the word of some I would not take; but the sahib is not one of those. Will the sahib make answer quickly?"

"Yes!" said Peter savagely. "Damn you, I'll go through with it!"

"It is well," said Aghar Pind. "And now—"

"Wait!" interrupted Peter curtly. "You will not tell this to Miss Garth. I know she would never accept her freedom at such a price."

"All that shall be as the sahib says," promised Aghar Pind. "And more than that, sahib—we three shall make our escape together, but the Miss Sahib shall not even know that it is Blake Sahib who is with her. And the eyes of those on board this ship will be deceived when the sahib goes ashore.

"In the bundle I have brought, sahib, there is food, but also there are other things. There are shoes of mine, sahib; for the sahib's shoes are not such as are worn by those who follow Tajal Ali. And, likewise, I have brought that with which the sahib must darken his face and neck and arms—and his ankles too, for he must thrust bare feet into the shoes, as is the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Peter succeeded in tearing Aghar Pind free. He caught a glimpse of Tajal Ali's face, gray with terror, as the man plunged into the depths.

[THE DEVIL'S MANTLE
Continued from Page Sixty-five]

custom among those who are here. Also the sahib must throw away his coat. But the rest of his clothing will pass in the darkness.

"I understand," said Peter tersely.

"In a little while, then, sahib," continued Aghar Pind, "the ship will come to land. When the sahib feels that the ship is at rest, he must open this door into the engine-room and listen. And when I call, let him come with all haste up the little ladder to the alleyway above, which leads from the cabins.

"I, Aghar Pind, and the Miss Sahib will be there—and likewise a great bundle. And I will give the sahib the name of Rahim Dé, that none may know to whom I speak, even if I be heard; and I will give orders to the sahib in the native tongue to take up the bundle upon his shoulders, and this he will do.

"And then the sahib will follow close behind the Miss Sahib and behind me, Aghar Pind, and will speak to no man even if he be spoken to. And thus, if it is so written, we shall pass out of the ship. Let the sahib eat and make ready."

"I shall be ready," said Peter gruffly—and the door closed behind Aghar Pind.

II

THE brig was on an even keel and, it seemed to Peter, almost motionless. And now, suddenly, he felt her bump gently once or twice, as if her hull were scraping against a landing.

Peter, crouched now at the opening into the diminutive engine-room, listened tensely. It had been, he judged, half an hour since Aghar Pind had left him, and in that time he had not been idle.

A grim smile curved his lips. He must look a strange, queer sight! With no mirror to guide him, and working, save for a match, in utter darkness, had he left some telltale spot exposed—the tip of an ear, say?

Well, the test would come quickly enough now! That was Aghar Pind's voice, wasn't it?

"O Rahim Dé!"

In a flash Peter was across the little engine-room and up the companionway. He found himself in a lighted alleyway almost at the entrance to the deck. His glance traveled swiftly around him, and, with a sudden catch of his breath, his pulse quickening, he saw Marion, her slim figure very straight and brave, but very white of face, standing a few paces away. On the floor was a huge spreading bundle of rugs and cushions; and, facing him, stood Aghar Pind, who, though the alleyway was lighted, held a lantern in his hand.

He spoke shortly, in the native tongue, and pointed to the bundle.

Peter hoisted it to his shoulders—and found that, as Aghar Pind had promised, it almost completely hid his face and head.

And then Aghar Pind, under pretense of helping to adjust the bundle, placed his lips close to Peter's ear.

"There has been no chance to speak alone with the Miss Sahib," he whispered quickly. "She does not know it is in our minds that she shall escape."

He drew back and raised his voice.

"The Miss Sahib will follow me," he instructed shortly. "Come!"

Marion made no answer, but stepped forward after Aghar Pind.

Peter, his face hard and set, his lips tight, followed.

They came out on deck. There were many lanterns, many men scurrying hither and thither—and some of the hatch covers had been removed and some of the cargo was coming up. But, also, it was bright moonlight; and above the vessel on her port side, rising sheer upward to a great height, Peter could see a wall of rock—while above this again, until like some vast curtain it blotted out the sky and stars, a mountain reared itself high into the night.

The little procession threaded its way along the deck. Peter saw that they were making for a sort of gangway that had been rigged from the brig's side to a ledge in the rock wall.

They reached the gangway—and halted. A tall, swarthy man, a Malay or an East Indian, Peter could not tell which, stood there.

Aghar Pind made a profound obeisance.

Peter's eyes narrowed. Tajal Ali, of course!

And then the blood surged to Peter's head. Tajal Ali was leaning forward and, with his dark-skinned hand raising Marion's chin, was smiling leeringly, villainously into her face.

They toiled on and on along the bare, rocky

"I will not be long," said Tajal Ali softly. "In a little while I will come to you."

And then, with a few words in an undertone to Aghar Pind, he stepped aside.

The sweat was in beads on Peter's forehead.

Marion stumbled a little now—walked a little unsteadily as they made their way across the gangway and gained the ledge of rock.

They toiled on and on along the bare, rocky face of the mountain.

Was it half a mile or a mile that they had climbed? It seemed like ten. And now, suddenly, the moonlight vanished, and Aghar Pind's lantern seemed, by contrast, to burn the brighter.

They had passed in through what—as well as Peter could make out—was a small natural archway that opened, apparently, into the mountain itself.

Aghar Pind's voice, addressing Marion, reached Peter:

"Let the Miss Sahib keep well to the left; for on the right the fall into the waters is even as the height we have climbed, and for one who falls there is no return. In a little while there will be electric light; for a man has been sent ahead of us, that the machine may be made to work."

For perhaps a hundred yards more, Peter estimated, they went on, trending to the left. And then, suddenly, a string of incandescent lights overhead, gradually at first, but growing steadily brighter, illuminated the surroundings.

The lamps, strung far apart, seemed only to enhance the vastness of the place, obviously an immense storehouse of loot. There was a roar, constant, never-ending, of waters far down below. He looked sharply around him. To the right, perhaps ten yards away, the smooth rock platform on which he stood ended abruptly, as if, indeed, it had been cleanly sliced off with a knife; and out a little over the edge, where the light rays failed to penetrate farther, was just a black nothingness.

Peter saw that they now had reached the broadest section of the platform. Here, he judged, it was some 200 feet in width; and there, as everywhere along its length, a roof of rock, fantastic in shape, hung with myriad stalactites that glistened like clusters of jewels wherever the light played upon them, sloped down to the wall in the left-hand side of the platform.

Aghar Pind spoke.

"The machine that gives light is in there," he said, pointing to a lighted opening. "But beyond this point no man may pass except by the orders of Tajal Ali. Is the Miss Sahib weary? It is but a little way now."

Marion made no reply.

The platform was narrowing now very rapidly—and just ahead of them it seemed to converge with the edge of the pit and to end abruptly.

Suddenly they halted.

"Wait!" said Aghar Pind. "Here is the abode of Tajal Ali. I will turn on the lights."

The man vanished through an opening in the

face of the mountain.

rock wall—an opening which, Peter could see, was similar to many he had passed on the way along.

He looked quickly at Marion. Her face was half turned toward him, and it was wan and full of misery.

A soft glow of light showed in the opening through which Aghar Pind had disappeared but a moment before, and now the man was standing there, beckoning them to enter.

Again Peter's eyes were fixed on Marion. She seemed to hesitate for an instant. Then her hand went to the bodice of her dress, and as swiftly fell to her side, hiding itself in the folds of her skirt—but not before Peter had caught a glimpse of something metallic in her hand as the light struck upon it.

A queer smile twisted Peter's lips. It was the revolver he had given her, of course. Something of *his* that gave her courage and a measure of reassurance!

But Aghar Pind, too, had seen the weapon; for now, as they all passed through the entrance to what Aghar Pind had said were Tajal Ali's quarters, the man spoke again.

"The Miss Sahib need have no fear as yet, for Tajal Ali will not be here for a little while," he said softly. "And before he comes I will have talk with the Miss Sahib, but first I must show this man Rahim Dé here where to put the things he carries, and give him certain work to do. Let the Miss Sahib sit down and rest herself."

He flung out a curt command in the native tongue, and motioned Peter to follow him.

And Peter followed.

He was conscious of a sense of stark unreality, as if a jinnee had transported him into the realms of the Arabian Nights.

Suddenly there was a great quiet. The rock walls seemed to have blanketed all sounds from without; for now that roar of waters was no more than a low murmur.

Underfoot were priceless Eastern carpetings. The arched roof, some ten feet high, was crusted with innumerable small lights, some of which peeped out of the hearts of marvelously beautiful stalactites, which, in turn, seemed to absorb the light and glow with exquisite colorings.

Aghar Pind drew aside a heavy velvet portière. They passed through, and Peter found himself in another apartment very like the first. Beyond this were obviously many others; for the cave was, in effect, a suite of connecting chambers.

Aghar Pind led the way through several of these, and finally motioned Peter to discard his bundle.

"Sahib," he said, "the cave goes far beyond this into the darkness—how far I do not know; but beyond is the cave that men say is opened with a key. I will make report to Tajal Ali that I have sent the man Rahim Dé back to the ship. And then, as I have told the sahib, I will put that into Tajal Ali's drink which will cause sleep, and when that has come to pass we will try to find our way out."

Peter frowned heavily.

"I can't say I've ever been taken with that drug idea of yours," he said curtly. "It requires time for the stuff to take effect—and, what counts more, it gives him a chance to be with Miss Garth. There are two of us. It will be a lot quicker to tie him up."

"Sahib," said Aghar Pind, "it may come to pass that at the first attempt we cannot find our way out, and that we must try even for a second or a third time. It is the better way, sahib, that there shall be no suspicion in the mind of Tajal Ali—and there will be no suspicion in his mind, because he shall have fallen asleep.

"But as for the Miss Sahib, that is another matter, and Tajal Ali's blood shall then be upon his own head."

"There won't be any doubt about that, even if I have to handle him alone," Peter interrupted in an ominously quiet voice. "All right—I'm satisfied! But the question now is, what are you going to tell Miss Garth?"

"Sahib," said Aghar Pind calmly, "I will tell lies to the Miss Sahib. I will say that I, Aghar Pind, and you, Rahim Dé, are sick with a great fear that, because of the blood that Tajal Ali has shed, it will bring us to our deaths if the white man's gunboat ever comes upon us; and for that reason we have plotted between us to make our escape, and that she shall come with us. And for proof, sahib, she shall see me prepare the drink that is for Tajal Ali.

"And as for the sahib, I shall say that I was a friend to the sahib when I found him on the ship, because it was in my mind that he would join me, Aghar Pind, and you, Rahim Dé, to make our escape; but when I went to find the sahib again, he was gone, and that I do not know what has befallen him.

"Does the sahib know a better tale for the Miss Sahib's ears?"

"No," said Peter tersely. "The devil himself would be hard put to it to match your cunning!"

"I will return to her, then, sahib," said Aghar Pind. "But first I will put out the lights back here. If all goes well I will come to the sahib when Tajal Ali sleeps; but if it goes ill between the Miss Sahib and Tajal Ali, then let the sahib not delay when I cry out for Rahim Dé!"

"Right!" said Peter grimly.

Aghar Pind's footsteps made no sound on the rich rugs as the man hurried away. And to Peter, watching, it seemed as if he were looking down a long vaulted crypt. He saw Aghar Pind pass through the last archway and the portière drop behind him.

Peter moved the bundle of rugs and cushions he had carried from the brig to a position where he could command a view of the curtain at the far end of the vaulted passage, and sat down.

Thoughts came; a surge of them—and he tried to trample upon them and drive them back. He did not want to think. But they were stronger than he was; and, while the minutes passed, they would not be denied.

A CRY, sharp, quick—a cry as of sudden terror—a cry that was unmistakably Marion's—rang through the cave.

In a flash Peter was on his feet and speeding toward the curtain. He made no sound as he ran, and he strained his ears to catch another cry—but none came.

What was it? What had happened? It could not have been more than five minutes since Aghar Pind had left him—surely too soon for Tajal Ali to have arrived.

There was no sound of struggle, and caution came to Peter. At the curtain he halted, and drew one edge of it slightly aside—and stood staring like a man dazed at the scene within.

Tajal Ali *had* arrived! The man was standing just inside the entrance, his face ugly with fury, his lips working. Facing Tajal Ali, but quite near the curtain, stood Marion and Aghar Pind—and Marion's hand, as once before, was hidden in the folds of her dress, and her face was set and very white—and Aghar Pind was like a man suddenly grown old, with hanging, pendulous jaw; but his eyes were like those of a hunted rat.

Tajal Ali's voice addressing Aghar Pind in English, so that, no doubt, Marion too might understand, reached Peter now.

"And so," snarled Tajal Ali, "you did not think that I would come so soon, or overhear things that were not meant for my ears! You dog! And you would put something in my drink, would you?—and you and the girl here would make your escape? It is well, Aghar Pind—for so you shall! But it will be an escape that is made but once. And the girl shall see you die, and *remember*. And afterward"—he thrust his hand into his pocket and took a sudden step forward—"she will—"

Marion's hand swung suddenly outward from the folds of her dress, pointing her revolver at Tajal Ali.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Instant Improvement
IN YOUR SKIN AFTER THIS
Marvelous Beauty Bath

A Glorious "*feel*" to Your Body Immediately—
Try This Tonight!

YOU know the old saying "You never know what you've missed till you've tried it!"

That applies aptly to the marvelous new LINIT Beauty Bath.

A most pleasant bath—and most marvelous results immediately after. Instantly your skin has the feel of a soft rose petal.

MERELY swish two or more handfuls of LINIT in a half tubful of moderately warm water—bathe as usual, using your favorite soap—step out of the tub—dry off—and then feel your skin—the rarest velvet couldn't be more soft and smooth!

This soft, satiny "feel" comes from an extremely thin "layer" of LINIT—invisible to the eye—left on the skin after the bath. This thin, porous coating of powder is *evenly* spread—not in spots that it may clog the pores—but *thinly* and *evenly* distributed over all parts of the body.

And the most astonishing thing about this new LINIT Beauty Bath is that the cost is negligible—practically a penny a bath.

The outstanding attraction of a LINIT Bath is that the results are immediate. You need not wait weeks for some sign of improvement in your skin.

Merely ask your grocer for a package of* LINIT *and follow the above suggestions.

VERY IMPORTANT TO YOU!

THE fact that LINIT is sold by all grocers as the finest laundry starch and is also recommended for use as a remarkable beauty bath, may seem rather farfetched to some women—however, the statements made above are endorsed by leading chemists and dermatologists.

LINIT is so economical that at least you should give it a trial. Let the results speak for themselves.

IMPORTANT: Should you experience any difficulty in procuring LINIT, write to Corn Products Refining Co., Dept. L, 17 Battery Place, New York. Being a comparatively new product, LINIT is not as yet widely distributed.

[THE DEVIL'S MANTLE Continued from Page Sixty-Seven]

"Stop!" she cried out sharply. "You shall not touch him!"

Tajal Ali, his hand still in his pocket, halted abruptly.

"Ah!" he said, a sudden ominous softness in his tones. "I did not know that you were armed. It is too bad! I do not like delays. And perhaps it may be an ill thing for Aghar Pind that he should live a few minutes longer, for death then may come in a more unpleasant way—and less mercifully than at my hands alone, for I—"

"*Shoot!*" Aghar Pind's voice came in a frantic scream. "Shoot quick, Miss Sahib. It is his life or ours! If he returns and brings men with him, the Miss Sahib, and I too, shall know that which is worse than death! Shoot, that we may—"

And then the words were blotted out from Peter's consciousness and his brain seemed suddenly to reel. For a laugh was echoing in his ears—a laugh like a woman's, a trill, dulcet—the laugh that a man had laughed on the night Murchison had died. And it was Tajal Ali! Tajal Ali! The words were suddenly a wild pæan in Peter's heart.

Good God! What was Aghar Pind doing? The man had wrenched the revolver out of Marion's hand!

Peter tore the curtain violently aside. Tajal Ali must *live* now—the proof of his, Peter's, innocence.

As Peter leaped from behind the curtain, Aghar Pind darted toward Tajal Ali and fired.

And then that *laugh* again, for Aghar Pind's shot seemed to have missed—and then another report, but no flash now, for Tajal Ali had fired through the pocket of his coat.

Aghar Pind screamed out, and staggered—and as if by some superhuman effort recovered himself and hurled his body through the few feet that still separated him from Tajal Ali, and grappled with the other.

With a bound Peter was at their heels—but Aghar Pind's rush had carried them out through the entrance—and now they were swaying, lurching, struggling on the narrow platform, and only inches separated them from its edge and the yawning gulf below.

Peter saw the revolver drop from Aghar Pind's hand, and, under their scuffling feet, disappear over the edge of the platform. He saw the two men writhe and twist and turn, locked in each other's embrace.

With a cry that rang out hoarsely, he snatched at them as they toppled. They were close to the edge. Straining with every ounce of strength to hold them and at the same time preserve his own footing, Peter succeeded in tearing Aghar Pind free. He caught a glimpse of Tajal Ali's face, gray with terror, as the man reeled back and, with grotesquely flopping arms, plunged into the depths below.

Peter stood there staring at the spot where Tajal Ali had disappeared. He was conscious that Aghar Pind lay huddled almost at his feet. Yes, of course; the man had been wounded—that shot through Tajal Ali's pocket. Perhaps he was dead.

He was conscious, too, that Marion now was bending over Aghar Pind, supporting him in her arms. But he stood there, his face strained and drawn and haggard, his eyes, as if held by some hypnotic influence, still upon the spot where he had seen Tajal Ali fall to his death.

Aghar Pind's face was stamped with the pallor of his approaching end. His eyes were fixed and a glaze was creeping over them.

"The money!" Aghar Pind cried out. "Five thousand pounds—that is my price, for I am a poor man. It is a great sum, but thus it was that Blake Sahib and I, Aghar Pind, made agreement together, and Blake Sahib will go with me to the white men who sit in authority, that I may claim the reward, and the sum shall be paid, and Blake Sahib shall hang in order that the Miss Sahib shall escape. But I—"

The man's voice wavered, and, growing suddenly fainter, began to wander.

"How shall Tajal Ali know what passes while he is asleep? Where is the Miss Sahib? The white sahibs are fools with their women, but greater than all fools is Blake Sahib. Did I say that I was poor? They shall talk in the village of the wealth of Aghar Pind and—"

Aghar Pind spoke no more. Peter saw a convulsive movement shake the man's form, and saw him fall back again in Marion's arms. So Aghar Pind, too, was dead—and there remained only Rahim Dé.

MARION laid Aghar Pind gently back upon the ground, and rose slowly to her feet. She turned to Peter. Her lips were drawn with pain and there was agony in her eyes.

"You, Rahim Dé," she said in a toneless voice, "if you speak English, tell me where Blake Sahib is, for you must know even as Aghar Pind, from what he has just said before he died, must have known—though he told me a little while ago that he did not. Even if you do not understand English, you will understand the name.

"Listen! Blake Sahib! Blake Sahib! You understand that, don't you? Take me to him, for I know now that he sold his life for mine, and I will not go a step from here without him."

"Marion!" Peter said hoarsely.

She put her hands to her face and stared at him—and took a step forward—and halted again.

"You—Peter! You!" she cried out in a broken voice. "You—you are Rahim Dé!"

Marion and Peter still have discoveries before them that are stranger, even, than any they have so far made. See the dramatic last installment in next week's issue of LIBERTY.

Frocks Have Something Up Their Sleeves

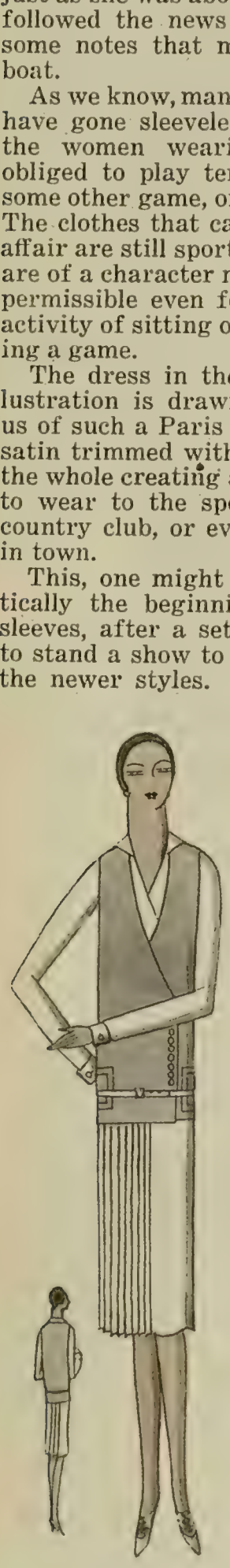
By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

THIS is to announce what we regard as a rather important piece of news. It was borne in on the envelope of a personal letter, along the upper left-hand corner of which was written diagonally, "Worth is showing some tight little sleeves five inches long." The writer had evidently seen them just as she was about to post the letter, and she followed the news with elaborated details in some notes that managed to catch the same boat.

As we know, many of the active sports clothes have gone sleeveless for some time, but the women wearing them have been obliged to play tennis or participate in some other game, or show the reason why. The clothes that carry this new five-inch affair are still sports clothes, so called, but are of a character more formal than quite permissible even for the heavy sporting activity of sitting on the green sod watching a game.

The dress in the right-hand lower illustration is drawn from a sketch sent us of such a Paris model, and is in beige satin trimmed with brown velvet ribbon, the whole creating an effect formal enough to wear to the sporting event of tea at the country club, or even to some public tea-room in town.

This, one might almost conjecture, is practically the beginning of the end, and short sleeves, after a setback or two, would appear to stand a show to be accepted as a feature of the newer styles. Such a dress is especially good with a coat of the same general character and material in either a long-lined wrap or a jacket. Thus reenforced, the sports dress almost takes on the dignity of an afternoon frock. The model shows the kind of costume that is going practically sleeveless in Paris today.



JERSEY coat, worn with tailored blouse, and crepe de Chine skirt.

Other Paris recommendations say how very important it is when having tea or dinner out of doors, or even in semi-public rural places like wayside inns, to wear very "fussy" and decorated, feminine-looking dresses with long sleeves. After all, this only proves our old theory that whenever something new comes along that is ultra-fashionable, the exact opposite of it will also be in style.

In this case one can with pleasure picture the verandas of more or less formal hotels in autumn resorts at teatime and later, perhaps, some of the tea-rooms and dance places in town, where the sports frocks that have become "dressier" than previously meet in the same groups with a more formal type of costuming, which, nevertheless, has been toned down from something even "dressier" out of another day. Thus will the old Victorian elaborateness and the recent boyish severity of fashions perhaps combine into something that will create a new style. For the long-sleeved type, nothing is more fashionable or effective than lace, either in color or black.

OF yellow crepe de Chine, this dress is trimmed with bands of apricot, orange, and deeper yellow.

Lady Louis Mountbatten, one of the very smartest women in England, wore a semi-sports dress in printed silk to the Derby, and it had short sleeves. Thus she and other molders of the fashions are bringing the most attractive features of the old-time formal dress, the ultra-modern sports frock, and the typical summer costume together into a type of dress that will be very pretty because appropriate to our activities and to our climate.

We try to get the same effects on our roof gardens that European outdoor restaurants produce, and eventually we shall. Therefore we have need of the same dresses to wear for festivities taking place up in the air that the French and the English wear when dining under the trees.

Meantime an everlasting favorite that Parisian designers keep on sending us is the sleeveless jacket. All winter it will appear on the Riviera, and by that token at our fashionable wintering places, too. It is excellent for the present as well.

ONE reason it is popular in Europe is because it fits into so many different combinations of costuming with so small an initial outlay of space and money. With a skirt and no underblouse it makes a typical "working" sports dress, just as the beige satin dress is the smartest of spectators' frocks. Over a long-sleeved blouse it puts up a strong appearance of being in the tailored class of costume. Worn thus under a coat, it is excellent for town in the fall.

Our design from Paris is in green jersey, and it is worn with a lighter green skirt of crepe de Chine plaited on one side around an area tending from the middle of the front to the middle of the back. It is pretty with a flesh-colored blouse.

The girl sitting on her walking-stick wears a dress that will carry her successfully over into the fall. It is distinguished for its new and unusual way of displaying tucks. They round the top of the sleeves and go in a V-shaped bank along the neckline. They also circle the belt.

THE dress at the left is black-and-white chiffon trimmed with flame-colored chiffon ruffles.

The other feature distinguishing this dress is the succession of bands of harmonizing colors in apricot, orange, and deeper yellow that go round the bottom of the skirt and the cuffs. The dress itself is in a pale tint of the last color. It is a fine model to make up in shades of green for fall wear.

One printed chiffon is essential to practically every wardrobe. For any middle period, such as midsummer, mid-vacation, or mid-ocean, it is prettiest in black and white (as in the model), with chiffon ruffles of flame. Especially is this a desirable color ensemble because it will be appropriate for wherever it is for as long as it shall last—into autumn and even winter.

"SPORTS" dress of beige satin, showing the new sleeve.

Outwitting the Great Tyrant—FASHION

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, July 10.

WOMAN, herself so often called a tyrant, flourishes under tyranny. She is by nature a strategist, and in outwitting her tyrants exercises her power more pleasurably than by open revolt. From her débutante period of swaddling clothes to advanced old age, she exercises this facility to circumvent her greatest tyrant—namely, Fashion.

Surface observers, given a chance to express themselves, are forever commenting upon woman's slavery to style. This false notion she allows to continue. It permits her to go ahead with her own manipulations.

You will never hear any designer of clothes, any expert in fashion worthy of the name, advancing such an opinion. He knows better. He learns every day of his life that, if he is going to dance, the ladies will pull the strings. As Worth said to me the other day:

"The couturier is not the doctor. He is the druggist. He doesn't control the prescription—he fills it, modifying his own formulas to suit the individual patient in search of fashion health."

The fashion-makers are the concocters of the fashion formulas for each season. Woman, ordering one, alters it to suit her own particular malady of line or detail. If she is perfection, as happens once in a generation, then she changes the model to suit her own imagination. Change it she must, if it is only to add or subtract an inch from the hemline.

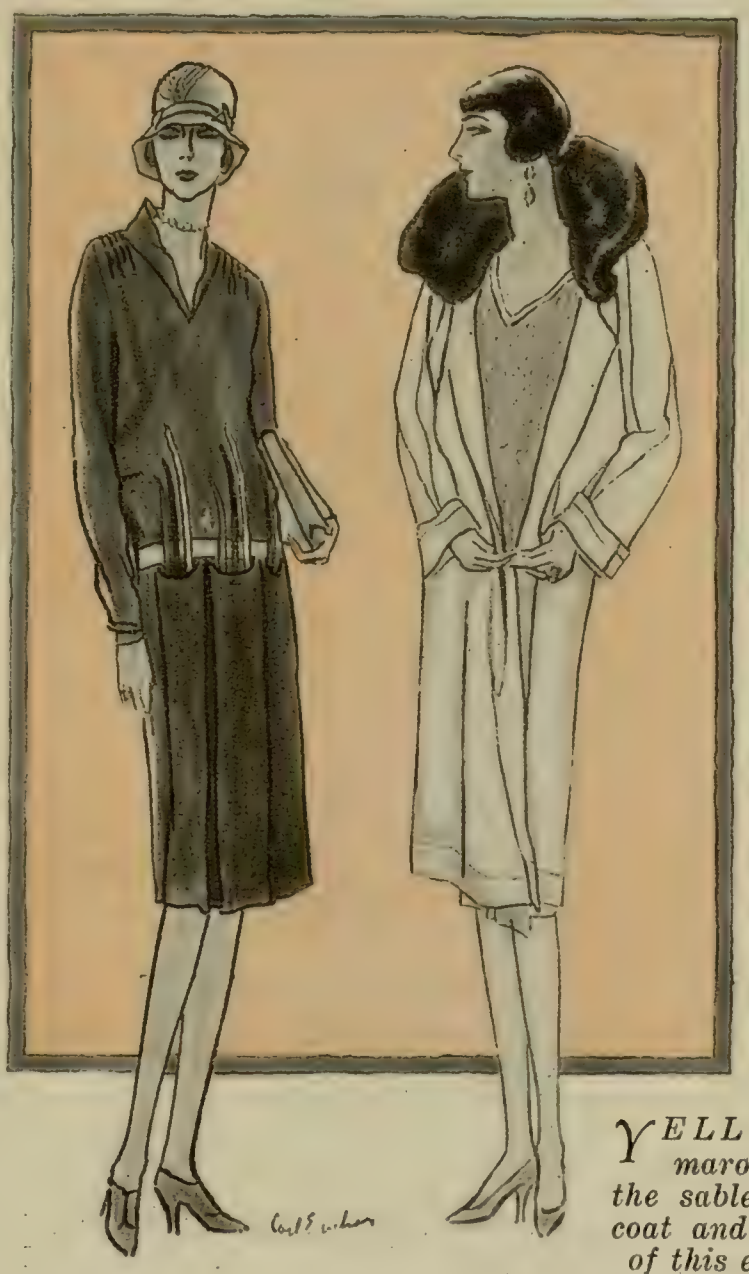
It is her way of asserting her independence and free-born right to satisfy herself.

A woman comes in who is deeply interested in all of the vagaries of the tyrant Fashion. She wants to be in style, and she will invariably choose clothes that are. When these clothes are finally ready for her to wear, however, they are as much a product of her own will as they are of the mandates of the monarch Mode. The sovereign retains his power only by studying and understanding her caprices.

Not very many years ago women wouldn't accept anything but a straight-around hemline, as regular and classic as a Greek profile. One woman got tired of this favorite of fashion, and she decided to let her hemline dip, in no uncertain way, in the back—sag, we used to call it scornfully. She knew it would be graceful and becoming, and it was.

It suited other women too, and something was put over on Fashion. Louiseboulanger, who started this dip in the back of the skirt, tells me it is arranged in a thousand different ways, to suit as many women.

One way, which is becoming and pleasing to many women, is shown in our evening model of shaded georgette velvet, ranging from deep rose to pale acid green. It has a hemline that touches the heels in back and the knees in front. The back of the skirt is shirred to be very full and is caught under a belt at the hips.



A SPORTS frock of crepe marocain in willow green with embroideries in rose and green.

YELLOW crepe marocain forms the sable-collared coat and the skirt of this ensemble.

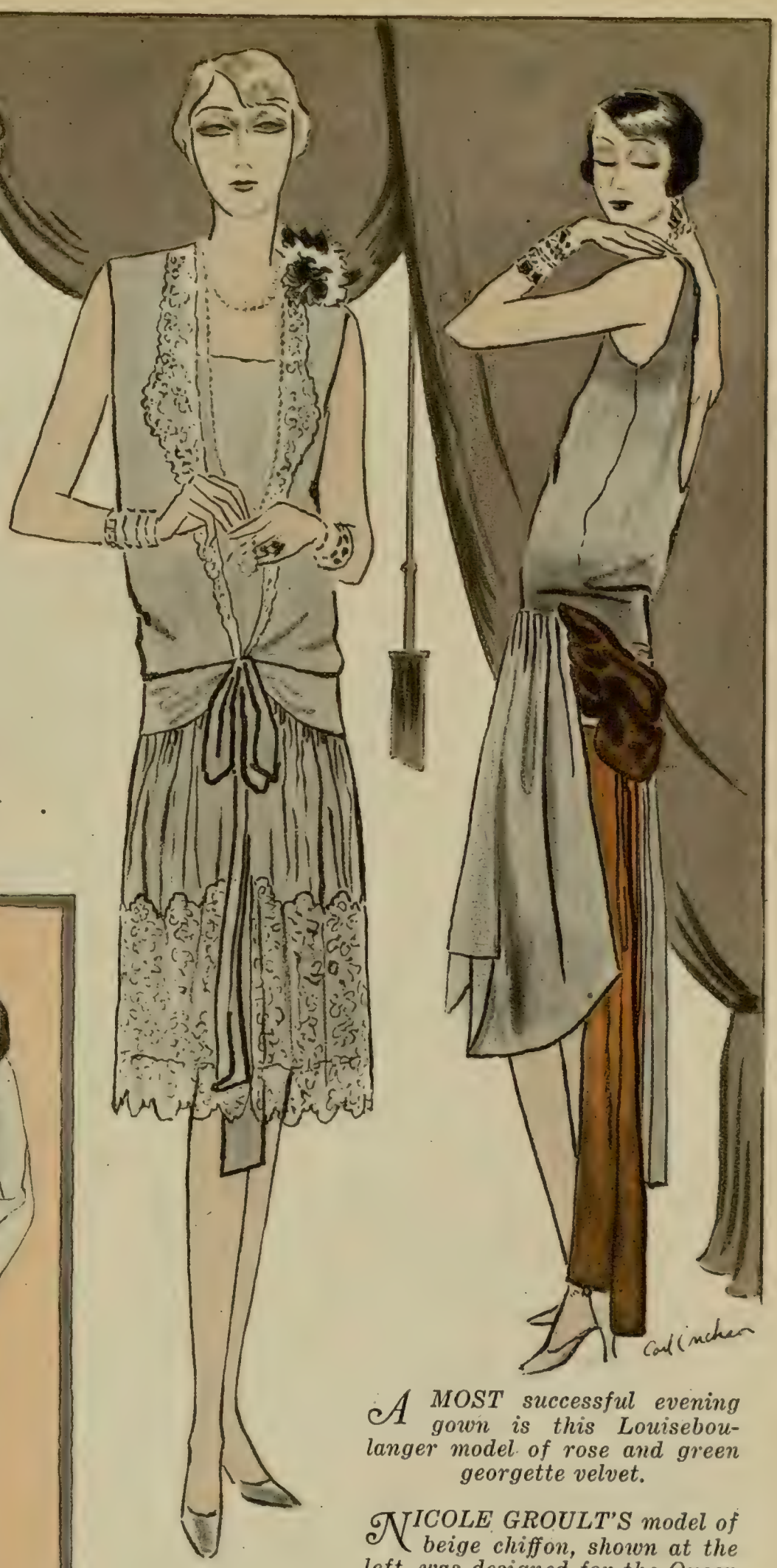
Our sports dress, also from Louiseboulanger, is the result of another feminine stand against standardization. It is one-piece, made of willow-green crepe marocain, and instead of a plaited skirt has three godets in front. Each godet has a small pocket at the top, out of which come narrow shafts of rose-and-green embroidery. The belt is of green suède.

So great is the power of woman in far corners of the earth, that Fashion often sends her ambassadors to her, the more completely to accord with her wishes. Dozens of these emissaries voyage to America every year "for to admire and for to see" us and our tastes.

About a month ago, Nicole Groult, one of the great Paris fashion creators, went down into Egypt to study American, English, and French ladies in that clime, and to revamp the mode to harmonize with them.

THE third model on this page shows a gown Madame Groult designed for the sultry regions of the Nile. It is, in fact, a model made for the Queen of Egypt. This simple frock of beige chiffon, with its revers and hem of beige-and-gold lace, might have been made to order for an American woman, to be worn, say, in Keokuk or Poughkeepsie.

Our coat model is an ensemble that also went to the court of Egypt, and Nicole Groult tells me she has adapted it to some of her smartest American clients in Paris with great success. The straight sable-collared coat and the skirt are of yellow crepe marocain. The sweater is of yellow lace tricot.



A MOST successful evening gown is this Louiseboulanger model of rose and green georgette velvet.

NICOLE GROULT'S model of beige chiffon, shown at the left, was designed for the Queen of Egypt.

Good Night, Nightie!

Pictures by R. B. Fuller

Pajamas Win An Under-Cover Victory

A BEDTIME STORY

By JACK O'DONNELL

(Reading time: 7 minutes.)

AMERICA has taken off its nightshirt and has donned pajamas!

After a gallant fight, extending over a period of fifty years, the nightshirt lies crumpled in defeat before this upstart from India.

Today nine men out of ten wear 'em.

Last year American men spent $90,000,000 for sleeping garments. Of this amount, $75,000,000 went for pajamas.

Virtually all of the $15,000,000 spent for the old-fashioned nocturnal garment came from the pockets of men living in the Nightshirt Belt—the middle and northwestern sections of the United States. In those two sections and in upper New England reside the last of the old Nightshirt Guard—men who still regard pajamas as something effeminate.

Yet, among those to whom nightshirts still cling, or rather who still cling to nightshirts, are some of our wealthiest and most distinguished citizens.

President Calvin Coolidge eschews the coat-and-trousers outfit and sticks loyally to the old-fashioned, loose-fitting garment worn by the Pilgrim Fathers. So does Chauncey Depew. Stage notables may loll about in pajama coats, but Benjamin Winter, the multimillionaire realtor who has crowded the Astors and the Vanderbilts off Fifth Avenue, hits the feathers gowned in the plain, bellying garment his forefathers wore in Lodz, Poland.

The popularity of pajamas is universal. Yet, sixty years ago one would have been hard put to it to find a single pair in the United States. It was just fifty years ago that the first pair manufactured in America was turned out in a little shop on Walker Street in New York City. The manufacturer of those first two-piece sleeping garments was Emanuel Steiner, who was then engaged in the nightshirt business.

Today there are more than 500 pajama businesses. The first orders were from foreign diplomats at Washington—men who had traveled and knew "how the world went to sleep."

But pajamas didn't spring into immediate popularity. Big he-men looked askance at the wearer of two-piece sleeping garments in those days—or nights. Strangely enough, staid old Boston did much to popularize them. The news leaked out that the Hub of the Universe had gone pajama mad. That was in the late '70s.

Pajama-wearing became a fad. All the young bloods from Boston to California went in for them and into them. Then the South went to sleep in them.

When the present older generation passes, nightshirts will be found only at the bottom of old trunks and in museums.

California put its nightshirts in moth balls. Today the Golden State is the capital of Pajamaland. It uses more pajamas per capita than any other State in the Union. Minnesota uses the fewest per head.

While pajama manufacturers hope eventually to woo men of the middle and northwestern sections of the country into using the coat-and-trouser garment, they are pessimistic about ever converting fat men to the cause. Pajamas and obesity are natural enemies. The only hope of bringing the fat fraternity to these nocturnal appurtenances is by popularizing the pajama coat.

This is a French innovation: a combination lounging robe, sleeping garment, and bath-robe. It buttons up the front like a pajama jacket. It doesn't stop a foot south of the waistline, however, but continues on down to the knees. It is built for comfort. It makes for freedom of movement in bed, is swanky for morning wear, and a boon to travelers.

According to A. T. Steiner, son of the man who made the first pair of pajamas in the United States, pajamas originated in India. Englishmen, seeing the Hindus' comfortable costume, figured a similar garment would be just the thing to lounge in during the hot summer months. They had some made and found them not only ideal for hot days, but quite comfortable for sleeping.

Returning to England, they introduced the new sleeping garment to their friends. When asked what they were called, they made up the name pajamas by combining the Hindu words *pae*, meaning leg, and *jama*, meaning garment.

IT was the English who first wore pajamas in Washington and in Boston. Naturally, Californians and residents of Southern States, where hot weather prevails, saw quickly the advantage these garments had over the nightshirt.

Since that time the nightshirt has been failing rapidly, while pajamas have enjoyed a steady, robust growth. The pajama business has increased tremendously in the last twenty years. In 1907 only $15,000,000 worth of them were sold. That was a banner year for the nightshirters. They did approximately $40,000,000 worth of business.

But when the city chaps took to pajamas, the nightshirt began to go the way of all flesh. Today it hardly pays to manufacture them.

Naturally, some of the blame must fall on the movies. Twenty years ago, when Young America saw his favorite movie hero clad in pajamas, reclining on a plush divan or strolling through

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-ONE]

gilded corridors, Young America decided he would go and do likewise. He did.

This, too, was about the time that the Pajama Party Decade began. These parties were staged by the sisters of Young America. The girls borrowed their brothers' pajama jackets and trousers, got together at the home of one of the group, and kicked up their heels around a chafing-dish.

The world does move, however. Now it's beach pajamas. If you were at Palm Beach or almost any famous winter resort on the Riviera this year, you saw them. And weren't they gay and gorgeous! No color of the spectrum was overlooked. And the dear girls did look charming and alluring—and comfortable.

When first manufactured in the United States a pajama jacket wasn't a pajama jacket unless it was held together in front with a "loop and frog," such as the Chinese use on their blouses to this day. American workmen didn't know the trick of making the "frog," however, so manufacturers were forced to go into New York's Chinatown and seek the aid of the Chinese.

John Chinaman, quick to see his advantage, put a high price on his labor. The result was a jump in the price of the garments. In those days one could buy wholesale a dozen of the best quality cotton pajamas for nine dollars. Today even the cheapest brands command twelve dollars.

Styles in pajamas have changed in the last twenty years. When first introduced into this country they had military collars. Next came the collarless pajama jacket, followed closely by the slip-over or middy. Of late years, however, the English lay-down and the English roll collar have been most popular.

During the war the United States Government did much to popularize pajamas with men from the Middle West and Northwest. Orders for hundreds of thousands of dozens were given to manufacturers, and the finished product was sold or given to troops.

One young married man who was with the Forty-second Division kept his pair all through the war. When he returned to his home in Chillicothe, Ohio, he thought he'd give the wife an eyeful and something to talk about.

The first night he donned his pajamas and then danced out to see what his spouse thought of them. She didn't say much, but threw some puzzled glances at him. Finally, she asked, "Are you going to bed in those things?"

"Sure!" he said. "All the boys in the army wear 'em!"

She said no more, but when ready to retire, appeared in a shirt-waist and a pair of white pantalettes.

Later his wife appeared, ready to retire.

"Hey! Hey!" he exclaimed. "You ain't going to bed in that outfit, are you?"

"I sure am," she replied, "if you're going in *that!*"

That ended pajama-wearing in that household.

ALL women are not opposed to pajamas, however. College women are generally pajama wearers. They seem to prefer men's pajamas to those made for women.

The popularity of the two-piece garments among college girls is attributed to the fact that they afford the wearer more freedom and are more modest than nightgowns. Dressed in pajamas, a girl feels at liberty to stroll through the halls of a dormitory or sorority house.

Sleeping-car companies, shipowners, and hotel managers find that men are very careless about pajama trousers. More of these garments are left in rooms or berths than any other article of men's apparel.

Harry P. Somerville, managing director of Hotel Bretton Hall, New York City, has a rare assortment of pajama trousers in his Lost and Found Department. In one month last year an even dozen pairs of trousers were left behind, but only one complete suit.

This disregard of pajama trousers probably explains why the pajama coat has suddenly sprung into popularity. The pajama coat, much favored by Frenchmen, is trouserless and has all the comforts—and more—of pajamas.

Nat Lewis, who is an authority on what famous Broadwayites wear, says that the Street of a Million Lights has adopted the pajama coat almost exclusively. When George M. Cohan imported a dozen of these in gorgeous colorings, there was a noticeable increase in the demand. *The Song and Dance Man* likes gay colors and broad stripes. So does Florenz Ziegfeld.

Will Rogers, on the other hand, goes in for quiet, subdued pajamas. The cowboy humorist is old-fashioned enough to like nightshirts, however, wearing pajamas only when traveling.

Although flannelette is a punch in the eye of romance, manufacturers say pajamas made of this material are the most popular of all in winter. In the spring, however, the fancy lightly turns to sateen, broadcloth, and madras. Silk pajamas are not popular and are in demand only at Christmastime.

"Women will never adopt pajamas for sleeping garments," a manufacturer told me. "They may wear them to lounge about in, but when they sleep they want nightgowns. We've never been able to popularize fancy silk pajamas, because women will not buy a second suit. Like nightshirts, they are somewhat of a drug on the market.

"When the present older generation passes, nightshirts will be found only at the bottom of old trunks and in museums. Every year we are selling an increasing number of pajamas in the Nightshirt Belt, and it is only a matter of time until there won't be a hundred thousand nightshirt wearers in the United States.

"Fifty years ago there was only one pajama manufacturer in this country. Today there are more than five hundred. On the other hand, there remain only a few dozen nightshirt manufacturers out of the thousand or more who were in business twenty years ago."

Pajamas and obesity are natural enemies.

THE END

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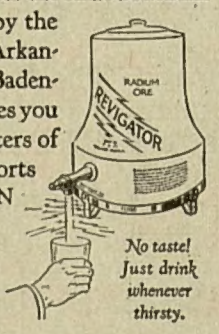

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Let Summer Fashion Your SILHOUETTE

By EILEEN BOURNE

SUMMER is like a love affair: it is a great help to beauty—if you take it with discretion. Of course, you mustn't get badly burned, but it would be cowardly not to participate in the season's joys merely for the sake of keeping cool and unblemished by freckles.

With proper safeguards for skin and hair, plenty of activity in summer improves your looks. This is true for every woman, and especially the one who wishes to reduce her weight.

Hot weather is the stout woman's best friend. In winter it requires great effort to exercise in the midst of bad weather or to forgo buttered toast with afternoon tea and hot puddings with dinner. But in summer, exercise is attractive and appetite is at its lowest ebb.

Of course, I don't mean the tennis court wins over the bridge table on an afternoon when the thermometer climbs to ninety. Even in the heat of the day a sheet of dancing water looks alluring. And there is no better natural reducer than swimming.

It exercises equally every part of the body and changes soft fat into hard muscle. Then at the beginning and end of a warm day more strenuous sports may be undertaken.

A game of golf when evening shadows are long, a horseback ride before breakfast—here are reliable ways to reduce pounds to sense.

One good workout a day removes soft and flabby curves surely and soundly. As for that reduction diet, it is positively a pleasure in summer.

Non-fattening green vegetables are so fresh and abundant that one can almost live solely upon them. Furthermore, fattening things are too closely associated with the heat they generate to tempt one.

Candy looks heavy and sticky. Potatoes, rice, and spaghetti lack the daintiness required to whet the languid appetite. These enemies are easily routed by tomato-aspic salad, cool buttermilk, and fruit jelly.

In summer change shrimp and lobster salad to plain lettuce or vegetable and fruit combinations and use lemon juice or French dressing in place of mayonnaise. Sherbets, ices, and cold fruits can quite painlessly be consumed instead of ice cream.

When hors d'œuvres are served one may gorge freely on celery, coleslaw, and radishes and let those with toothpick figures eat caviar, sausage, and sardines. Iced coffee is quite all right if you omit the whipped cream.

As for bread, if you've taken it, put it right down—even if it's gluten bread, for that deceptive newcomer can fatten you if you eat enough of it.

Moreover, you should cultivate the lemon as you would a soft voice or a visiting bachelor millionaire. It is the great white hope of the reducing ring. Taken before breakfast and two or three times a day, unsweetened but diluted as much as you like, lemon juice will offer three marvelous aids to beauty and health.

Besides helping take off weight, it stimulates the action of the digestive tract and is a recognized aid in curing acidity. Thus it improves both complexion and silhouette. Together with fresh limes, the plain lemon helps you refuse that ice-cream soda which lurks in wait for you on a hot afternoon.

NEVERTHELESS, you shouldn't confine yourself to cold drinks. Hot tea without cream is excellent to take after hard exercise. For after you have cooled off, it draws for you that natural skin bath, perspiration, the aid to beauty par excellence. For thus all the impurities are drawn from the skin and at the same time unneeded flesh is literally melted away. It is for this reason exercise has a double reducing value.

Therefore stick to hot tea unaccompanied by any solid food; for it will supplement your tennis game in the bigger game of reducing.

No eating between meals! And no sleeping between any of them except dinner and breakfast. That long nap after luncheon on a hot day is most detrimental to your figure. Keep moving!

With every pound lost, you'll feel lighter, younger, cooler, and therefore more like exercising and taking off a few more pounds. And so the charmed circle is weaved in summer, weaved in joy and interest until by autumn you are young and hard and slim again.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

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MOVIE THRILLS

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FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By Leslie Thrasher

THEIR honeymoon was over. The taxi honked off, leaving the bride and groom at the Morses' gate—and the Sumner family waving at the newlyweds from across the street.

"Here we are!" Sandy said, ushering Lil on to her own porch.

Mr. and Mrs. Morse had left that morning for a month's motor trip—dropping off Junior and the dog at his Aunt Annie's farm.

Ma had told the neighbors she "was just going a-gypsying in the car"; but she had bought a gay Newportish array of clothes for this trip and had made Pop take his dress suit.

"We may get to Chicago if the tires hold out," she announced. "And it'll be real fun to swell around. Goodness knows, I haven't had my apron off all season!"

The recent heat wave had left Mr. Morse meek as a doormat, and now he buried his dreams of a fishing trip and one bum old suit to act as chauffeur for his wife. As usual, he sat in front, while Ma drove from the back seat—armed with a lapful of LIBERTY Road Maps.

The house had assumed its homelike summer aspect with rolled-up rugs, cretonne-incased furniture, and pictures shrouded in green mosquito netting. Sandy, an annual hay-fever victim, found the moth-ball and tar-paper odor most annoying.

"How nice things look!" Lil said. And she and Sandy headed for the pantry to peek in the ice-box. "I'll mix up a salad."

"I'll make a cold drink and then we'll go to the movies," Sandy said. "They're showing The Orchid Lady down at the Bijou."

"It'll be so nice having the house all to ourselves for a month," Lil said, after supper, as they walked down to the theater.

"Yes," Sandy replied. "It'll give us time to look around."

Then he suffered a sharp mental twinge. They were passing Keith's Jewelry Store—and he owed three weeks' payments on his bride's engagement ri[illegible]!

The Orchid Lady had drawn a big crowd, including the perennially crying infant up in the gallery and the people in back who read every subtitle out loud.

"Let's always go to the movies once a week," Lil whispered. "We can meet at the Seery for supper those nights."

Sandy quickly figured this would add five dollars and ten cents to his mounting expenses; but his reply was checked by the *Orchid Lady's* words (read aloud by the people in back):

"Park Avenue bores me. Oh, Rocky, take me with you to your father's nitrate mine in Chiloutimi!"

Nobody in the Bijou's audience knew where this mining town was located, but it sounded alluring.

The picture was intense, to say the least. The *Orchid Lady* became a stewardess on a South American steamer to follow her lover. The ship caught fire, and only the hero's smoke-filled cries of "Dotty—*Dotty!* Where are you?" (read aloud by the people in back) and his manly breast stroke saved the heroine from becoming food for sharks.

And it all ended with a romantic clutch and a dramatic fade-out in a London brokerage office!

"How romantic!" Lil murmured, thrilled by the final kiss shown upon the screen.

(To be continued next week)

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As Well as Could Be Expected

Marjorie was calling upon her aunt a few weeks after Christmas.

"How is the doll Santa brought you?" asked Aunt Elsie.

"Well," replied Marjorie, "she's all broken to pieces, and her eyes are punched in, but I think she's feeling pretty well."—Miss Elsie V. Bartlett, Worthington, Mass.

* * *

Pollyanna, Junior

Marian had been quietly sewing on a dress for her dolly when the thread became tangled. Patiently she attempted to unravel the snarl, but in vain. Suddenly she surveyed the dress at arm's length and smilingly announced:

"Oh, well, I wanted a bow there, anyway."—Mrs. John Fleischmann, 303 Front St., Lititz, Pa.

* * *

Natural History Outdone

Hugh had been telling bear stories to entertain his grandfather. He told of a bear that chased a pig round and round a tree, and finally the pig "shot up a tree." Grandpa remonstrated that pigs could not climb trees.

"But this pig *had* to!" said Hugh. —Mrs. F. L. Behymer, 505 Franklin St., Connersville, Ind.

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